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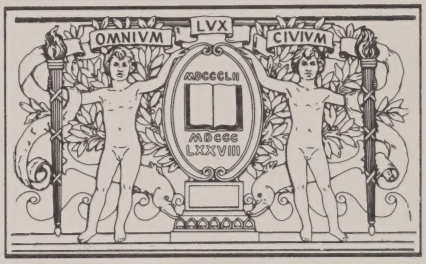

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY—IV

By MARK TWAIN

SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Capitalization of Railroads . . . WHARTON BARKER
London's Loss by Municipal Ownership . ERNEST E. WILLIAMS
Is Colonization a Crime? . . . . . HANNIS TAYLOR
A Century of Foreign Missions . The Rev. Dr. J. L. BARTON
The Swedish Antarctic Expedition . OTTO NORDENSKJÖLD
Is the Celtic Revival Really Irish? . . . MARY K. FORD
A Precedent for Disarmament . . . . ERNEST CROSBY
Some Recent Essays . . . . LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

Swinburne's "Lyrical Poems" . RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
H. G. Wells's "Kipps" . . . . . W. D. HOWELLS
Kelly's "Walter Reed" . . . FREDERICK TREVOR HILL
Atlay's "The Victorian Chancellors" . . . J. H. FINLEY

WORLD POLITICS

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

MARK TWAIN.

For information regarding this distinguished contributor, the reader is referred to the body of the REVIEW, which during the coming year, will contain chapters selected from his Autobiography.

WHARTON BARKER

is a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, who for many years has been a strenuous advocate of the commercial union of all the nations of the Western Hemisphere. In 1878, he was appointed financial agent in the United States of the Russian Government, and in recognition of his services in that capacity he was made Knight of St. Stanislaus, by Alexander II. He was called to Russia to advise on the development of coal-mines north of the Azof, and in 1887 he obtained from China valuable railroad, telegraph and telephone concessions. In 1900 he was nominated for the Presidency by the Anti-Fusion Populists.

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS,

Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society and member of the Inner Temple, is one of the best known of English writers on economics. He has published "Made in Germany," "The Foreigner in the Farmyard," "Marching Backward," "The Imperial Heritage," "The Case for Protection," "An Exile in Bohemia" and "The Tariff Dictionary."

HANNIS TAYLOR,

who is recognized throughout the world as one of the most eminent living authorities on constitutional history and constitutional law, was born in New Berne, North Carolina, in 1851. Having graduated at the University of his native State, he was admitted to the bar and achieved great distinc-

6116

tion in the practice of his profession. He was appointed Minister to Spain by President Cleveland in 1893. The wide literary fame gained for Mr. Taylor by his great work on "The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution" was materially enhanced by his treatise on "International Public Law," which has been declared by a high authority to be "the most exhaustive work of its kind issued in this country since Dana's Wheaton." In recognition of the service which he had rendered to literature and learning by the publication of these works, the Universities of Dublin and Edinburgh simultaneously conferred upon Mr. Taylor the honorary degree of LL.D. He recently published a third treatise, of a like scholarly and comprehensive character, on the "Jurisdiction and Procedure of the United States Supreme Court," upon which the Justices of that court have put the imprimatur of their high approval and commendation. Mr. Taylor represented the United States before the Alaskan Boundary Commission.

THE REV. DR. JAMES L. BARTON,

Foreign Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, is a native of Vermont, and graduated from Middlebury College in 1881, and from Hartford Theological Seminary in 1885. In the latter year he went as a missionary of the American Board to Turkey. He was a professor in the Mission Theological Seminary at Harpoot from 1888 to 1892, and president of the Euphrates College at Harpoot in 1893. He went as chairman of the deputation to Japan in 1895, and to India and Ceylon in 1901.

OTTO NORDENSKJÖLD,

the celebrated Polar explorer, has long taken a special interest in problems connected with the Antarctic region of the globe, and he was put in charge of the expedition which left Sweden in 1901 to cooperate, with similar expeditions sent out by other European nations, in gathering exact information about Antarctica.

MARY K. FORD

was born in New Hampshire and has spent most of her life in New York. She has published a book of translations from the French of Ludovic Halévy entitled "Au-

tumn Manœuvres," and she collaborated with her brother, James L. Ford, in editing a collection of poems called "Every Day in the Year." She has contributed to several New York papers and periodicals, and she has written literary and critical articles for the literary magazines.

Ernest Crosby

was born and educated in New York. He was elected a member of the New York Assembly in 1887. In 1889, he was nominated by President Harrison, and appointed by the Khedive, judge of the international court of Alexandria in Egypt. This position he resigned in 1894, and he returned to New York, on his way home visiting Count Tolstoy in Russia. Under the influence of Tolstoy's writings, he has since devoted attention to social reform. He was one of the founders of the Social Reform Club, and he is President of the New York Anti-Imperialist League. Among other books he has written "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," "Swords and Plowshares," "Tolstoy and his Message," "Tolstoy as a Schoolmaster" and "William Lloyd Garrison, Non-Resident and Abolitionist."

Louise Collier Willcox

was born in Chicago. She is the daughter of a Unitarian minister, and was educated in France, Germany and England. Later, she studied for two years at the Conservatory of Leipzig, and for two years in Birmingham, England. She has lived in Virginia since 1887, and has been a contributor to "East and West," "The Chap-Book," "The Century," "The Outlook," "Poet-Lore," "The Times-Democrat" of New Orleans, "The Boston Transcript" and "The Evening Post" of New York. For several years, she has been a reader and adviser of one of the leading publishing houses, and has regularly contributed editorials to "Harper's Weekly."

Richard Le Gallienne

is a native of Liverpool, England. He was engaged in business for seven years, but abandoned business for literature. For some time he has resided in the United States, devoting himself to journalism and literary work. Among the works which bear his name are "Painted Shadows," "Odes from the Divan of Hafiz," "An Old Country House," "Perseus

and Andromeda," "Sleeping Beauty," "The Life Romantic," "Rudyard Kipling, A Criticism" and "George Meredith."

FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

is a member of the New York bar. He was born in Brooklyn in 1866, educated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and graduated from Yale in 1887 and from the Columbia Law School in 1889. With S. P. Griffin he wrote "Miniatures of Balzac," and he is the author of a number of novels, including "The Minority," "The Web" and "The Accomplice."

J. H. FINLEY,

President of the College of the City of New York, was born at Grand Ridge, Illinois. Having graduated at Knox College in 1887, he studied for two years at Johns Hopkins University. He was then called to act as Secretary of the State Charities Aid Association of New York, and founded and edited the "State Charities Record" and "The Charities Review of New York." From 1892 to 1899 he was President of Knox College, and after a short period, during which he edited "Harper's Weekly" and "McClure's Magazine," he became Professor of Politics in Princeton University, and retained that chair until, in 1903, he was appointed to the post which he now fills with great efficiency and distinction. President Finley has been a welcome contributor to magazines and reviews, and he is co-author (with Professor Richard T. Ely) of a work entitled "Taxation in American States and Cities."

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OCTOBER 19, 1906.

CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—IV.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

WHEN Susy was thirteen, and was a slender little maid with plaited tails of copper-tinged brown hair down her back, and was perhaps the busiest bee in the household hive, by reason of the manifold studies, health exercises and recreations she had to attend to, she secretly, and of her own motion, and out of love, added another task to her labors—the writing of a biography of me. She did this work in her bedroom at night, and kept her record hidden. After a little, the mother discovered it and filched it, and let me see it; then told Susy what she had done, and how pleased I was, and how proud. I remember that time with a deep

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pleasure. I had had compliments before, but none that touched me like this; none that could approach it for value in my eyes. It has kept that place always since. I have had no compliment, no praise, no tribute from any source, that was so precious to me as this one was and still is. As I read it *now,* after all these many years, it is still a king's message to me, and brings me the same dear surprise it brought me then—with the pathos added, of the thought that the eager and hasty hand that sketched it and scrawled it will not touch mine again—and I feel as the humble and unexpectant must feel when their eyes fall upon the edict that raises them to the ranks of the noble.

Yesterday while I was rummaging in a pile of ancient note-books of mine which I had not seen for years, I came across a reference to that biography. It is quite evident that several times, at breakfast and dinner, in those long-past days, I was posing for the biography. In fact, I clearly remember that I *was* doing that—and I also remember that Susy detected it. I remember saying a very smart thing, with a good deal of an air, at the breakfast-table one morning, and that Susy observed to her mother privately, a little later, that papa was doing that for the biography.

I cannot bring myself to change any line or word in Susy's sketch of me, but will introduce passages from it now and then just as they came in their quaint simplicity out of her honest heart, which was the beautiful heart of a child. What comes from that source has a charm and grace of its own which may transgress all the recognized laws of literature, if it choose, and yet be literature still, and worthy of hospitality. I shall print the whole of this little biography, before I have done with it—every word, every sentence.

The spelling is frequently desperate, but it was Susy's, and it shall stand. I love it, and cannot profane it. To me, it is gold. To correct it would alloy it, not refine it. It would spoil it. It would take from it its freedom and flexibility and make it stiff and formal. Even when it is most extravagant I am not shocked. It is Susy's spelling, and she was doing the best she could—and nothing could better it for me. . . .

Susy began the biography in 1885, when I was in the fiftieth year of my age, and she just entering the fourteenth of hers. She begins in this way:

We are a very happy family. We consist of Papa, Mamma, Jean, Clara and me. It is papa I am writing about, and I shall have no trouble in not knowing what to say about him, as he is a *very* striking character.

But wait a minute—I will return to Susy presently.

In the matter of slavish imitation, man is the monkey's superior all the time. The average man is destitute of independence of opinion. He is not interested in contriving an opinion of his own, by study and reflection, but is only anxious to find out what his neighbor's opinion is and slavishly adopt it. A generation ago, I found out that the latest review of a book was pretty sure to be just a reflection of the *earliest* review of it; that whatever the first reviewer found to praise or censure in the book would be repeated in the latest reviewer's report, with nothing fresh added. Therefore more than once I took the precaution of sending my book, in manuscript, to Mr. Howells, when he was editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," so that he could prepare a review of it at leisure. I knew he would say the truth about the book—I also knew that he would find more merit than demerit in it, because I already knew that that was the condition of the book. I allowed no copy of it to go out to the press until after Mr. Howells's notice of it had appeared. That book was always safe. There wasn't a man behind a pen in all America that had the courage to find anything in the book which Mr. Howells had not found—there wasn't a man behind a pen in America that had spirit enough to say a brave and original thing about the book on his own responsibility.

I believe that the trade of critic, in literature, music, and the drama, is the most degraded of all trades, and that it has no real value—certainly no large value. When Charles Dudley Warner and I were about to bring out "The Gilded Age," the editor of the "Daily Graphic" persuaded me to let him have an advance copy, he giving me his word of honor that no notice of it would appear in his paper until after the "Atlantic Monthly" notice should have appeared. This reptile published a review of the book within three days afterward. I could not really complain, because he had only given me his word of honor as security; I ought to have required of him something substantial. I believe his notice did not deal mainly with the merit of the book, or the lack of it, but with my moral attitude toward the public. It was

charged that I had used my reputation to play a swindle upon the public; that Mr. Warner had written as much as half of the book, and that I had used my name to float it and give it currency; a currency—so the critic averred—which it could not have acquired without my name, and that this conduct of mine was a grave fraud upon the people. The "Graphic" was not an authority upon any subject whatever. It had a sort of distinction, in that it was the first and only illustrated daily newspaper that the world had seen; but it was without character; it was poorly and cheaply edited; its opinion of a book or of any other work of art was of no consequence. Everybody knew this, yet all the critics in America, one after the other, copied the "Graphic's" criticism, merely changing the phraseology, and left me under that charge of dishonest conduct. Even the great Chicago "Tribune," the most important journal in the Middle West, was not able to invent anything fresh, but adopted the view of the humble "Daily Graphic," dishonesty-charge and all.

However, let it go. It is the will of God that we must have critics, and missionaries, and Congressmen, and humorists, and we must bear the burden. Meantime, I seem to have been drifting into criticism myself. But that is nothing. At the worst, criticism is nothing more than a crime, and I am not unused to that.

What I have been travelling toward all this time is this: the first critic that ever had occasion to describe my personal appearance littered his description with foolish and inexcusable errors whose aggregate furnished the result that I was distinctly and distressingly unhandsome. That description floated around the country in the papers, and was in constant use and wear for a quarter of a century. It seems strange to me that apparently no critic in the country could be found who could look at me and have the courage to take up his pen and destroy that lie. That lie began its course on the Pacific coast, in 1864, and it likened me in personal appearance to Petroleum V. Nasby, who had been out there lecturing. For twenty-five years afterward, no critic could furnish a description of me without fetching in Nasby to help out my portrait. I knew Nasby well, and he was a good fellow, but in my life I have not felt malignant enough about any more than three persons to charge those persons with resembling Nasby. It hurts me to the heart. I was always hand-

some. Anybody but a critic could have seen it. And it had long been a distress to my family — including Susy — that the critics should go on making this wearisome mistake, year after year, when there was no foundation for it. Even when a critic wanted to be particularly friendly and complimentary to me, he didn't dare to go beyond my clothes. He never ventured beyond that old safe frontier. When he had finished with my clothes he had said all the kind things, the pleasant things, the complimentary things he could risk. Then he dropped back on Nasby.

Yesterday I found this clipping in the pocket of one of those ancient memorandum-books of mine. It is of the date of thirty-nine years ago, and both the paper and the ink are yellow with the bitterness that I felt in that old day when I clipped it out to preserve it and brood over it, and grieve about it. I will copy it here, to wit:

A correspondent of the Philadelphia "Press," writing of one of Schuyler Colfax's receptions, says of our Washington correspondent: "Mark Twain, the delicate humorist, was present; quite a lion, as he deserves to be. Mark is a bachelor, faultless in taste, whose snowy vest is suggestive of endless quarrels with Washington washerwomen; but the heroism of Mark is settled for all time, for such purity and smoothness were never seen before. His lavender gloves might have been stolen from some Turkish harem, so delicate were they in size; but more likely—anything else were more likely than that. In form and feature he bears some resemblance to the immortal Nasby; but whilst Petroleum is brunette to the core, Twain is golden, amber-hued, melting, blonde."

Let us return to Susy's biography now, and get the opinion of one who is unbiassed:

From Susy's Biography.

Papa's appearance has been described many times, but very incorrectly. He has beautiful gray hair, not any too thick or any too long, but just right; a Roman nose, which greatly improves the beauty of his features; kind blue eyes and a small mustache. He has a wonderfully shaped head and profile. He has a very good figure—in short, he is an extrodinarily fine looking man. All his features are perfect, except that he hasn't extrodinary teeth. His complexion is very fair, and he doesn't ware a beard. He is a very good man and a very funny one. He *has* got a temper, but we all of us have in this family. He is the loveliest man I ever saw or ever hope to see—and oh, so absent-minded. He does tell perfectly delightful stories. Clara and I used to sit on each arm of his chair and listen while he told us stories about the pictures on the wall.

I remember the story-telling days vividly. They were a difficult and exacting audience—those little creatures.

Along one side of the library, in the Hartford home, the bookshelves joined the mantelpiece—in fact there were shelves on both sides of the mantelpiece. On these shelves, and on the mantelpiece, stood various ornaments. At one end of the procession was a framed oil-painting of a cat's head, at the other end was a head of a beautiful young girl, life-size—called Emmeline, because she looked just about like that—an impressionist water-color. Between the one picture and the other there were twelve or fifteen of the bric-à-brac things already mentioned; also an oil-painting by Elihu Vedder, "The Young Medusa." Every now and then the children required me to construct a romance—always impromptu—not a moment's preparation permitted—and into that romance I had to get all that bric-à-brac and the three pictures. I had to start always with the cat and finish with Emmeline. I was never allowed the refreshment of a change, end-for-end. It was not permissible to introduce a bric-à-brac ornament into the story out of its place in the procession.

These bric-à-bracs were never allowed a peaceful day, a reposeful day, a restful Sabbath. In their lives there was no Sabbath, in their lives there was no peace; they knew no existence but a monotonous career of violence and bloodshed. In the course of time, the bric-à-brac and the pictures showed wear. It was because they had had so many and such tumultuous adventures in their romantic careers.

As romancer to the children I had a hard time, even from the beginning. If they brought me a picture, in a magazine, and required me to build a story to it, they would cover the rest of the page with their pudgy hands to keep me from stealing an idea from it. The stories had to come hot from the bat, always. They had to be absolutely original and fresh. Sometimes the children furnished me simply a character or two, or a dozen, and required me to start out at once on that slim basis and deliver those characters up to a vigorous and entertaining life of crime. If they heard of a new trade, or an unfamiliar animal, or anything like that, I was pretty sure to have to deal with those things in the next romance. Once Clara required me to build a sudden tale out of a plumber and a "bawgunstrictor," and I had to do it. She

didn't know what a boa-constrictor was, until he developed in the tale—then she was better satisfied with it than ever.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa's favorite game is billiards, and when he is tired and wishes to rest himself he stays up all night and plays billiards, it seems to rest his head. He smokes a great deal almost incessantly. He has the mind of an author exactly, some of the simplest things he cant understand. Our burglar-alarm is often out of order, and papa had been obliged to take the mahogany-room off from the alarm altogether for a time, because the burglar-alarm had been in the habit of ringing even when the mahogany-room was closed. At length he thought that perhaps the burglar-alarm might be in order, and he decided to try and see; accordingly he put it on and then went down and opened the window; consequently the alarm bell rang, it would even if the alarm had been in order. Papa went despairingly upstairs and said to mamma, "Livy the mahogany-room won't go on. I have just opened the window to see."

"Why, Youth," mamma replied "if you've opened the window, why of coarse the alarm will ring!"

"That's what I've opened it for, why I just went down to see if it would ring!"

Mamma tried to explain to papa that when he wanted to go and see whether the alarm would ring while the window was closed he *mustn't* go and open the window—but in vain, papa couldn't understand, and got very impatient with mamma for trying to make him believe an impossible thing true.

This is a frank biographer, and an honest one; she uses no sandpaper on me. I have, to this day, the same dull head in the matter of conundrums and perplexities which Susy had discovered in those long-gone days. Complexities annoy me; they irritate me; then this progressive feeling presently warms into anger. I cannot get far in the reading of the commonest and simplest contract—with its "parties of the first part," and "parties of the second part," and "parties of the third part,"—before my temper is all gone. Ashcroft comes up here every day and pathetically tries to make me understand the points of the lawsuit which we are conducting against Henry Butters, Harold Wheeler, and the rest of those Plasmon buccaneers, but daily he has to give it up. It is pitiful to see, when he bends his earnest and appealing eyes upon me and says, after one of his efforts, "Now you *do* understand *that*, don't you?"

I am always obliged to say, "I *don't*, Ashcroft. I wish I could understand it, but I don't. Send for the cat."

In the days which Susy is talking about, a perplexity fell to my lot one day. F. G. Whitmore was my business agent, and he brought me out from town in his buggy. We drove by the *porte-cochère* and toward the stable. Now this was a *single* road, and was like a spoon whose handle stretched from the gate to a great round flower-bed in the neighborhood of the stable. At the approach to the flower-bed the road divided and circumnavigated it, making a loop, which I have likened to the bowl of the spoon. As we neared the loop, I saw that Whitmore was laying his course to port, (I was sitting on the starboard side—the side the house was on), and was going to start around that spoon-bowl on that left-hand side. I said,

"Don't do that, Whitmore; take the right-hand side. Then I shall be next to the house when we get to the door."

He said, "*That* will not happen in *any case*, it doesn't make any difference which way I go around this flower-bed."

I explained to him that he was an ass, but he stuck to his proposition, and I said,

"Go on and try it, and see."

He went on and tried it, and sure enough he fetched me up at the door on the very side that he had said I would be. I was not able to believe it then, and I don't believe it yet.

I said, "Whitmore, that is merely an accident. You can't do it again."

He said he could—and he drove down into the street, fetched around, came back, and actually did it again. I was stupefied, paralyzed, petrified, with these strange results, but they did not convince me. I didn't believe he could do it another time, but he did. He said he could do it all day, and fetch up the same way every time. By that time my temper was gone, and I asked him to go home and apply to the Asylum and I would pay the expenses; I didn't want to see him any more for a week.

I went up-stairs in a rage and started to tell Livy about it, expecting to get her sympathy for me and to breed aversion in her for Whitmore; but she merely burst into peal after peal of laughter, as the tale of my adventure went on, for her head was like Susy's: riddles and complexities had no terrors for it. Her mind and Susy's were analytical; I have tried to make it appear that mine was different. Many and many a time I have told that buggy experiment, hoping against hope that I would some time

or other find somebody who would be on my side, but it has never happened. And I am never able to go glibly forward and state the circumstances of that buggy's progress without having to halt and consider, and call up in my mind the spoon-handle, the bowl of the spoon, the buggy and the horse, and my position in the buggy: and the minute I have got that far and try to turn it to the left it goes to ruin; I can't see how it is ever going to fetch me out right when we get to the door. Susy is right in her estimate. I can't understand things.

That burglar-alarm which Susy mentions led a gay and careless life, and had no principles. It was generally out of order at one point or another; and there was plenty of opportunity, because all the windows and doors in the house, from the cellar up to the top floor, were connected with it. However, in its seasons of being out of order it could trouble us for only a very little while: we quickly found out that it was fooling us, and that it was buzzing its blood-curdling alarm merely for its own amusement. Then we would shut it off, and send to New York for the electrician—there not being one in all Hartford in those days. When the repairs were finished we would set the alarm again and reestablish our confidence in it. It never did any real business except upon one single occasion. All the rest of its expensive career was frivolous and without purpose. Just that one time it performed its duty, and its whole duty—gravely, seriously, admirably. It let fly about two o'clock one black and dreary March morning, and I turned out promptly, because I knew that it was not fooling, this time. The bath-room door was on my side of the bed. I stepped in there, turned up the gas, looked at the annunciator, and turned off the alarm—so far as the door indicated was concerned—thus stopping the racket. Then I came back to bed. Mrs. Clemens opened the debate:

"What was it?"

"It was the cellar door."

"Was it a burglar, do you think?"

"Yes," I said, "of course it was. Did you suppose it was a Sunday-school superintendent?"

"No. What do you suppose he wants?"

"I suppose he wants jewelry, but he is not acquainted with the house and he thinks it is in the cellar. I don't like to disappoint a burglar whom I am not acquainted with, and who has done me

no harm, but if he had had common sagacity enough to inquire, I could have told him we kept nothing down there but coal and vegetables. Still it may be that he *is* acquainted with the place, and that what he really wants is coal and vegetables. On the whole, I think it is vegetables he is after."

"Are you going down to see?"

"No; I could not be of any assistance. Let him select for himself; I don't know where the things are."

Then she said, "But suppose he comes up to the ground floor!"

"That's all right. We shall know it the minute he opens a door on that floor. It will set off the alarm."

Just then the terrific buzzing broke out again. I said,

"He has arrived. I told you he would. I know all about burglars and their ways. They are systematic people."

I went into the bath-room to see if I was right, and I was. I shut off the dining-room and stopped the buzzing, and came back to bed. My wife said,

"What do you suppose he is after now?"

I said, "I think he has got all the vegetables he wants and is coming up for napkin-rings and odds and ends for the wife and children. They all have families—burglars have—and they are always thoughtful of them, always take a few necessaries of life for themselves, and fill out with tokens of remembrance for the family. In taking them they do not forget us: those very things represent tokens of his remembrance of us, and also of our remembrance of him. We never get them again; the memory of the attention remains embalmed in our hearts."

"Are you going down to see what it is he wants now?"

"No," I said, "I am no more interested than I was before. They are experienced people,—burglars; *they* know what they want; I should be no help to him. I *think* he is after ceramics and bric-à-brac and such things. If he knows the house he knows that that is all that he can find on the dining-room floor."

She said, with a strong interest perceptible in her tone, "Suppose he comes up here!"

I said, "It is all right. He will give us notice."

"What shall we do then?"

"Climb out of the window."

She said, a little restively, "Well, what is the use of a burglar-alarm for us?"

"You have seen, dear heart, that it has been useful up to the present moment, and I have explained to you how it will be continuously useful after he gets up here."

That was the end of it. He didn't ring any more alarms. Presently I said,

"He is disappointed, I think. He has gone off with the vegetables and the bric-à-brac, and I think he is dissatisfied."

We went to sleep, and at a quarter before eight in the morning I was out, and hurrying, for I was to take the 8.29 train for New York. I found the gas burning brightly—full head—all over the first floor. My new overcoat was gone; my old umbrella was gone; my new patent-leather shoes, which I had never worn, were gone. The large window which opened into the *ombra* at the rear of the house was standing wide. I passed out through it and tracked the burglar down the hill through the trees; tracked him without difficulty, because he had blazed his progress with imitation silver napkin-rings, and my umbrella, and various other things which he had disapproved of; and I went back in triumph and proved to my wife that he *was* a disappointed burglar. I had suspected he would be, from the start, and from his not coming up to our floor to get human beings.

Things happened to me that day in New York. I will tell about them another time.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa has a peculiar gait we like, it seems just to sute him, but most people do not; he always walks up and down the room while thinking and between each coarse at meals.

A lady distantly related to us came to visit us once in those days. She came to stay a week, but all our efforts to make her happy failed, we could not imagine why, and she got up her anchor and sailed the next morning. We did much guessing, but could not solve the mystery. Later we found out what the trouble was. It was my tramping up and down between the courses. She conceived the idea that I could not stand her society.

That word "Youth," as the reader has perhaps already guessed, was my wife's pet name for me. It was gently satirical, but also affectionate. I had certain mental and material peculiarities and customs proper to a much younger person than I was.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa is very fond of animals particularly of cats, we had a dear little gray kitten once that he named "Lazy" (papa always wears gray to match his hair and eyes) and he would carry him around on his shoulder, it was a mighty pretty sight! the gray cat sound asleep against papa's gray coat and hair. The names that he has given our different cats, are realy remarkably funny, they are namely Stray Kit, Abner, Motley, Fraeulein, Lazy, Bufalo Bill, Cleveland, Sour Mash, and Pestilence and Famine.

At one time when the children were small, we had a very black mother-cat named Satan, and Satan had a small black offspring named Sin. Pronouns were a difficulty for the children. Little Clara came in one day, her black eyes snapping with indignation, and said,

"Papa, Satan ought to be punished. She is out there at the greenhouse and there she stays and stays, and his kitten is downstairs crying."

From Susy's Biography.

Papa uses very strong language, but I have an idea not nearly so strong as when he first maried mamma. A lady acquaintance of his is rather apt to interupt what one is saying, and papa told mamma that he thought he should say to the lady's husband "I am glad your wife wasn't present when the Deity said 'Let there be light.'"

It is as I have said before. This is a frank historian. She doesn't cover up one's deficiencies, but gives them an equal showing with one's handsomer qualities. Of course I made the remark which she has quoted—and even at this distant day I am still as much as half persuaded that if that lady had been present when the Creator said, "Let there be light," she would have interrupted Him and we shouldn't ever have got it.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa said the other day, "I am a mugwump and a mugwump is pure from the marrow out. (Papa knows that I am writing this biography of him, and he said this for it.) He doesn't like to go to church at all, why I never understood, until just now, he told us the other day that he couldn't bear to hear any one talk but himself, but that he could listen to himself talk for hours without getting tired, of course he said this in joke, but I've no dought it was founded on truth.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

CAPITALIZATION OF RAILROAD CORPORATIONS.

BY WHARTON BARKER.

THE enormity of the extortion carried on by and through our railroads is hard to conceive. Hidden by underhand practices that are as reprehensible as the grievous exactions and injustices so carefully concealed by them, the evils that have grown up around the building and operation of our railroads cannot easily be uncovered. The injustice of discrimination in freight charges and transportation service, the wrong of charging those who are outside of the railroad cliques higher rates than those who are within them—the trusts and combines built up on the favors granted by the railroads—can readily be grasped; but the extent to which such discrimination is carried, and hence the magnitude of the injury inflicted upon the public, it is impossible to show in all its atrocity, so adroitly are the favors covered. The new law will not protect the people and expose the trickery and dishonesty of the railroad managers and the favored shippers. It is not the purpose, however, to discuss questions which Congress has been driven to meet by an indignant and galled public. But, if it is hard to comprehend the magnitude of the injury done by discrimination in railroad charges and services, it is much harder to comprehend the extent of the systematic overcapitalization and wrecking of our railroads that have been carried on for years.

If it is wrong to build a railroad at a cost of $5,000,000 and then capitalize it at $10,000,000; if it is wrong to issue upon such a road $5,000,000 of stock for which no money is given and call it "full paid-up capital"; if it is wrong to tax the users of our railroads to pay interest on this fictitious capital,—then, bound up with our railroad system is grievous wrong, for after this manner is it capitalized. This issue of stock—as bonus to bankers

who bought bonds, bonus to promoters of railroad lines, bonus to contractors—in the early days of railroad-building did not do the harm that now results from such stock issues, because, in the days of competition between railroad companies, charges could not be made which would insure dividends on fictitious capital. These stock issues were for years the counters used by gamblers on the stock exchanges—nothing more. For long years we relied largely upon competition to give our people equitable transportation rates. To secure such rates through competition, many States prohibited railroads running through their territory from purchasing, absorbing or in any way gaining the management and control of parallel and competing lines. But in the direction of securing equitable rates, railroad competition has proven a dismal failure. And this is in no way surprising; for, in the nature of things, railroad carriage is monopolistic rather than competitive. This is because there must be many localities in which some one railroad has a monopoly, and all other places that trade with localities which are affected by such monopoly must pay, when trading with these localities, transportation charges fixed by the rules of monopoly, not of competition. The rules of monopoly require not charges representing a fair remuneration for services rendered—charges sufficient to cover costs and provide a fair profit—but charges as high as they can be made without putting a stop to the movement of goods.

Monopoly recognizes that there is a point above which it cannot raise prices without so discouraging trade as to defeat its purpose in raising prices—namely, the swelling of profits; and above this point monopoly will not raise prices unless with some ulterior purpose in view. This point is what is referred to when the fixing of rates at all the traffic will bear is spoken of. "All the traffic will bear" means all that can be charged without so restricting the transportation of goods that earnings would be cut down by the restriction in traffic more than they would be swollen by the increased charges. Of course, just what this point is, is a matter of judgment. My belief is that, if railroad passenger rates were cut in half, the earnings of railroads would be increased rather than diminished, travel multiplying because of such decrease more than twice, and enough over twice to meet the added costs of transportation. These costs would be comparatively small as trains would run full where they now run but partially filled,

while the adding of each additional train would reduce the average costs of train-running, inasmuch as there would be more trains among which to apportion the costs that are more or less fixed. The greater the traffic that can be put over each track, the smaller the cost of transportation per passenger and per ton.

So it is that our railroads with a monopoly are prone to hold up rates even higher than it is profitable to hold them. Thus is trade hindered; thus is the accumulation of wealth, the growth of the nation, held in check.

It is clear that the effort to secure competition between railroads has failed to give to our people equal and fair rates and equality of opportunity. It has failed because there has been no healthful competition; and it has failed so signally that managers of railroads demand that all pretence of preserving competition be thrown over, asserting that it is competition—the possibility of playing off one road against another under competition—that has resulted in the gross favoritism that has made some shippers very rich and well-nigh ruined all others. This assertion might carry some weight were it not seen that the railroad managers grow rich along with the favored shippers, a fact that suggests the conclusion that the cutting of rates is not forced from the railroad managers by threats upon the part of the large shippers, but is purchased from them by the proffer of bribes, by the return to them of part of the profit gained through the favoritism.

The failure of our railroads under the present system of management to establish fair and equal rates cannot be remedied by the legalizing of pooling. For ten years the Interstate Commerce Commission has worked, and failed, to force the railroads to act as common carriers. The failure to enforce reasonable rates has at last aroused the people to action that led the President to demand of Congress a law that would correct the gross evils alluded to—which bring an element of uncertainty into business, disturb trade, cause the business of some who are preferred to prosper and the business of others who are discriminated against to languish, with the result that there has been a weeding out of those not favored by the railroad cliques, a centralizing of trade in fewer hands, a forming of gigantic combinations which exercise a control over the output and marketing of goods, and thereby gaining monopolistic control over prices and the power to exact tribute from the community. President Roosevelt and the

Commission propose, as a remedy, to legalize pooling by railroads. They propose to give the railroads more power, to permit the railroads to consolidate their power, to put an end to competition among themselves, to fix maximum rates. But this is to act on a false conception of the situation that actually exists. They say, Let us have pooling; let the railroads be empowered to consolidate their power. Do the people understand what railroad pooling is, what conditions of trade, what capitalization of railroads it will permit? Pooling simply amounts to building up a mighty monopoly. It amounts to railroads running between competitive points putting all their earnings from competitive traffic into one common pot, under an agreement that such earnings shall be distributed among the roads in accordance with agreed percentages, and regardless of the percentage of traffic that each may carry. No one who understands the pooling system believes that pooling can remove the cause of rate-cutting or establish fair and reasonable rates. Twenty years ago we had pooling, and it was a failure. And the reason? It was because the cause for secret rate-cutting lay deeper then, as now, than the pressure of competition, than the ability of the large shipper to play one road off against another and get a cut rate by declaring that he had been offered such and such a cut rate by some road, and that if it was not met he would send his business over such road. It was because the force that led to rate-cutting lay in the temptation to illicit gain that confronted railroad managers. It was because the shipper under pooling may make advances to, or receive advances from, unscrupulous railroad managers looking to self-gain, with a view to the shippers agreeing to pay back to the railroad managers, sacrificing for money interests entrusted to them, a part of the difference between the cut and the open rate. Pooling will always be made an engine for establishing a seesaw of speculations for the railroad cliques. Legalize pooling, and you confirm the ability of the money oligarchy to consolidate their control over the railroads. You confirm their power to bankrupt railroads and individuals, to build up railroads and individuals; but these evils are small in comparison with the gross wrongs which pooling will enable railroad managers to inflict upon the community by fixing unfair rates—rates so high that the people will be pauperized and wealth centralized in a few hands. Pooling with maximum rates fixed by the Interstate Commerce Com-

mission, under authority of Congress, will fasten upon our country new and greater burdens than are now imposed upon it unless we can at once establish what is a fair capitalization of our railroads. President Roosevelt, the Interstate Commerce Commission and a majority in Congress have already declared for pooling of receipts of our railroads, and soon pooling will be legalized unless public demand in opposition prevents; and this public demand must be immediate. Advocates of pooling say it failed twenty years since because pooling agreements were then unenforceable. They say, Legalize such agreements and make them enforceable in law courts, and all will be well. Shall we follow this advice; shall we consolidate the power of the railroads and the money cliques that has been used to work evil? To increase the power of those who have abused a power, to strengthen the hands of those who, possessing power conferred by railroad monopoly, have abused it, is hardly the way to put an end to abuse. Add to such power, and we add to the abuse.

Legalize pooling, fixing of maximum rates, consolidation of railroads and capitalization at the time of consolidation on the basis of earnings at that time, and we open the way to a new issue of capital stock on a false basis and rob the people of many millions of dollars *per annum*, and provide for the cliques in control of our railroads an easy way of selling fictitious capital stock to the small investor and so gathering into their own pocket much of the accumulated capital of the people.

And now let us consider the overcapitalization of our railroad corporations in some detail. It is not to the despoilment of the consuming public, but to that of the investing public, that I desire to direct attention at this time. This latter despoilment is effected through overcapitalization and the launching of watered securities upon the market for the investing public to buy; and, of course, where the public pays good money for securities that represent no investment of capital, no tangible property, but float on wind, the public stands to lose, and it must lose whenever a squall comes of sufficient violence to burst the bubble.

When our railroads were built, the manner of capitalization, borrowed from British, German and Dutch financial negotiators, was to issue, through a construction company, bonds and stocks of a nominal value, always twice the actual capital invested, and sell them—the bonds often selling for from seventy-five to eighty

per cent. of their face, the stocks going as a bonus to bankers, negotiators and projectors of the enterprise. These fraudulent operations were sustained by our courts and by our most respected lawyers and bankers. So our country, populated by an industrious and careful people, was opened up by railroad lines. The new lands, worked by a people of unequalled productive power, were made to bear a burden too heavy. Few reaped the benefits of the productiveness of labor; the men who were parties to the fraud described—there were only a few thousands in this class—gathered wealth, and the industrious, poverty. The great majority of our people are now in the dependent class, working for inadequate salaries and wages — inadequate, because their share of the products of capital and labor joined together is not what it should be. There should be happiness and universal comfort and abundance, but our people find themselves discontented and under a curse. Our people, blessed by nature, saw that they were cursed by man, and they have awakened to a realization of the wrongs they suffer, if not yet awake to the remedy. This curse is in the shape of tolls exacted on interchanges of the products of labor and by those who render nothing in return, largely by men who manage our railroads. These arbitrary tolls, being dexterously mixed up with tolls charged for services actually rendered, were long unnoticed. The men to whom was granted the right to build and operate the railroads of the nation acquired the right to charge such tolls for transportation of freight and passengers as would recompense them for the cost of building, keeping up and operating the lines. When these grants were made, no one contemplated that the tolls charged would be higher than was necessary to effect that purpose. But these rights have been abused in the most outrageous way. The railroad cliques added to their legitimate charges simply because they had a monopoly. Part of their charges was for service rendered, part was toll exacted by monopoly. But, mixed up together, it was hard to pick out what were just charges, what monopoly charges. This was made increasingly difficult by the way in which the railroads kept their capital accounts. They unscrupulously and often fraudulently, I repeat, watered their capital accounts, so that it was made to appear that the railroads cost two times what they actually cost, or more. And so what was an exorbitant return on the real cost of a railroad was often made to appear quite inadequate. I wish

to emphasize what I have already said. Of course, those to whom this watered stock was issued grew rich, while the industrious classes, having to pay a toll to monopoly on the interchange of the products of their labor for the products of others, were deprived of the full profits of industry. The railroads are the instruments of oppression and robbery. Through railroads, the wealth of the country has become concentrated in the hands of a few cliques. These are the men who have blighted the prosperity of an otherwise blessed people; they made the curse that shut off men from the enjoyment that should have come with the increased production of our people.

Awakening to this, at last, the people have resolved to break the curse put upon them by these railroad and banker cliques, and they entered the wedge in the last session of Congress—the Railroad Rate Bill is this wedge. The bill is defective, but its very defects will not only open wide the eyes of the people to the wrongs they suffer both through special freight rates and special service, but also force them to see the charges they are mulcted in to meet interest and dividend on water-capital. And now let us take up the vital question of overcapitalization of railroad corporations—vital, because the railroads take from the people each year for dividends on fictitious capital the great sum of $350,000,000, a tax of about four dollars upon every man, woman and child in our country. It is an open secret among those within the railroad cliques that the masters propose, by means of consolidation of railroad corporations, to increase further the capitalization of our railroads by some five or six billion dollars, and so filch from the people an additional $300,000,000 *per annum.* These masters go on the assumption that capitalization should be fixed on earnings, and not on the basis of proper and adequate returns upon investment of actual capital. Rates to be fair and reasonable must be made upon fair and reasonable valuation of railroads. The present capitalization of our railroads is in the aggregate about $13,800,000,000. The cost of these railroads, with all the changes of line, roadbed and equipment properly chargeable to capital accounts, does not exceed $6,000,000,000; so we have in the capitalization of our railroads almost $8,000,000,000 of fictitious capital. This water-capital the railroad masters propose to increase by further consolidation of companies, and in other ways well known to railroad lawyers, by another six billion dollars.

It would be wrong to make such statements if they were not based upon solid foundations. But no one competent to discuss the subject can or will question them. I overestimate cost when I put cost of our railroads at six billion dollars.

In an address before the Franklin Institute, on January 11th, 1906, Professor William D. Marks said, in discussing "The Finance of Engineering Enterprises":

"The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for June 30, 1904, gives the total mileage of railway tracks in the United States, wherever located or however used, as 297,073 miles, and their length of roadbed as 212,243 miles.

"Total capital stock issued	$6,339,899,329
" funded debt	6,873,225,350
" railway capital	$13,213,124,679

"The total length of roadbed of a steam railway is not a criterion of its cost, for it may have four tracks and vast freight-yards and stations and miles of siding.

"It may be built regardless of cost of construction, as is the Pennsylvania low-grade freight line from Harrisburg to Atglen, where 4,000,000 cubic yards of rock excavation sometimes are required per mile of roadbed, or it may be built like the many tens of thousands of miles of single track stretching across the prairies of Mississippi Valley, which can be best described as two streaks of rust on a mud bank, traversed by few trains.

"But the total length of single track, wherever located or however used, will give us a rough index to the difference in construction cost of a four-track, a double-track, and a single-track road, and also amply cover the extra cost of sidings and freight-yards.

"From our figures, we find that every mile of railway track in this United States is capitalized at about $44,480, whatever its real cost may have been.

"To find this real cost is somewhat difficult.

"Suppose we take the oaths of the railway officials to the tax-gatherer as to taxes and reported by Interstate Commerce Commission June 30, 1904:

Ad Valorem Taxes, June 30, 1904.

"On values of real estate and personal property	$43,410,020
" " stocks, bonds, earnings, etc.	6,305,807
" " property not used in operation	1,324,808
"Total (omitting special taxes)	$51,040,635

"Delaware, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota and Vermont are the only States not accepting the basis of ad valorem taxation as their principal factor in levying taxes.

"One per cent. is certainly as low an average tax rate for State or county taxes as can be reckoned upon and will fix a maximum valuation of $5,104,063,500, or about $17,520 average value of total construction property and equipment per mile of single track wherever built in this United States.

"Perhaps this is not convincing. Perhaps it will prove more convincing to select an average State, such as Indiana, and give the tax valuation of its State Commissioners for 1904 upon all its steam railways.

"We find returns of trackage and values as follows:

"Main track	6,730.55	miles
Second main track	615.69	"
Side tracks	2,846.17	"
"Total of all tracks	10,192.41	"

"And we have as their tax valuation upon all tracks, rolling stock and improvements upon right of way $165,863,367, or $16,274 per mile of track.

"A careful study of the details of the Report of the Tax Commissioner of Indiana for 1904 will prove convincing as to its fairness in stating the truth concerning the true cost of Indiana railways.

"If we take Indiana as an average railway State we obtain for 297,073 miles of single track $4,834,666,002 as the total cost of all the railways of the United States.

"Without going into the details here, a most liberal and careful analysis of the excellent Report of the Massachusetts State Railroad Commissioners for 1903 would appear to prove the average cost of construction and equipment of a mile of single track to be less than $25,000. In Massachusetts the car equipment is very large ($10,000 per mile) because the manufacturers are many and the population dense, so we can regard this figure as a maximum average cost per mile of single track for every State.

"Perhaps a detailed estimate of cost of a single-track railway will make its cost clearer and still more convincing.

"We will at first omit the extra costs of urban right of way, of long bridges, of heavy rock cuts, and of extraordinary tunnels and excavations. We will, however, allow an average of 10,000 cubic yards excavation at 35 cents, or $3,500 per mile. If excavation and embankment are balanced in each mile we have 102 cubic feet per foot of track, or an average cut or fill sixteen feet wide and six and a half feet deep, which of course you will recognize as an excessive allowance.

Estimate of Cost of One Mile Single Track to the Top of the Rail.

"Preliminary legal expenses and right of way		$700
Surveyors	$100	
Grading	3,500	
Ties, 2,640, at 50c	1,320	
Rails, 70 lbs., at $30 (118 tons)	3,540	
Joints and bolts, 352 at $2	704	
Spikes, four per tie, 5½×⁹/₁₆, 5,280 lbs., at 4c	211	
Switch irons	150	
Road ballast, 10 ft.×2 in. (50c. per cu. yd.)	652	
Fencing-wire with posts	480	
Crossings	20	
Labor laying track	1,000	
		11,677
Architectural work—stations, shops and houses		1,500
Extraordinary expenses—bridges, tunnels, etc		2,000
"Total for construction of one mile		$15,877
Equipment from State tax Comm. Indiana		1,781
"Total cost of construction and equipment		$17,658

"The item $1,781 is obtained by dividing the assessed value of all rolling stock on Indiana railways by their total of single track 10,192 miles. The items of $1,500 and $2,000 cannot be verified as completely as others, but they are ample, and the majority of our nearly 300,000 miles of single track has never benefited by the expenditure of this $3,500 item.

"We have endeavored to get at the real cost of construction and equipment of average railways, and reached the following results:

(1) From the taxes sworn to by railway officials.....$17,250 per mile
(2) From the Report of the Indiana Tax Com..... 16,274 " "
(3) From a careful and overloaded estimate..... 17,658 " "

"Before this I have stated to you that Massachusetts with its hilly and rocky topography might average a cost of somewhere near $25,000 per mile of single track, and now you also see that $17,500 per mile cost is a high average estimate for the vast network of railways that covers the Southern States and the Mississippi Valley. $44,480 per mile is the average capitalization found. This is divided up as follows:

Funded debt per mile	$23,137
Capital stock " "	21,341
	$44,478

"Comparing these figures with the average cost of construction and equipment, $17,500, we find that about 76% of the par value of our railways' funded debt has been utilized for their creation and that the sale of stock has not been required at all.

"Remember, I am dealing with averages. Fortunately there are exceptional railways in which both bonds and stocks have been paid for and the money legitimately used for the purpose of creating them, but they are few.

"On the average the capital stock of our railways has no more real

basis as a token of labor or of existing property than a counterfeit bank-note, and the par value of our bonds is greater than the cash cost of our railways by about 33%.

"You ask how can this have come about? I answer: There is no more facile instrument for the cunning man than a corporation allowed to work in secret.

"When an average railway is built, a construction company is generally formed, which agrees to build it for its securities, and doing so receives them, and placing the bonds, through dealers in securities, reserves all or a portion of the stock for itself.

"The actual cost spent on a railway appears to average 76% of the value of the bonds, the remaining 24% goes as profit to the bond broker and his allies in the construction company, unless the bonds are sold below par, say at 90%, and then the profit is reduced to 14% cash and the speculative profit which may be obtained from the sale of as much stock as they may be able to retain for themselves.

"If we are extremely liberal with these railways we might allow $20,000 per mile of single track, and then it would appear as if 86% of the par of the bond issue, $23,137, has been appropriated for construction and equipment.

"Careful appraisements of the cost of reproduction of existing railways have been made by the State of Texas, in 1895. The best and most careful engineers, valuing the Texas railways mile by mile, obtained an average of $18,000 per mile of roadbed for all construction, equipments and investment.

"It would have been clearer and fairer if they had given the cost per mile of single track, wherever laid or however used, for their railways, which is much less.

"Usually after a few years of operation a railway is consolidated with or purchased by some larger system of railways and on this account a new issue of securities is usually born and sold.

"Of course there are many other causes of the existing status of our railways, but I have given you the usual method of inflation and the main cause of their enormous overcapitalization."

Railroad companies have for years robbed the public by overcharging for railroad services to render their watered securities valuable and saleable on the Stock Exchange. When an angry public forces upon railroad managers a reduction of passenger and freight charges, as surely the public will, the innocent purchasers will lose all or the major part of their investment. Great bankers and brokers, trusted by their clients, have led the general public to buy their securities by stating that they represent real property. When traveller and shipper get their rights, the owner of securities must suffer, and many of them will believe they have been swindled. They will receive no more consideration

from an outraged people than does the man who buys stolen goods at a pawnbroker's shop.

The railroad question has become the paramount issue before the people, for the activities of the country are controlled by the railroads, now a great part of our national life, for the United States is practically a railroad country. The railroads, though chartered and created by the State to serve the people, to serve all men without preference or prejudice, without overcharge for services rendered, do not do so. The creator has become the servant; the railroad is now the master, the citizen the servant.

The gross abuses shippers suffer from discrimination, from special rates and privileges, from special service and rebates, may be removed by the Rate Bill just passed by Congress; but the people, as a mass, will suffer from overcharge for transportation —to pay interest on fictitious capital, to pay interest on securities, mostly stocks, for which no money was given, no labor expended —until the water is squeezed out. Remember that these overcharges —the $350,000,000 taken each year from the people for interest on fictitious capital—are often the profits of the agricultural and industrial operations that produce the articles for transportation. Thus it is that the wealth produced by the many, and that should be of right accumulated by the many, passes into the hands of the few; thus it is that one per cent. of our people have come to own as much property as the remaining ninety-nine. We have now in all States an outcry against "graft" of all kinds, but that is only an outcry against petty larceny. This "great moral awakening," this true and rightful indignation, will do very little to stop the grand larceny perpetrated by the railroad corporations. We must put an end to the aggressions of concentrated capital through overcapitalization of railroad corporations, and stop charges to pay interest on seven or eight billions of dollars of fictitious capital.

What annual charge for transportation the people at large should pay, so that those men and women who have innocently invested their money in fictitious bonds and stocks may be least injured, is a question of ethics hard to answer.

That our people may enjoy their rightful inheritance, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, we must sooner or later nationalize our railroads. But at this time all we can hope to secure is a fair basis of charges and no discrimination.

WHARTON BARKER.

HOW LONDON LOSES BY MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

BY ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

FIFTEEN years ago (and a year or two more) some young men were travelling sedulously around London—to Radical Clubs, to Nonconformist Debating Societies, to Trade-Union gatherings, to the parks on Sunday afternoons; they were not particular, so long as they could get an audience—preaching the gospel of Socialism. They were well-educated young men, for the most part, pure from venal influences and unmistakably in earnest. They called themselves "Fabians"; Mr. John Morley called them "dreamers of dreams"; Social Democrats derided them as "milk-and-water Socialists," and sometimes, as a facetious synonym, "gas and water Socialists." That was because these dreamers were really practical and wide-awake persons, with the middle-class man's dislike for high-sounding theories and gory revolution, and the Englishman's attachment to parochialism.

They dreamed and preached to a purpose. They interpreted Socialism, not much in terms of cosmopolitan revolt, but in the narrower terms of municipalism. The private ownership of the means of production is wrong, said these young men in common with Collectivists the world over. But, they added, get rid of this private ownership by the most practical means to your hand; make your municipality buy the gas and the water, the tramways and the docks; let it invade the province of trade and start municipal coal depots and municipal bakeries; and let it run these institutions for the benefit of the community. There will be better wages and shorter hours of labor for the workers engaged in them; the cost of commodities to the public will be lowered, and the remaining profits, they explained, instead of going into the pockets of "divvy-hunters," could be returned to the com-

munity in the form of beautiful open spaces, old-age pensions, or any other instalment of the millennium which might please the communal fancy.

The democratic public of London listened delightedly. It was not interested in the cost of these experiments, for most of them did not, directly, contribute to the local taxes; besides, these municipal undertakings were to pay their way handsomely, and, in spite of higher wages and lower prices, be more profitable than when subjected to the wasteful influences of private competition. The democratic public looked with unconcern upon the prospective crushing out of profit-making enterprises; for but few of them were capitalists. It hailed the prospect of free libraries and other luxuries, of free food for the school children, of living in good and cheap houses owned by the municipality; the working-men saw visions of indefinitely increased wages and diminished hours of toil and the unquestioned sovereignty of the Trade-Union.

Into this fertile soil a Conservative Government, unwitting of the consequences (that is characteristic of Conservative Governments), had planted a thing called the "County Council"—a body endowed with large and elastic powers of local administration over that great wilderness of streets which is now the County of London. The Council was set up in 1889; in March, 1892, it went to the polls for reelection. An astonishing electoral result followed. The Progressive Party—for so the democratic contestants were called—swept London; and the more advanced, in a municipalizing direction, the candidate's programme was, the bigger was his majority. The policy of Fabians, out of which the Fabian Society had made its motto, that "for the right moment you must wait, and wait most patiently, but when the right moment comes you must strike, and strike hard," was recalled in exultation. The overwhelming Progressive majority met at the Council's offices at Spring Gardens in a state bordering on delirious ecstasy. It soon turned its enthusiasm into the work of realizing its programme. With a superabundance of youthful energy it broke out forthwith, through committee and subcommittee, in a multitude of directions towards the realization of the advanced municipal programme.

The Council, as it was then and has for the most part been since constituted, has, to quote from one of its critics, a very simple creed and a definite policy, both of which may be summed

up in the motto, "Never miss a chance to boss somebody." But that sort of simplicity has, obviously, endless ramifications in practice, and to deal with all the ramifications of County Council activity would need more space than is at my disposal here. We must leave aside its intolerant interference with a hundred things which it was never in the contemplation of the Parliament which established the County Council that it should concern itself with; we will confine ourselves to what is more particularly our subject—illustrations of the Council's efforts in municipal ownership.

But just a word or two, first, to give the reader a notion of the expensiveness of the new municipalism. The central body which has control of London's affairs before the County Council was brought into existence was called the "Metropolitan Board of Works." In 1888, the last year of the labors of this body, its expenditure upon "establishment"—that is, salaries, office expenses, pensions and so on—was under £40,000; and the Board of Works was commonly denounced as an extravagant institution. In the year ended March last, the London County Council spent upon establishment close upon £285,000. The expenses for inquiries, and so forth, of the Council's various committees amounted last year to £109,000; the old Board of Works got through that department of its activities for less than £5,000 a year. Then, with regard to the various services of an administrative kind which the Council performs—sewerage, fire brigade, etc.—the expenditure upon like services by the old authority was £354,000 a year; the new authority last year spent £760,000, in addition to £156,000 upon services which have been added to the Council's functions since the old Board of Works days. The debt has more than doubled. It was seventeen millions, sterling, in 1886; it had risen to thirty-six millions sterling in 1906. London has grown in the past sixteen years, but not at that pace.

Now as to the Council's trading enterprises. The most important of them at present is the tramway service. Until the London County Council got to work, such tramways as London possessed were in the hands of private companies, which worked under charters obtained from the Legislature. But in these charters, or Acts of Parliament, power to purchase the undertakings was given to the local authority, and the County Council, as the local authority, lost no time in setting about the purchase. The purchases have had to be made in pieces, a length here and a

length there, in different years; according to the latest available report of the Council about ninety-eight miles of tramways had been bought up to March, 1905, and further purchases were in contemplation. The purchase-money of these ninety-eight miles amounted to over two millions, sterling, but another million may be added for other expenditure incurred in connection with the tramways. But these acquisitions of lines hitherto under private enterprise have gone only a small way towards slaking the ambitions of the Council. That body is now building or projecting tramways in every direction throughout its area; to choke out such private enterprise as existed was merely a preliminary clearing of the ground. The only bar to the Council's traction aspirations is to be found in the county boundary. It cannot travel beyond that boundary; but it is showing its unsatisfied yearnings by building or projecting new lines right up to the boundary.

The statement that the boundary is the only bar should, however, be qualified. There are one or two other obstacles. The law is one. Some little while ago, the Council started an omnibus service, in competition with the privately owned omnibuses. The owners of the latter took the Council into the Courts, and there it was explained to the enthusiastic municipalizers that, when Parliament gave them authority to run tramways, it meant tramways and not omnibuses. So the horses and vehicles had to be sold—of course at a loss to the ratepayers.

The Council has experienced another check to its tramway ambitions, which is worth noting because it explains an important item in London County Council finance. In addition to the County Council, London has a number of Borough Councils—bodies which control the more particularly local affairs of the twenty-eight districts into which the metropolis is divided. When the County Council is about the starting of a new tramway, it induces the Borough Council to pay a third of the cost, on the ground of improving the Borough Council's road over which the tramway will run. A company putting down a tramway could not get a Borough Council to pay a third of the cost; yet this mightily convenient arrangement does exist to enable the amateurs of the County Council to show a profit on their undertaking.

And they have become so enamored of this simple expedient for showing a small capital cost, and consequently enlarged profits, that they have pursued it still further. They not only get rid of

a third of the cost of a tramway by transferring it to the Borough Council, but they get rid of another third by charging it to Street Improvements, the Tramway Department itself thus paying only one-third of the cost of its undertakings. It is easy enough under this arrangement to delude the citizens into the belief that the County Council is spending its money wisely and well, making a splendid success of the municipal trading business!

The wonder is, rather, that the County Council cannot show better profits; for, in addition to the above-named curious financial method, it affects another dodge of bad finance, but one common to municipal trading; it does not allow adequate sums, in its annual accounts, for depreciation of plant. The depreciation is about £35,000 a year upon lines capitalized at £2,670,000—equivalent to less than 1½ per cent., which any one can see is an absurdly inadequate allowance for the depreciation of tramway plant. Further, having the security of London at its back, the Council has been able to borrow the money for its tramways at rates which private undertakings can only regard, with envy, afar off—something under, or about, 3 per cent. Even so, the profits are tiny. For the year ended March of last year they amounted to £7,084, after allowing the above-mentioned ridiculously small sum for depreciation. The year before there was a deficit, and so there would have been last year but for the rental received in respect to some of the tramways whch the Council has bought, but has leased to the selling company instead of working them itself. Doubtless, the Council will make a better showing in future years, and that is not saying much; it could hardly avoid doing so; but the fact remains that the municipal ownership of London's tramways is a most expensive failure. The failure is partly the result of mismanagement, such as the adoption of the conduit system in unsuitable places, partly the arithmetical effect of reducing fares to a non-paying basis and raising wages and decreasing hours of labor, with the same disregard of the balance-sheet. The mismanagement is the result of putting an industry under the control of men who know nothing about it; the low fares were a bribe to the democratic voters; the increased wages and reduced hours of work are sufficiently accounted for by the open cringing of the Council to the trade-unions, though an equally good explanation may be found in the growing thousands of the Council's employees, who are voters as well as servants. The explanations

are various; the main fact is simple; the municipal ownership of London's tramways is a costly failure.

The tramways have occupied so much space that there is little room left for the other socialistic instalments of the millennium in London. But a paragraph must be spared for the Thames steamboat service. For one reason or another, climatic mainly, steamboats on the Thames have not been a success even under private management. It was thus extremely unlikely that they would prove aught but a dire failure in municipal hands. This consideration did not deter the London County Council municipalizers, under the enthusiastic leadership of Mr. John Burns, from engaging in the attempt. At first, Parliament refused them a charter, but eventually, succumbing to a powerfully worked agitation, the Council was given its franchise, and the public its opportunity of travelling up and down the river in municipal steamboats. The service began in June of last year, and was chiefly remarkable at first for the incompetence with which it was handled. The record in the Council's minutes of many subsequent dismissals confirms the public observation of this aspect of municipal service, and gives color to the report that the insurance companies had refused to continue to insure the boats save at higher rates. Naturally, however, as time has gone on, improvements have been effected on the technical side, but with regard to the financial side of the venture the experiment has been indeed a disastrous one. At the inception of the scheme, the chairman of the Rivers Committee of the Council estimated the annual expenditure at £98,960; as to the receipts, he went into the most extraordinary comparisons with railway and omnibus traffic, yet out of these calculations, inapplicable for comparison though they were, he evolved the remarkable result that the receipts would also just come to £98,960. Alas for the gentleman's statistics! The receipts, as the weather cooled off with the approach of autumn, went tumbling down, until, by the end of November, they had got down to £100 per week. There was an angry agitation for the stoppage of the service during the winter; but, with obdurate pigheadedness, the Council refused to do more than curtail the service, leaving to Londoners the deplorable spectacle of absolutely empty boats following one another under the river's bridges. The Council's own estimate made last December was to the effect that, during the winter, it would be spending over

£13 for every £1 received. Truly, as the Chairman of the Rivers Committee had said, but with a different meaning, the municipal steamboat service was "fraught with startling possibilities."

A word now as to the Council's notorious "Works Department"—by which is meant a branch of the Council's service which performs labor direct, instead of through an outside contractor. Such a department is important in the eyes of Socialists as a step along the road to the abolition of private employment. To the County Council "boss," it is useful as a means of patronage and vote-securing. To the ratepaying public, the attraction held out was that money would be saved which would otherwise go into the pockets of wicked contractors. Up to the autumn of 1902, the Council admitted a loss on its Works Department of £71,505. It has since showed a profit of some thousands, reducing this loss, but the figures are not material because there is every reason to think that the Council's figures are "faked." Such profit balances as have been presented lately represent simply the difference between the estimate of the Council's architect of what the work should cost and what it actually does cost; and proof has been given that the estimates often grossly exceed a fair allowance. Thus it has been shown that, while a Government office pays to contractors £19 2s. per rod of brickwork, the Works Department of the County Council allows £28 per rod for a cheaper kind of work. We need not trouble ourselves, therefore, about profits estimated in this fashion. When it has suited its convenience, however,—that is, when it was trying to get work which had to be put out to open contract—the Department has managed to reduce its estimate below the lowest contractor's tender. It did this once in the case of an asylum which the Council wanted. The lowest contractor's tender was £296,575; the Works Department got the contract away from him by undertaking to do the work for £284,445; the actual expenditure by the Department was £330,500. Any one in danger of being captivated by municipalism should study those figures. Here is another little example. The Works Department set out to lay a sewer at an estimated cost of £47,683. The actual cost was higher by £16,714—equal to 33 per cent.—and the cause of the increase was malingering on the part of the workmen. They were working for a popular body, their own delegated servants. This particular job, however, was too much even for the Council. All the men engaged in the

work were discharged. But the object-lesson remains. So does the inherent badness of the system. It was publicly alleged four or five years ago that, whereas the average number of bricks laid by a bricklayer is 1,000 a day (some lay a good many more), the bricklayers employed by the Works Department of the London County Council lay at the most only 330 a day. The Finance Committee of the County Council was forced to institute an investigation into this charge. Its report so nearly amounted to a confession that the charge was true that one of the Council's own champions in the press admitted as much.

The County Council has not been deterred from its pursuit of Collectivism by the unfortunate results which have attended its experiments up to date. It proposes now to supply electric power to the whole of London, and last year it fought, viciously and successfully, the attempt of a company to get a charter for the supply of cheap electric power to the metropolis; for the County Council wants a monopoly. It brought forward its own scheme this year (which has been denounced in the Council Chamber as a "mad one"), but Parliament has arrested it, so no further discussion of it is necessary here. One more case of municipal ownership in London may be cited as a concluding illustration. The Council has recently taken to the manufacture of bricks. A gentleman who is himself one of the Progressive members of the Council has described the Council's brick-field as an unfortunate experiment, and has declared that, in the majority of cases, the bricks are unfit for use in the building of houses. The clay is difficult, the situation of the brick-field very wet, and therefore bad for the bricks. Yet the Council, which is rightly the enemy of the "jerry builder," has sold these bricks for the erection of cottages. The mania of the Council for undertaking trading enterprises is insatiable; it grows by what it feeds on. And it is all part of the Collectivist policy inaugurated with the triumph of Municipal Socialism thirteen years ago. The Council aims at being the universal employer, intrudes into every possible domain of industry, crushes out private enterprise, and relentlessly pursues it to destruction, whenever it can. Meanwhile, an enormous and increasing debt is being laid upon London, the opportunities of private enterprise are curtailed, and the local taxes go up and up every year in order to pay for the municipalizers' costly fads.

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

IS COLONIZATION A CRIME?

BY HANNIS TAYLOR, LL.D.

In a brilliant address delivered at the August meeting of the Virginia State Bar Association, Mr. Justice Brewer took as his theme "Two Periods in the History of the Supreme Court"—the period of national stability, extending from the foundation of the Government to the Civil War, and the period of national enlargement, extending from the close of that war to the present time. From the press reports it appears that the most striking portion of the address was that which referred to the recent Insular Cases, in which it was decided that the national Government has the power to acquire and hold, free from Constitutional limitations, and subject to Congressional control, territory outside the limits of the organized States. Said Justice Brewer:

> "Now, I submit this inquiry. Did the candid, intelligent men who drafted this Constitution and the people who adopted it, having just finished a seven years' war to free themselves from colonial subjection to Great Britain, intend to vest in the Government they were creating the power to hold other territory in like colonial subjection? I can but look upon it as an imputation upon either the integrity or the intelligence of the framers of the Constitution that this nation should establish for other lands the same colonial subjection to relieve themselves from which had been waged such an earnest and exhausting war."

No student of current events can close his eyes to the fact that Justice Brewer is a powerful exponent of the views of a large and growing element, composed of leaders in both of the great political parties, who are resolved to teach the rising generation that our entire scheme of colonial expansion and government is a new-fangled usurpation of political power, which the founders of the Republic never contemplated, and for which the Constitution does not provide. So aggressive is this element becoming, there

can be no doubt that, in the near future, the people of this country must definitely pass upon its contentions before it can be said that our present policy of maintaining territorial governments in distant dependencies is a settled element in our national life. Those who assail the advance which has so far been made rest their case upon what I believe to be two entirely arbitrary and untenable assumptions: first, that, as a matter of manifest justice, residents of Territories which are in a state of transition are entitled to all the Constitutional rights guaranteed to citizens of fully organized States; second, that, as a matter of manifest historical fact, the founders of the Republic intended to establish that condition of things. Such is the novel theory intended to be expressed by those who have recently raised the strange and meaningless cry that the "Constitution follows the flag." The purpose of this paper will be to demonstrate that the assumptions upon which that theory rests are very recent inventions, and that they have no support whatever either in the general history of the world, or in the special Constitutional history of the United States.

Those who are striving to make our present efforts at colonization odious must admit that, in the past history of the world, colonization has been the most potent instrument in widening the limits of civilization. By that means the Greeks extended their brilliant life along the shores of the Mediterranean as far as Sicily, and by that means Rome drew the British Isles within the domain of history. And, when the shores of the Mediterranean no longer marked the limits of the maritime world, when the dominion of the seas passed from the Italian seaports to the nations bordering on the Atlantic seaboard, they, in their turn, by means of colonization, added a new world to the old. The entire process is one of reproduction. The colony is planted in foreign parts under the patronage of the mother state, and when it ripens it falls off and starts a new life for itself under the rule of Turgot, who said: "Colonies are like fruits, which cling to the tree only till they ripen." In the colonization of this hemisphere the theory was that the emigrants took the mother state with them on their backs. "The notion was, where Englishmen are, there is England; where Frenchmen are, there is France; and so the possessions of France in North America were called New France, and one group at least of the English possessions

New England." And yet, during the entire process, the claim was never made, either in the ancient, mediæval or modern world, that colonists have the right to participate in the Constitution of the mother state from which they came. The most-favored members of the Athenian Alliance or Empire, even Chios or Mitylene, could not have a voice in the general direction of the Confederacy, as Greek exclusiveness rejected to the last the idea of a fusion of any large number of cities into a single body with equal rights common to all. There is nothing whatever to show that the founders of this Republic ever intended to depart from the world's past experience, so far as the government of territory outside the limits of organized States is concerned. On the contrary, we have the most conclusive record evidence made by themselves that their purpose was to acquire such territory, to hold and govern it free from the Constitutional limitations of the mother state, and subject alone to Congressional control. The fact is that this seems to have been one of the very few vital questions upon which the extremes represented on the one hand by Jefferson and on the other by Marshall fully agreed. And even when, at a later day, the acquisition of Louisiana made vital the question of the civil and political rights of the inhabitants, Gouverneur Morris, who more than any other man gave literary form to the Constitution, in a letter to Henry Livingstone said: "I always thought that, when we would acquire Canada and Louisiana, it would be proper to govern them as provinces and allow them no voice in our councils."

Jefferson was entirely in accord with Gouverneur Morris on that all-important subject. With the words of the Declaration of Independence warm upon his lips, he had no more inclination to extend the Constitution of the United States even to his brethren settled in outlying territories or colonies than Pericles had to extend the constitution of Athens to Chios or Mitylene. It never occurred to either that the principles of human right demanded or justified such an extension. The signing of the first Constitution of the United States, embodied in the Articles of Confederation, which was submitted to the States for adoption in November, 1777, was not completed until March 1st, 1781, when Maryland finally gave it her adhesion. The long delay arose out of the refusal of Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland to enter into the Confederation until the controversy was settled as to the ultimate

ownership of the great Western Territory, of which France had been dispossessed. Although deserted by her allies, Maryland refused to abandon her contention:

"That a country unsettled at the commencement of this war, claimed by the British crown, and ceded to it by the Treaty of Paris, if wrested from that common enemy by the blood and treasure of the thirteen states, should be considered as common property, subject to be parcelled out by Congress, into free, convenient and independent governments, *in such manner and at such times as the wisdom of that Assembly shall hereafter direct.*"

In that way, the new nationality became the sovereign possessor of the whole Northwestern Territory—the area of the great States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, excepting the Connecticut reserve, which, under the Articles of Confederation, it had no express right either to hold or govern. Notwithstanding that fact, Congress, acting under authority clearly implied, boldly entered upon the creation of that scheme of territorial government which was embodied in the Ordinance of 1784 for the government of the Northwestern Territory. In describing that famous enactment, the eminent American historian, Professor J. B. McMaster, said not long ago:

"It was our first effort at colonial government, our first attempt to rule a community not fit to become a State and enter the Union; and by it a new political institution, the Territory, was created in two grades. At the head of the committee which reported the ordinance was the apostle of liberty, the father of American democracy, the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence. If one member more than another of that committee was bound to carry out the principles of the Declaration, and seek to establish a government in strict accordance with them, that member was Jefferson. If any one man more than another could be pardoned for attempting to carry the self-evident truth to an extreme, Jefferson was that man. Yet not for a moment was he led astray by the ideals he had announced to the world as the true basis of democratic government. He and his fellow members knew well that no popular government can stand long, or accomplish much for the good of the governed, which is not carefully adjusted to the wants, conditions and intelligence of the people who are to live under it. The plan presented and adopted, therefore, did not contain one vestige of self-government till there were five thousand free white males living in the Territory, and this in spite of the fact that the great majority of them would be citizens from the seaboard States and well accustomed to self-government. . . . The clear distinctions between a State and a Territory, thus drawn at the very outset of our career, and the principles then established,—that Congress

was free to govern the dependencies of the United States in such a manner as it saw fit; that the government it granted need not be republican, even in form; that men might be taxed without any representation in the taxing body, stripped absolutely of the franchise, and ruled by officials not of their own choice,—have never been departed from, and have often been signally confirmed."

After the division of the Louisiana purchase, a part, corresponding very nearly to the present State of Louisiana, was named the "Territory of Orleans." To the new Territory thus formed an oligarchal form of government was given by Congress, but little in advance of that devised in the first instance by Jefferson for the Northwestern Territory. Even the right of trial by jury was conceded with a serious restriction.

When, for a second time, our domain was expanded by the acquisition of Florida, Congress, ignoring the idea that the Constitutional guarantees should be extended to a Territory, gave to the new possession in 1822 substantially the same form of government provided for Orleans in 1804. The time had now come for the Supreme Court of the United States, speaking through Chief-Justice Marshall, to determine whether or no the colonial or territorial system devised by Jefferson for the government of Territories beyond the limits of the organized States vested in their inhabitants the right to participate in the Constitutional guarantees provided for citizens of the United States. The precise question was whether the tenure of the Territorial judges, elected for four years, was regulated by the clause which provides that "the judges of the Supreme and inferior courts shall hold their offices during good behavior." At last Marshall and Jefferson were at one. The former, with the concurrence of all his associates, declared that the clause of the Constitution in question had no application to a Territory whatever. He said:

"These courts, then, [Territorial courts] are not Constitutional courts in which the judicial power conferred by the Constitution on the General Government can be deposited. They are incapable of receiving it. They are legislative courts, created in virtue of the general right of sovereignty which exists in the Government, or in virtue of that clause which enables Congress to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory belonging to the United States."

When, for a third time, our domain was widened by the acquisition, in 1848, under the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, of a vast region inhabited by people of mixed races, with laws and customs

unlike our own, the problem of Territorial government became entangled with an effort to extend the limits within which slavery could be maintained. In the course of a debate that ensued on an amendment to a certain bill offering to extend the Constitution and certain laws of the United States over the proposed Territories of Utah and New Mexico, a scene occurred of which Mr. Burton gives us the following description:

"The novelty and strangeness of this proposition called up Mr. Webster, who repulsed as an absurdity and as an impossibility the scheme of extending the Constitution to the Territories, declaring that instrument to have been made for States, not Territories; that Congress governed the Territories independently of the Constitution and incompatibly with it; that no part of it went to a Territory but what Congress chose to send."

In 1879, in the case of the First National Bank of Brunswick *vs.* County of Yankton, 100 U. S., 129, the Supreme Court, without a dissenting voice, declared that:

"The Territories are but political subdivisions of the outlying dominion of the United States. They bear much the same relation to the General Government that counties do to States, and Congress may legislate for them as States do for their respective municipal organizations. The organic law of a Territory takes the place of a constitution, as the fundamental law of a local government. It is obligatory on and binds the Territorial authorities; but Congress is supreme, and, for the purpose of this department of its governmental authority, has all powers of the people of the United States, *except such as have been expressly, or by implication, reserved in the prohibitions of the Constitution.*"

In the case of Downes *vs.* Bidwell, 182 U. S., 244, the Supreme Court, speaking through the weighty words of Mr. Justice Brown, simply reiterated that historic and unassailable doctrine, when it said:

"That the power over the territories is vested in Congress without limitation, and that this power has been considered the foundation upon which the Territorial governments rest, was also asserted by Chief-Justice Marshall in McCulloch *vs.* Maryland. . . . To sustain the judgment in the case under consideration, it by no means becomes necessary to show that none of the articles of the Constitution apply to the island of Porto Rico. There is a clear distinction between such prohibitions as go to the very root of the power of Congress to act at all, irrespective of time or place, and such as are operative only 'throughout the United States' or among the several States. Thus, when the Constitution declares that 'no bill of attainder or *ex post facto* law shall

be passed,' and that 'no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States,' it goes to the competency of Congress to pass a bill of that description. . . . Whatever may be finally decided by the American people as to the status of these islands and their inhabitants,—whether they shall be introduced into the sisterhood of States or be permitted to form independent governments,—it does not follow that, in the mean time, awaiting that decision, the people are in the matter of personal rights unprotected by the provisions of our Constitution and subject to the merely arbitrary control of Congress. Even if regarded as aliens, they are entitled, under the principles of the Constitution, to be protected *in life, liberty and property.*"

In the light of that splendid and humane exposition of the nature of our colonial or territorial system which Jefferson devised, and which Gouverneur Morris, Marshall and Webster approved, how can any one suggest that it is an imputation upon either the integrity or intelligence of the fathers of the Republic to assume that they intended that we should perpetuate it as a part of our inevitable and irresistible growth? Those who are attempting to maintain that this nation is a sterile monster, incapable of reproducing itself after the manner of all other civilizing nations, cannot venture to appeal either to the past history of colonization in general or to its special history as involved with our own.

Encouraged and sustained as we are by the history of the past, and by the precept and example of the fathers, why should we shrink from the mighty part we are predestined to play in that Pacific world which is to offer an almost boundless domain for our commercial activity? As early as 1852, William H. Seward, standing in the Senate of the United States, swept the horizon of the future, when in these bold and prophetic words he said: "Henceforth, European commerce, European politics, European thought and European connections, although actually becoming more intimate, will, nevertheless, relatively sink in importance; while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands and the vast region beyond will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter." At that time, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, Iowa and California were the only States west of the Mississippi; California was then but a string of mining-camps, and San Francisco a crude frontier town; west of the Mississippi there were then but eighty miles of railway and no telegraph lines; steamships were still a curiosity in many parts of the Pacific; Mexico, Central America and the Pacific states of South America, which

had emerged successfully from their wars of independence with Spain, were still hampered by internal dissensions; Hawaii was little known except as the place where Captain Cook was killed; the Australian colonies were just entering upon their career so rich with promise of wealth and commerce; China had been recently forced at the cannon's mouth to open a few of her ports to foreign trade; Japan was still a sealed mystery; Alaska and the Siberian coast of Asia, except for the adventurous fur-traders, were in the undisturbed possession of the seal and the Eskimo. Since then, what a mighty transformation! Mr. Seward could hardly have dreamed that his prophecy was so soon to be fulfilled. By a master-stroke of statesmanship he led the way for us by purchasing Alaska for a song. Then the Hawaiian Islands were annexed, and soon the Philippines came through a process of causation which swept Cuba away from Spain, in order that she might become the fortress without which, as Captain Mahan says, we cannot defend the Panama Canal. The piercing of the Isthmus is the only problem that remains, and who can doubt that our indomitable and far-sighted President will make it possible for that dream to be realized? When our ships of commerce carry the flag through the new waterway from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific, it will be followed by one of the three great navies of the world, an institution far more potent in foreign parts than the Constitution. The Southern States bordering upon the Gulf of Mexico, which are now entering upon a career of unprecedented prosperity, will be benefited by the change far more than any other part of the Union. Certainly, their citizens should not join in the cry against a natural and inevitable process of expansion because it involves the application to dependencies in the Pacific of a system of territorial or colonial government by Congress which was devised by Jefferson and approved by Marshall.

HANNIS TAYLOR.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN FOREIGN MISSIONS: AN INTERPRETATION

BY THE REV. JAMES L. BARTON, D.D.

At Williamstown, Massachusetts, has just been celebrated the centennial of a mission prayer-meeting held during a severe shower of rain under the lee of a haystack near that town. To this remarkable meeting, at which there were present only five college students, is attributed the beginning of movements which eventuated in the organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions four years later. These young men have become well-known historical personages, and the noted meeting-place is marked by a marble monument suitably inscribed and bearing the name of the five participants.

While it is recognized that these young men had courage and vision in advance of their generation and persistence to adhere to their position in the face of ridicule, indifference and open opposition, it is well known that modern foreign missions had already received their birth in England and were there well under way. These five men, Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Francis L. Robbins, Harvey Loomis and Byram Green, were sensitive to the religious influences of the hour and ready to respond to them.

In 1792, the Baptist Missionary Society of England was organized through the exertions of the well-known William Carey. This was quickly followed by the formation of the London Missionary Society in 1795, and by the Church Missionary Society in 1799. The formation of these societies and the work of the early missionaries they sent out attracted wide attention. The movement was a new one that called out many leading articles in all of the religious magazines upon both sides of the Atlantic.

At the same time in America itself there had been for many years a movement, more or less marked, toward a systematic

effort for the conversion of the Indians, and for the religious cultivation of white people dwelling in remote colonies—" to Christianize the heathen in North America," as one constitution puts it. The General Congregational Association of Connecticut in 1774 voted to send missionaries to new settlements of the West and Northwest. Other associations followed in the same line, and missionaries were sent into Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Ohio and New York, as well as into other places. In 1806, the strain of the Revolutionary War was off, and for nearly a generation the colonists had been able to devote themselves to the arts of peace and to the pursuits of education and religion. The " New York Theological Magazine " began publication in 1795, followed five years later by the " New York Missionary Magazine and Repository of Intelligence," and also the Connecticut " Evangelical Magazine," with the "Massachusetts Missionary Magazine" three years later. The rapid increase of religious and missionary magazines reveals the fact that both religion and missions were attracting the attention of intelligent people.

So far as we can learn, little thought was given to an attempt to Christianize remote nations. It is true that, in the organization of a home missionary society as far back as the close of the seventeenth century, a clause was inserted in the constitution giving as its object, " the diffusion of the knowledge of the gospel among the heathen as well as other people in the remote parts of the earth." And yet no one seemed to take seriously the " in the remote parts of the earth " of these constitutions.

In the midst of these conditions occurred the so-called " haystack prayer-meeting." This was a most informal affair, in which, as reported by one of the number, general conversation had a large place. The subject of the conversation was the duty and privilege of American Christians, and especially of the five men in that meeting, to Christianize " dark and heathen lands." One of the number thought the movement ill-advised, and opposed it. The four were united against him; and, in response to the objection that the task was too great to be undertaken by so feeble a force, they uttered the declaration that has rung down the century, " We can, if we will." They then joined in prayer for the success of their object, and the haystack prayer-meeting passed into history. These men did not let the question rest with a prayer-meeting, but organized a student society with this mis-

sionary object in view. When some of them a little later went to the Andover Theological Seminary, this society was transferred thither and enlarged. The one supreme object was not for a moment lost sight of, nor did they relax their efforts. As a result, in the spring of 1810, the General Congregational Association of Massachusetts organized the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, with John Treadwell, Governor of Connecticut, as its president. This was the first foreign Missionary Board formed upon the American continent. It was not denominational; and, for more than a generation, it was the agent of various denominations for the conduct of their missionary operations.

What was the effect of the organization of this missionary Board? In seeking for the reply to this question, one would naturally look to the countries to which the missionaries went. But, in fact, the first and most marked effect was upon the people of New England, and not upon the heathen. The American colonists had a hard time, physically and politically. It required all of the hardihood and perseverance of their stern natures to meet these conditions and maintain educational institutions for their children and support the church. They entertained little thought of foreign countries, except the dread of foreign oppression and the endeavor to avoid entangling foreign alliances. If foreign countries would not disturb them, there was no purpose upon their part to interfere with any country across the seas. They saw little or nothing in the nations abroad which commanded their attention. There was real danger that America might become so exclusive that Americans would repudiate any responsibility for all except America, and decline to seek knowledge regarding any other country or people. It required a purely religious impulse to arrest attention, turn it from local and personal affairs and fix it upon remote and hitherto unknown lands.

As soon as the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was organized, in 1810, and the first company of missionaries was sent out in 1812, the religious magazines were replete with articles upon or about the countries and people to which the missionary had gone. They also published extensive statements from the missionaries regarding the religious customs and characteristics of the people and countries where they were located. The entire country was set to studying Eastern geography. The missionary magazines published new and original maps. As

the reports and letters of American missionaries were carefully and systematically followed, countries which had previously existed hardly in name began to have a specific and well-defined existence in the minds of our people. Thus the Sandwich Islands, Burmah, Ceylon, India, Syria, Turkey, within a single generation, became to a great number of people who were interested in the new mission movement almost as familiar as much of our own outlying frontier territory.

As an illustration of the method of this new educational awakening, take the Levant. Except Palestine, little was known of the religions or the customs of the people who occupied the interior of Asia Minor, Armenia, Koordistan, Persia and Syria. There were no general and reliable maps of the country, no books of travel available for the ordinary reader. The American Board sent missionaries to that country in 1819. They were assigned to coast regions, like Smyrna, Beirut, Salonica and Constantinople, with Jerusalem the most interior point. The missionaries began explorations at once. The mountains of Lebanon were soon penetrated, and the Druses and Maronites, with other tribes and races, studied and written up. Messrs. Eli Smith and H. G. O. Dwight started from Constantinople in 1830, and spent more than a year upon a journey overland across the entire length of Asia Minor, through Armenia and Koordistan into Persia and back again. They were keen and accurate observers, and made a minute report concerning every phase of their observations. The results of their observations they wrote in two volumes, which passed through several editions, so eager were the people of this country for the new knowledge thus brought to them.

At about the same time, Dr. Asahel Grant, a medical missionary of the American Board, went to the mountains of Koordistan between eastern Turkey and Persia, journeying south into Mesopotamia. For years he lived in that region, travelling back and forth among those wild tribes of Koords, accepting the hospitality of their chiefs and gathering information for the outside world. Mr. Schultz, a scientist, the only man who had ever attempted to penetrate that region, had a few years before paid the penalty of his rashness by the loss of his life at the hands of a suspicious Koordish chief. Dr. Grant kept a careful record of all of his experiences and observations; and to-day his journals contain the most accurate and trustworthy reports we possess regarding that

wild and interesting people. Dr. Grant was a direct contributor to the general education of the English reading world, and the world was not slow to appreciate the fact. Not long since, the writer inquired in the British Museum for the best book or books upon the Koords, and he was handed the journals of Dr. Grant with the remark, "That is the best thing we know."

What the missionaries of the American Board in Asia Minor, Armenia, Koordistan and Persia did for broadening the intellectual horizon of the people of the United States and England, other missionaries of this Board and other similar Boards in India, Ceylon, Burmah, China, Africa and the Pacific islands also accomplished for their region. Not only were the reports of these missionaries printed in religious and missionary magazines, but scientific journals also vied with each other in securing articles that were so original, entertaining and instructive. The American Oriental Society depended upon the missionaries for its most valuable material. Of the 591 pages of the first volume of the Journals of this Society, 153 pages were written by five different missionaries. In the second volume, eight missionaries filled 134 of its 342 pages. Considerably more than one-third of the whole contents of the Journal, for many years, was furnished by foreign missionaries.

What was true in this one instance was equally true in many directions. Missionary magazines like the "Missionary Herald" had a wide circulation, and were filled with articles and reports of personal investigations made in remote and unknown parts of the world. Permanent works were prepared and issued, like "The Land and the Book," by William M. Thompson, forty years a missionary of the American Board in Syria. This masterly work has undoubtedly done more to introduce the English-speaking world to the people and country of Syria than any other. Even to the present time, this book remains a classic and is sold in a variety of editions with many illustrations. China was introduced to the Western world by the massive and classic work, "The Middle Kingdom," written by S. Wells Williams, a missionary of the American Board. Time has not impaired the value of this masterly work; and scholars to-day turn to it for accurate information regarding the religion, life and government of the Chinese.

These instances, which might be indefinitely multiplied, are sufficient to show that, while the movement inaugurated at Will-

iamstown in 1806 through a prayer-meeting was in the minds of the participants purely religious, nevertheless, in actual fact, it was one of the most far-reaching educational movements for the English-speaking world that have ever been set in motion.

Incidentally, this new movement, which in the minds and purposes of its originators was purely religious, had a large value to Americans commercially. It is true that it was no part of the purpose of those five young men at Williamstown, neither has it been the purpose of their successors nor of the Board that sent them out, to promote the commercial interests of this country. At the same time, it must be recognized that as rapidly as the conditions prevailing in the East were known to the merchant classes in the West, trade opportunities were eagerly noted and seized. The missionaries' articles and reports necessarily contained much that attracted the attention of the traders of the West. The missionaries were always in advance of the consul or diplomatic agent. They blazed the way and demonstrated by their own continued residence in countries like Turkey, Persia, China, the Sandwich Islands and Africa, that residence in these countries was safe for an American. Then followed the pioneer of commerce and trade, the American consul. However much the missionaries may have wished to have the facts otherwise, it is true that the consul came. Thus American products in a variety of forms and in astonishing quantities found their way into the East through doors opened directly by the modern missionary movement. These products consist of school, hospital and printing-house supplies, machinery, agricultural implements and tools of many varieties, musical instruments, kerosene-oil, watches and clocks, books, foodstuffs, cloths, etc. A missionary set up the first electric telegraph instrument in the Turkish Empire, and today there are thousands of miles of wire in operation. The religious service held at Williamstown one hundred years ago inaugurated a movement which has accomplished more for American trade and commerce than is often accredited to it. All that the cause of foreign missions has cost from that day to this has been returned manyfold in profits accruing from trade with the East growing out of the plan and purpose to evangelize the world.

The advantages above mentioned accrued to this country, although the effort sprang from purely altruistic motives. There have come, however, to the countries abroad, into which the mis-

sionaries entered and where they labored for the Christianization of the people, advantages of which the originators of the movement never dreamed. It is possible to mention but a few of these, and that with greatest brevity; but the few will suffice to show something of the import and wide sweep of the movement called "foreign missions," hitherto thought by many to be a plan only for converting individuals and securing their baptism.

The introduction of modern education into the East and the Far East must be credited to the foreign missionaries. The condition of the Sandwich Islands in 1820 is too well known to require description here. The people were not cannibals, but they were not far removed from the lowest and most degrading savagery. Missionaries set up there the first printing-presses, opened the first schools and inaugurated and conducted general educational institutions for two generations. To-day the islands possess collegiate and theological institutions and a modern school system, directed by the descendants of the missionaries and the enlightened children of native leaders. China knew no learning except that which centres in the classics of Confucius, and all Western education was considered beneath their contempt. For nearly a century the missionaries gave time, strength and talent to the preparation and production of modern text-books and in conducting schools for the training of Chinese young men and women. Missionary educators were repeatedly called by the Government to take charge of national institutions. The popularity of modern learning rapidly increased, until, in October, 1905, by imperial decree, Western learning was made the basis of the civil-service examination throughout the Empire.

At the opening of the last century, in India there was hardly a trace of anything in education that could be called modern. India's millions not only were not educated, but they had little desire for learning. Gradually, schools were established by the missionaries and the principles of modern education were taught. As the influence of the British Government increased, the officials, perceiving the supreme value of the educational work the missionaries were doing, began to subsidize their schools. This Government subsidy has increased until, at the present time, hundreds of thousands of dollars are given annually for the support of educational institutions, recognized to be of high grade and under the control of missionaries. The university system of India

is the direct outgrowth of the missionary educational system, and is made up very largely of the combination of missionary colleges. These universities are examining bodies and not teaching institutions. Students in mission and private colleges that come up to the standards of the university receive their degrees at the hands of that body. Remove from India to-day the institutions established by missionaries, and the five Indian universities would be forced to reduce greatly their operations or go out of existence.

Perhaps one of the most marked illustrations of the influence of modern education upon a country and the races that inhabit it is that of Turkey and the Levant. In 1820, the doors of that country were practically closed to all that was modern in the way of schools or teaching. While the Mohammedans were slow to arouse themselves to seize the new privileges offered them, this was not true of the Greeks, Syrians and Armenians. Soon the Turkish Government took alarm at the rapid progress the cause of education was making in the Empire and strenuous but unsuccessful endeavors were made to check it. From the Bosphorus on the west to Persia on the east, and from the Black Sea on the north to Egypt on the south, modern colleges for both sexes have been established and are to-day crowded with eager and able students. Robert College at Constantinople and the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut stand out as examples of many more that might be named. Students from these dozen or more institutions are to-day taking post-graduate work in our best Universities. Missionaries have carried into every country they have entered the modern school of every form and grade. Through these, in greater or less degree, modern education has been introduced into every Asiatic country; and in some of them, like Japan and China, it has resulted in completely transforming the national educational system. We do not claim that missionaries have done all this. We do claim that they were the pioneers.

The missionary movement has introduced into the East the modern practice of medicine and surgery. As early as 1834, the American Board appointed a missionary to China, Peter Parker, M.D., who at Canton in 1836 had acquired a wide reputation among the Chinese for his unusual skill. Gradually the Chinese came to recognize the value of modern medicine, and occasionally in recent years missionary physicians have been put in charge of Government hospitals or hospitals erected by influential officials.

The missionaries have opened medical schools in the Empire equipped with modern appliances; and to-day hundreds of educated Chinese youth are preparing themselves for competent medical service to their own people. Many others are studying in the medical schools of Europe, and the United States and Japan. Japan quickly passed from the traditional form of treating diseases to the modern method.

Similar progress has been made in India, Africa and Turkey, as well as in other countries. Go where you will in any city of importance in Asia, and there you will find the modern hospital for both men and women, in which American, British and native physicians practise side by side. Most of these are missionary hospitals. In connection with not a few of them are medical schools of high grade. This modern medical movement is rapidly crowding back into oblivion the ancient and cruel medicine men and women, and substituting in their places the educated native physician, trained in all that is best in modern medical methods. In this movement the foreign missionaries were the pioneers.

The missionaries have carried into the East the most colossal social reform the world has ever seen. Within the first half century of modern missions, thousands of educated Christian families established themselves in remote, but strategic, centres of Asia, Africa and the Islands of the Sea. They took up their residence in those places, not for a brief period, preparatory to a return to the home land, but they settled down among a strange, rude and often savage people for a lifework. There they established their home. There were their children born, and in multitudes of instances there also they were buried by the side of the dead of the land. Through famine and plague and massacre they remained. The missionary's home became a place to which the troubled, the perplexed, the broken-hearted went for help. All classes found there a common welcome. The influence of such a home widened and the fruits of it began to be manifest in transformed native homes, in an altered society, in a new conception of fraternity. In many instances the old missionary was laid to rest in the soil his life had hallowed, by his son, who, after securing an education in the home land, had gone out to carry on to completion the work his father began.

Multiply this single experience by something like 6,000, the number of widely scattered stations in the East and the Far East

now occupied by European and American missionaries, and one can begin to conceive of the measureless social influence of this work. Caste has been broken in upon; social evils in countless forms have been made unpopular, crowded out of sight or abandoned; the position of women has been lifted from that of a servant, or even a slave, to that of a friend and companion. The home has been discovered and glorified. Men and women have been induced to combine in effort for the common good. Selfishness has been made to appear mean, and the nobility of service for others has been given high place. All this has not been as yet carried through to perfection by any means, but the movement is inaugurated and is progressing. The purpose is, not to transport into the East a European or an American society, but to cause to spring from the soil of the Orient new social conditions that shall be in every respect Oriental, while preeminently Christian. This new social force was potentially present in the Williamstown prayer-meeting, but no one recognized it.

The last of these great movements which I will mention, having their origin at Williamstown a century ago, is that leading to a truer sense of the fraternity and community of interest among all nations and races. To Americans at the beginning of the last century all Asiatics were "heathen." The man of the East presented no attractions to the man of the West, except as a curiosity and as an object for religious instruction. That the Oriental could teach anything except evil to the Occidental never for a moment entered the mind of the American. Filled with this idea, the modern missionary movement was inaugurated, and the Eastern peoples in their true character gradually became known. It was a surprise to many to learn how intelligent, far-sighted, devout and capable of great development were many of the Eastern races, and especially of some individuals in all races. It was indeed a brave missionary who first advocated the new and almost heretical doctrine that, even in the religions of the East, there were many customs and beliefs worthy of respect and reverence. Almost imperceptibly the feeling of contempt and pity for the Asiatic was turned, in a degree, into respect. Out of this came a conviction that the educated, upright Chinese, Japanese, Korean or Indian is a brother man, with whom conference upon every theme, including religion, may be profitable to all parties. This sense of fraternity was fostered more directly by the educational

institutions established and directed by American missionaries, and patronized by the brightest and most intelligent young men and women of the East. The white teacher was forced into admiration for his intelligent pupils, while the students, who, it may be, entered the school with little regard for the pale-faced foreigner, came to hold him in high esteem. The intelligence of the East was thus revealed to the people of the West, establishing mutual respect. Not only were the West and the East united, but different countries in Asia came to know and esteem each other through the intervisitation of students at the more recent student-federation gatherings. The fraternity engendered and fostered by the great student conventions in both the East and West cannot be estimated at the present time.

Out of these conditions grew the desire upon the part of the students of Asia and Africa to go in person to the new world, and from actual contact with the West learn for themselves. In constantly increasing numbers, students from mission and national colleges in the East are coming to America and Europe for post-graduate work. At the same time, they are passing back and forth between institutions in their own countries. To-day, there is hardly a college or university in the United States or in Europe that has not upon its rolls Asiatic students, often of many different nationalities; while there are few great educational institutions in the East in which there are not American or European students. In all of these institutions, East and West, race distinctions are rapidly disappearing and the student body, the most democratic body in the world, is uniting, all irrespective of race or color. Those who make up this student body are the men who are to be leaders in every particular in their respective countries. They are to shape the intellectual, commercial, political, social and moral life of their own countries. Who would undertake to estimate the importance, in its bearing upon the peace of the world, of this mingling of students of all nations in the educational institutions of the East and West, their participation in great world-student gatherings, their acceptance of a common basis for true education and common standards for justice and morality? I venture the statement that, for the coming of the future peace of the world, this one fact alone is worth more than all of the navies of all of the great Powers.

These are some of the marked results of the haystack movement

one hundred years ago. It has been customary to think that the outcome of that historic prayer-meeting was simply the organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which soon became one of the largest and most important of foreign missionary boards. It has been customary to enumerate the 20 widely scattered missions of that Board, number its 18 colleges, its 14 theological seminaries, its 76 hospitals and dispensaries, its extensive publication work in 26 languages, its nearly 700 churches and over 4,000 trained native leaders, and many other facts of this nature, and consider these the sum total of the results of the new movement. Even these wide results were not foreseen by those who were most instrumental in the organization. To them the purpose was almost, if not quite, purely religious, and a sharp line was drawn between "the religious" and "the secular." Little did these five men know that they were making plans that would affect the intellectual life of every race, drawing the world closer together with bonds created by a community of interest. From no other prayer-meeting of which we have any record have come such momentous results.

At the beginning of the last century Africa, Japan, China, India, and, in fact, all Asia, were practically closed to the West. To-day, as the direct outgrowth of modern foreign missions, every important section of Asia has been penetrated and has become the permanent residence of Americans and Europeans, and about these have sprung up institutions that awaken the intellects of the people, that tend to create a safe and pure society and to impart high ideals. By mission presses alone, not less than one million pages of Christian and educational literature are daily put forth. Millions of the natives of these countries enjoy the benefits of modern scientific medical practice. There is hardly a city of importance in the Far East in which a traveller, if taken seriously ill, could not receive the best of medical and surgical care, either in a missionary hospital or in a hospital that is the direct outgrowth of missionary operations.

Savage lands have yielded up their savagery, and in the place of violence and plunder one finds sobriety, intelligence and peace. In countries that were impenetrable for the boldest traveller a century or less ago, a woman can now travel alone in perfect safety. Western merchandise by great train-loads is entering the interior of the Far East, where two generations ago missionaries

cautiously picked their way on foot among suspicious and openly unfriendly peoples. Warehouses for Western goods stand upon ground made sacred by the blood of murdered pioneers. Stone churches and substantial school buildings in countless numbers commemorate countless martyrdoms. From north to south and from east to west across Africa have the missionaries gone, until there are few sections of that so recently "dark continent" that are not now well known. It was the missionaries who opened the Eastern world to the West. They have battered down the barriers which separated these regions, and are now demonstrating the solidarity of the race and the common interest of all mankind.

Had it not been for this modern foreign missionary movement, it would have been impossible to bring together anywhere in the world such a gathering of students as met at Nashville, Tennessee, in March of this year. Here were assembled in a convention that continued for five days 4,346 delegates, representing 26 different countries and 716 educational institutions. Similar student conventions were held in Toronto, Cleveland and other cities in this country, as well as in different cities in Europe and the Far East. At the present time, arrangements are in progress for a gathering of a similar character in Japan. The entire student world is rapidly federating upon the platform of fraternity, cooperation and a common faith in man and God. This spirit is winning both the Occident and the Orient to a supreme effort and self-forgetful sacrifice. It is breaking down race prejudice, making impossible the perpetuation of national rivalries and jealousies and laying the foundation for international unity.

All this and much more is the direct outcome and result of the organized effort that began with the haystack prayer-meeting in Williamstown in 1806. Neither the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, nor any other, nor all other, mission boards, accomplished all this. But the movement that began at that time has enlarged in a multitude of directions, appropriating to itself new forces and instilling into old forces new life and inspiration, and to-day it is putting its stamp upon every nation, and is giving to the world a common conception of righteousness, justice, truth and civilization. No known standard can measure the force and value of this century of Christian missions, and no intellect has a sufficiently clear prophetic vision to forecast its conclusion.

JAMES L. BARTON.

THE NEW ERA IN SOUTH-POLAR EXPLORATION.

BY OTTO NORDENSKJÖLD, LEADER OF THE SWEDISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

SWIFTLY, incessantly, during the century just ended has our knowledge of the earth advanced. Step by step, the interiors of the great continents have been explored; and though as yet no one has reached the North Pole, enough has been done to make it probable that the Arctic world has now no great surprises left in store for us.

But the time of the "white patches" on the map is not yet past. In the farthest south, framed in by seas that, swept by eternal storms, seem to meet the invader with the hollow-voiced threat, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!" stretches an immense territory, "the great white desert" of the earth. A region almost as large as North America remains unvisited by man; what we know of the borders of this mysterious world consists of a few stray data, collected during the cursory visits of sealers, or the rarely occurring voyages of the explorers of the Southern Seas.

I have said that the whole of this region is unknown, but that statement is not quite accurate. It *was* unknown when, eight years ago, I cast longing looks from Cape Horn, the southernmost point of the American continent, towards a still farther south. Since that day much has been changed, although the extent of the unknown tracts has not shrunk in any considerable measure.

But an age that has done so much towards the exploration of other regions of the globe could not let such a territory, an entire continent, remain unvisited; and no less than seven great Wintering Expeditions—no count being made of the

shorter visits of relief-vessels—have been sent out to Antarctica during the course of the last few years.

The first two of these expeditions, one Belgian under de Gerlache, and one Norwegian-English under Borchgrevink, started ere the nineteenth century closed, and may perhaps be considered as pioneers in the actual work of investigation. No very great knowledge is needed of the difficulties that beset Polar explorers in general, and South-Polar explorers in particular, to enable one to understand that isolated expeditions can do but little in tracts of such vast extent as the one in question, and therefore a great international collaborative expedition was arranged, wherein, at first, England, Germany and Sweden took part, each country sending out a vessel to work within a district lying south of one of the great oceans. England undertook to explore the tract south of the Pacific, especially that part of it which lies south of Australia; to Germany was allotted the district south of the Indian Ocean; while the Swedish Expedition, under my leadership, was to explore the lands and seas south of the Atlantic and South America. The three parties started towards the close of 1901; a year later, we were joined in our work by a Scotch Expedition, whose principal task was to study the seas forming the southern boundaries of the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans.

The task of the Swedish Expedition was to investigate the American-Atlantic division of Antarctica. Unlike our English and German sister expeditions, ours received no state aid, and this fact was to a great extent the reason why we could not think of procuring such an expensive equipment as theirs. We were therefore obliged to be content with a not very modern vessel, but the ship we chose, the "Antarctic,"—so named from having been used some years previously in a whaling expedition to the far southern seas—was a well-known, first-class vessel, that had given a good account of itself in many a bout with ice and storms in Polar Seas. It was my intention, after I had landed for the purpose of wintering amidst the ice, to send the vessel back to South Georgia and the extremity of South America, in order to carry out scientific work at those places. In Dr. J. G. Andersson I found an excellent man for the post of leader of the scientific work during my absence from the vessel, whilst the command of the ship itself was entrusted to Captain Larsen, a man who had gained his experience on whaling and sealing expeditions.

We did not leave Sweden before the 16th of October, 1901, and we caught sight of the Antarctic Shetland Islands by the 10th of the following January. After a month devoted to a voyage of exploration, I landed, with five companions, on the little island named "Snow Hill," which was a place, as the first glance showed, of unusually great scientific interest. Our little party watched from the shore the gradual disappearance of the vessel towards the ice-free seas to the northwards. But we experienced no feelings of disquietude; in a year she was to return and fetch us off; and how much would not each party, in its own fields of observation, have learned and gathered during that period! And which of us could imagine that we should nevermore see our good "Antarctic," or that twice twelve months should elapse ere we greeted other human beings again!

We had brought with us the materials necessary for building a house—which we ourselves put together—with provisions calculated to last two years, in case of need.

And now we had to begin our work in earnest. We had now to learn to know the wonderful aspects of Nature that surrounded us, and to endeavor to penetrate to unknown regions by means of sledge-journeys. In respect to the first of these tasks, it would be scarcely possible to imagine any place more full of interest than that we had fixed upon as our home and as the scene of our earliest labors. The present conditions of nature in the Antarctic World were unknown, and yet they must be of the greatest importance, and nowhere could they be better studied than just where we were; but there was something in addition to this: these gray sandstone rocks, from which storms had swept away the snow, formed a great book in whose pages we were allowed to read a wonderful and hitherto unknown story of development.

It is not my intention to give here a recapitulation of the scientific results obtained; the large work, which is now beginning to be published at the cost of the Swedish state, will give an account of these matters. But we may, however, dwell a while on one subject. Perhaps the weightiest result of the work of the combined Expeditions is, that the misty dreams of olden times of the existence of an Antarctic Continent are now beginning to assume fast form; but this new world is merely a mass of ice and snow through which project a few wind-swept peaks, and at whose edge lie small, naked patches of shore. But

it has not always been thus. We have not only discovered innumerable fossils of the animal world that, in former times, lived in what is now the Antarctic Ocean, but we have also proved that numberless years ago—although in what, in geological respects, is a late epoch—there was here the seacoast of a land not as now snow-clad, lashed by a thousand storms and with verdureless rocks, but a land clothed with luxuriant forests, a land on whose shores lived a rich animal world; although a remarkable fact is that this animal life, even then, consisted to a great extent of penguins. But these olden penguins were very unlike those of the present day; they were giantlike forms of more than human size, and they were, most certainly, among the strangest creatures that ever lived on this earth.

What possibilities are not opened, by means of these discoveries, in knowledge of the history of the world's development? There has thus been a time when the Antarctic Continent formed a bridge linking the three southern continents, and, from this now frozen land, America, Africa and Australia probably received much of their now existing animal and plant forms, ere cold and ice came to kill all that could not take refuge in the waters of the sea.

For the purposes of geographical exploration, our station was, on the other hand, somewhat too northerly, but I had hoped that, in consequence of this northerly position, the winter would be both milder and lighter, and that we should thus be enabled to make longer expeditions. In these expectations I was thoroughly disappointed. The unexpectedly severe climate we encountered here forms one of the most interesting experiences of our Expedition; amongst all Antarctic territories, those lands south of South America appear to be comparatively the coldest and the most inaccessible. But worse than the cold were the terrible blizzards, which no words are forcible enough to describe. During the first winter, we experienced these fierce gales for more than half the time, the storms lasting weeks in succession, and making it a matter of mortal peril to go out and read off the instruments. The whirling snow swept past in clouds that made it difficult to see one's hand when held before one's eyes, and the small grains of hard-frozen snow struck the face like needles. The house shook as though it were part of an express train; heavy objects, such as full-packed chests, were carried far out on

to the ice, and our largest boat was blown away over the shore and smashed against the rocks. It was only by creeping on hands and knees that one could move against the wind, and even then there was a risk of being blown away by sudden gusts. This with a temperature of thirty or forty degrees *below zero, F.!*

Such being the weather, all thoughts of sledge-journeys were, of course, out of the question; but, when spring came with somewhat quieter conditions of the atmosphere, I at once started on an expedition. It was early in the spring, at the close of September; for, when summer came, our vessel was to return too, and therefore I felt that there was no time to be lost, and started southwards with two companions and five dogs; these latter being all the canine help available.

It was an exciting journey along an unknown coast, where the natural features were quite unlike those presented by North-Polar tracts. Unfortunately, the storms and cold returned; once, for example, we had to lie in our sleeping-bags five days together, fearing every moment that the tent would be blown away. When the ice grew worse and worse, becoming full of fissures that formed bottomless abysses; when our provisions began to run short; and when, finally, one of my companions injured his arm badly, we were at length compelled to return, at a point situated some 200 miles from the wintering-station.

The summer was now at hand, but it brought no warmth that could melt the ice; and it was, in reality, the coldest summer that any human beings have anywhere experienced, the immediate neighborhood of the North Pole not excepted. Longing looks were here of no avail, and with an insufficient supply of provisions, for we had not stinted ourselves during the year—in complete ignorance of the fate of our comrades—ignorant if we should ever be relieved—we saw that another long winter was approaching, and felt that the Antarctic cold was drawing its fetters closer and closer around us.

I shall not dwell on the winter that followed, but turn instead to the most wonderful part of the story of our Expedition. When spring had once more come—in October, 1903—I found myself again on a sledge-journey, and in the midst of a newly discovered world of islands, channels, straits and fiords. It was a sunny day and we went briskly onwards, I ahead, half-running, and behind me my comrades with the sledge and dogs.

Close in by the shore I see some black objects, a little taller than they are broad, but I suppose they are only blocks of stone. Who can describe my astonishment when I see that these objects are moving! Can it be any survivors of the old-time race of penguins, or—is it anything still stranger? Our sledge comes to a standstill; with trembling hands I take out my field-glass and—It cannot be possible, but it is, it is men I see! Off we go at a run, the dogs following at my heels, and my companions shouting to me to take out my revolver in case of need.

For these creatures did not resemble the picture that we, two-year prisoners, could still form of men from the world outside: two coal-black forms, with faces half covered with clumsy wooden masks (made, as we afterwards found, to serve as snow-glasses to protect the eyes); with hair and beard in ragged masses, from which hung long icicles; clothes of wonderful cut and as stiff as armor-plate. Had it not been for the skis they stood on, I should have taken them for aborigines of the Antarctic Continent, but *who* they were I could not guess, and the situation grew no clearer when we stood face to face, and they asked me in Swedish where the "Antarctic" was. They were obliged to tell me their names, and they were Dr. Andersson and Lieutenant Dure. A companion was busy cooking close inshore, and thither we hurried as soon as we had brought the dogs to their senses—for the animals had become wild with fear of these black figures—and it was then first that we were able to listen to their long and remarkable narrative.

At the beginning of the preceding spring—about a year before this meeting, that is—and after a winter rich in work and in results, the "Antarctic" had started southwards, in accordance with the plan agreed upon, in order to fetch us off. But the same singularly cold summer that had occasioned us so much inconvenience soon began to exert its direful influence on our ship too, for in places where an ice-free sea was usually to be found in the summer months, there now lay immense masses of ice, and all attempts to pass these barriers proved futile. The summer was going, and it grew plain that, if anything was to be done, it could only be by means of some extraordinary effort.

It was, therefore, determined to divide the expedition on board the "Antarctic" into two parties, both of which should endeavor to force a way to our wintering-station, but by different routes.

Dr. Andersson and two companions were to go ashore, and, partly by land-journeys and partly by crossing the sea-ice, endeavor to reach Snow Hill Island on foot, while at the same time the ship, under the command of Captain Larsen, was to try to find a way to us through the pack-ice farther to the east; and so they hoped that, if everything went well, we should all be reunited by the close of the summer.

But this hope was not to be fulfilled. The land-party soon found that it was an impossibility to travel with their heavy sledge across the ice, which was very loose in places, and so the three men were obliged to return to "Hope Bay"—the name they afterwards gave to their starting-point—there to await the return of the vessel which was to call for them there in the event of not meeting them at the wintering-station. A most interesting place this Hope Bay was. Dr. Andersson made important finds of fossils there, whilst round about lived a colony of hundreds of thousands of penguins, the most peculiar representative of the peculiar Antarctic animal world. No description of South-Polar tracts would be complete were nothing said of these strange creatures, which, with their erect attitude, their short stumps of wings that they use like a pair of arms, and their involuntarily comical appearance, give the beholder an impression that he is in the presence of caricatures of human beings. One never grows tired of studying their life. And think what memories of them must haunt the men who remember, as we do, that they have these birds to thank for their own lives!

Week after week passed, and the three comrades looked with growing anxiety for the ship that was never to come. Of the fate of those on board we who had just met were all equally ignorant, and that explains why the first question of our new-found comrades, who had spent the winter in a stone hut they built at Hope Bay, had been of the whereabouts of the "Antarctic."

We from the station had, of course, no news of the vessel to give them. But if, eight months earlier, our longing glances cast northwards over the ice that covered the Erebus and Terror Gulf had been miraculously strengthened, we should have seen our ship no longer proudly battling with the ice, but wounded to the death and about to sink into her watery grave. The strife was ended; a storm that had forced the ice landwards had crushed her strong sides; the propeller was useless, and the month-long efforts

of twenty men who, day after day and night after night, had striven their utmost, were of no avail. The men have taken the most essential necessaries of existence out of the ship and placed them on a drifting floe; they stand there silently and watch for hours the slow disappearance of their vessel, their home, beneath the waves. With a swish and a rattle, the water and the ice-blocks rush over the rail, the blue and yellow flag still flutters at the gaff—the blue and yellow flag that reminds them of a native land whose shores, maybe, their eyes shall never more behold. Now the flag disappears beneath the waters; the bowsprit goes; the last mast-top—and the ice-clad ocean lies there as free of sail as before earth's pigmies sent their spies hitherwards.

And whither shall these men turn their steps in such an hour? But he who should lose hope, even when everything is hopeless, ought never to venture on a journey to the Pole. After a few weeks of extraordinary labor—Death in a thousand forms attending their every step, and watching them with unwinking eyes through all the weary days and nights—they reached a gloomy, volcanic isle called Paulet Island; they reached land, but with only the remains of the equipment necessary for wintering at such a place. Autumn was already come, with storms and a temperature sinking to 0° F.; the penguins and the seals were preparing to leave the neighborhood. To send information of their whereabouts to the one or the other of the remaining divisions of the Expedition was, at the moment, an impossibility. But they did not lose heart, even now, when it had become a question of forcing Nature, for the first time in these icy, inhospitable regions, to supply the chief means of subsistence during the coming winter.

Now, afterwards, when we know their varied fortunes, it seems a most wonderful story, that of how these two parties—the three men at Hope Bay, and Captain Larsen with his companions on Paulet Island—succeeded in providing themselves with food during this long, melancholy winter. Both parties were most imperfectly equipped; both, using most skilfully all the possibilities that presented themselves, built their stone hut, and supported life chiefly on seal meat and penguin meat, which they cooked by means of blubber-stoves. Food and firing!—only an Esquimaux can rightly understand what these two words meant for our poor adventurers. There was not much difficulty as regards food, for they had always the store of tough, old, frozen and not

very palatable penguin meat, which they had obtained by killing the birds in the autumn; but firing could only be supplied by the seals, and these animals were not so plentiful. What a watch was kept for them on sunshiny days! With what rapture did they not see on the ice the dark mass that *must* be a living creature!

There was no question of hunting, for these animals have never learned to know their most dangerous enemy, and they do not fly when a human being approaches them. A blow on the head with the sharp hack and the colossus lies there quivering, dead. The warm blood is drunk with eagerness, although the greater part is saved in order to make blood-pancakes of it. Were the supply of seal plentiful, many of the men would willingly eat the delicious blubber, fried as though it were bacon, but there must be no thought of this. The meat is taken home, and little of the animal is it that is left unused. And when in the evening there is brought in a dish of fresh seal-liver and kidneys, fried in blubber, each one feels the occasion to be one of no little solemnity, and the man who can produce an old ship's biscuit, saved from breakfast-time, to eat with the brown, fat soup which, on alternate days of the week, is called, and is intended for, tea or coffee, that man could certainly not seem more contented were he sitting down to supper at a first-class restaurant in New York.

Still, it really was not very often that a man felt thus supremely contented. There were three things they missed most of all: sugar, salt and tobacco. Of course food *can* be prepared with sea-water, but unfortunately, the process entails most unpleasant consequences for the first few weeks, or until the stomach has grown accustomed to the new method of preparation. And the poor fellows who had hitherto been accustomed to enjoy tobacco the whole day long, in one form or other, had now a very bad time of it. The most horrible substitutes were used to replace the beloved weed; best of these were coffee grounds and tea leaves many times boiled. A few grains of snuff added greatly to the flavor of both of these "mixtures," whilst one confirmed tobacco-chewer waited with joyous and patient expectancy for the promised bowl of a wooden pipe that showed signs of being soon unfit for its original use.

How often did not our friends express their regrets that the season prevented them from obtaining a supply of the greatest

delicacy these regions afford—penguin eggs. How they longed for the approach of spring, when they would be able to eat their fill of such delicious food! It was a great day when the first penguins came, bringing the company good, fresh meat and the promise of eggs. These made their appearance at last—it was in November—and no words can describe how greedily they were devoured. A score of them, large as goose eggs, was the average number to a meal per man; one seaman ate thirty-six, or ten pounds' weight, of them at one time!

But this happy time was not to last long, for when it came, help too was near at hand, and the egg-supply that had been collected, the meal and the vegetables and the preserved foods that, in the days of greatest need, had been saved against a time that threatened to be still gloomier and more full of want, all these supplies were never to be used. They still lie there, awaiting the arrival of those who in future days may tread in our footsteps. The reader, perhaps, already knows how the Expedition ended, but for those who shared the adventures of these wonderful days new memories continually arise, new impressions are formed, new views are gained by every description given.

Spring came early that year, and on Paulet Island measures were soon taken for making clear the best boat, for the intention was to send out a party, as soon as the ice broke up, in order to communicate with the parties at the other stations. Larsen himself was to lead this difficult and dangerous expedition, and five chosen men were to accompany him. The boat was dragged across the ice, and the journey was continued amidst colossal, drifting floes that threatened every moment to smash the boat as though it were an egg-shell; whilst one most adventurous night was spent on a little floe that the violence of a hurricane was gradually rendering the prey of the waves. Thus was the journey continued for a week, the voyage often interrupted for many hours at a time by storms. During the intervals of comparative calm, all on board worked with unflagging energy in order to reach the goal with as little delay as possible. But to what end? thought they. They could bring us nothing but sorrowful news, news of a vessel lost with precious collections on board; news of the death of one of the crew; news that could give us no gleam of hope. And we who had been hoping for the return of the "Antarctic" should now be filled with despair, for what time might not pass ere any-

body thought of sending us relief! But, in spite of these reflections, they rowed on, tired, worn out; on the last day they rowed almost incessantly for two-and-twenty hours. Was it a presentiment that wondrous events were about to happen that urged them on?

They are obliged to traverse the last stretch of ice on foot. Midnight is approaching, and the dusk of the Antarctic summer night is falling over snow-covered land and ice, when, at a distance, they catch sight of the outline of our building, of the house whose skeleton they had helped to erect twenty-one months before. A pack of madly barking dogs rushes towards them, but nothing can be heard of the dwellers at the wintering-station. Why does no one come to meet them? And why is the Swedish flag flying above the roof at this hour? What news should they hear? So great is the strain of the moment that no one dares to knock at the door and enter, but they wait outside on the ice to see what the next minutes will bring forth.

Some one comes out and looks with questioning eyes at the dark figures below him; he gives a shout; rushes into their outstretched arms; calls again, with incoherent voice, to us within the house, "Larsen is here!" and, to the new-found comrades: "Relief is here; out there lies an Argentine vessel. By Christmas we shall be home in Sweden!"—words that make the newcomers doubt whether their friend is in his senses or not.

And what does the reader suppose had happened at Snow Hill Island on that memorable day—the 8th of November, 1903? Three weeks had passed since our return from the journey when we had encountered our three sooty, barbarized comrades, and the nine of us who were thus united were now awaiting the arrival of the "Antarctic" with help. Who can picture our delight when, one forenoon, we caught sight of two black spots far off on the ice that were rapidly approaching us. "Men! Men!" was the cry, and we rushed out in a body to meet the newcomers, who, of course, we thought, must be comrades from the "Antarctic."

But what a revulsion of feeling we experienced when, on nearer approach, we saw before us two officers of another nation, and when they informed us that the Argentine Government had sent a vessel to our rescue. How great was our gratitude towards the land that had done so much for us; how great our joy to be able to return to our own country—but who shall measure the sorrows we felt when we thought that not the slightest hope could exist of our

ever again seeing the comrades we left on board our vessel. But this was not the moment for regrets; we should search for the "Antarctic" later on; but now we had to make rapid preparations for leaving the place where, during two long winters, we had gathered such rich stores of memories. Now we had to pack up our belongings; now there was an end to all our scientific labors here. No wonder, then, that when night came the flag above the house was forgotten. That none of us thought of sleep was, of course, but natural, and it was no great wonder that, for a long time, the noise made by the dogs did not arouse interest enough to make any one go out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. But the long silence that succeeded drew our attention to the matter, and thus it was that some one went to open the door in order to see what had aroused the dogs.

Then he sees that group of silent men, whom he cannot recognize in the darkness. But as he stares at them, memory awakens; still, the thoughts recalled are so impossible that he begins to doubt the evidence of his eyes. *For it is a group of our lost comrades,* who are returned from the dead; they come nearer; it must be reality. A shout, and he springs to meet them; and the next moment we are all crowding around our comrades to view the miracle; but a long time elapses ere we can understand how this impossible meeting can be a truth.

This put a period to the difficulties of the approaching journey. Two days later, we took the remainder of our shipwrecked comrades, who had remained on Paulet Island, on board the Argentine vessel, the "Uruguay," and continued our journey northwards, our journey home.

I have now concluded my little sketch of this South-Polar Expedition. The Argentine vessel had not been the only one sent to our rescue, for our own country had fitted out a search-expedition, and another started from France under the leadership of Dr. Charcot. It is but lately that this last-named expedition has returned, after having spent a winter on the west coast of the same stretch of land which had been our field of labor.

It is as yet too early to attempt giving any account of the scientific results of the recent journeys to the far-off southern seas, but it is clear that they will prove to be of the greatest importance.

The South-Polar regions are no longer, in this respect at least, a "*terra incognita.*" That part of the international programme

which dealt with the meteorological and magnetical investigation, has been carried out much more thoroughly than could ever have been expected, to the benefit of humanity and especially of all voyagers in southern waters. We have learned to know a remarkable climate, and the peculiar aspects of Nature which show us here far more ice and snow than can be found in North-Polar regions, show us a rich animal and plant world in the sea, and, to some extent, on the land, too. And what is of no less importance, by means of the fossil finds made by the Swedish expedition we are now able to follow this new continent through the stages of its development during geological epochs, down from the time when warmth and verdure reigned in the regions now lying beneath the sway of perpetual ice.

For it is a new continent we have there in the south. It had long been suspected that such was the case, but it is only now that, by means of these latter-day exploring expeditions, we have gained a firm basis for our assumptions. As yet we are acquainted with but details of this land, but these fragments are rapidly being united, and few will now doubt the fact of the existence here of a great and continuous mass of land.

But, still, the geographical discoveries are far fewer than those made by science. Only one of the many expeditions—the English—has penetrated to any great degree into the Great Unknown, and even that party has done little more than follow a coast-line. What the interior of the continent has to show us is at present an unsolved riddle. But this will not be so forever. The way is marked out, and the experience we gained by our manner of living, after the loss of the "Antarctic," proves that life may be supported there even with the resources offered by this poor southern land.

Much remains to be done and many difficulties must be overcome by future expeditions; still, how much clearer is the way now than it was before! Three hundred thousand dollars; a well-equipped expedition under an energetic leader and with able members who will know how to make use of our experience; a little of that good-fortune on the road of which every explorer stands in need—and the South Pole will be reached, and the greatest of the problems the globe yet offers shall have found its final and its full solution.

OTTO NORDENSKJÖLD.

IS THE CELTIC REVIVAL REALLY IRISH?

BY MARY K. FORD.

THE surprising discovery, through the death of that hard-headed, canny Scotch writer and critic, Mr. William Sharp, that he and the supposed Gaelic poetess, Fiona Macleod, were one and the same person, leads one to ask whether the so-called "Celtic Renaissance" is, like the plaintive music of negro slavery, the emotional expression of a suppressed nationality, or merely a modern, conscious, and complex form of writing, ill-adapted as a garment for the Irish sentiment it is meant to clothe. For to many readers, and those not, perhaps, the least discriminating, the leaders of this new movement are singularly devoid of those qualities of simplicity, humor and pathos which, inspired by the love of the Irish for their religion, their country and their homes, have hitherto been the chief characteristics of the Celtic literature, and especially of its poetry, much of which is in ballad form. The intense love of the Irish for their country, loved all the better for its misfortunes, is voiced in countless poems, such as "Who Fears to Speak of '98?" "The Shan Van Vocht," and in none more fervidly than in "The Wearin' o' the Green," which, although introduced to the American public through the medium of one of Dion Boucicault's dramas, really dates back to the rebellion of '98.

The name of Thomas Moore stands at the head of Irish poets, and is known wherever the English language is spoken. His Irish Melodies, almost perfect of their kind, are, in their lightness of touch, beauty of rhythm and felicity of expression, brilliant examples of what is best in Irish verse. A celebrated Englishman once declared that the constancy of true love had never been better defined than in those lines,

"No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose!"

The poem from which these lines are taken, "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms," is perhaps the best known of Moore's songs, and, set to music so suitable that the one can hardly be recalled without the other, still has the power, a century after it was written, to bring an Irish audience to its feet.

Another form of ballad deals with the simple events of daily life, and it is in them that the charm of humor and pathos is so marked. "Father O'Flynn" and "Widow Machree" express the more hilarious moods of the race, while in "Soggarth Aroon" and that beautiful ballad of the Irish famine, "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary," written by Lady Dufferin, the gifted granddaughter of that most brilliant and typical of Irish authors, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the patience and resignation of the Irish poor are shown with a tender simplicity, so suited to the subject as to be the perfection of style. A noted exception to this classification is the work of that unhappy writer, James Clarence Mangan, whose poem "The Nameless One" breathes a grief and despair unlike the patient sorrow so often voiced in the simple Irish ballad. And yet, dark and bitter as had been his experience of life, the religious faith of his race still lived, and in his poem "The One Mystery" we see that faith struggling with despair, and finally asserting itself in the concluding words, "Endure and Adore."

Irish prose has been more varied in its form, embracing writers of irresistible humor (of whom Sheridan is perhaps the most brilliant example), as well as others in whom the racial characteristics are less marked. As Moore is the best known among the Irish poets, so Miss Edgeworth may be said to occupy a correspondingly prominent place among Ireland's prose writers. Here the likeness ceases; for Moore, the gay frequenter of London drawing-rooms, the singer of wine and wit, had little in common with Miss Edgeworth, the didactic author of "Moral Tales," "The Parents' Assistant," and the originator (in the character of Laura) of the female prig in literature. Although born in England, Miss Edgeworth lived all of her life in Ireland; and it is surprising that, with a long list of novels and tales to her credit,

there should be so little humor in her books, though it may have once existed, only to be crushed by her father's dominant influence. "Castle Rackrent," as it is the best of her shorter tales, is also the most amusing; but Miss Edgeworth is far more English than Irish in her style. Charles Lever and Samuel Lover, both typical Irishmen in their social qualities and high animal spirits, have infused into their writings a dash and verve which, although slightly boisterous, carry the reader along with them. These traits are less marked in the works of such authors as Lady Morgan, whose "Wild Irish Girl," written when she was only twenty-three, made her reputation, and Sheridan Le Fanu, whose "Uncle Silas" could freeze the blood of an older generation.

Of later Irish writers who have upheld the traditions of their race without allying themselves with any "movement," are the talented authors of that most amusing book of sketches, "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M."; Jane Barlow, whose poetry and stories of Irish peasant life are among the most beautiful and convincing that have been written; and Miss Eleanor Alexander, the daughter of the Primate of All Ireland, whose "Lady Anne's Walk," a charming book about the Archiepiscopal Palace at Armagh, has the true national blend of simplicity and humor. Father Sheehan's delightful stories of clerical life, "Our New Curate" and "Luke Delmege," show another side of Irish life and emphasize the Irish peasant's strong religious feeling, his passionate love for his church. These are only a few of the names connected with the Irish literature of the past century; but, diverse as their subjects may be, there is a touch common to them all which we characterize as "Irish." How do the writers of the Celtic Revival compare with them?

Perhaps the best known of the latter, in this country at least, is Mr. W. B. Yeats, who lectured here a few years ago on the Gaelic Revival, and was listened to with rapturous attention by audiences containing a large percentage of people who knew nothing of Irish literature, past or present, but to whom the lecturer and his subject represented the latest intellectual fad. And, certainly, Mr. Yeats looked the inspired poet, as Paderewski looks the ideal musician. Tall and slender, with dark eyes and a lock of hair falling over his brow, his appearance was all that could be desired, and his hearers succumbed to his charming personality sufficiently to try and believe that a play like his "Pot of Broth"

(really a threadbare jest told in dialogue form), acted by untrained Dublin apprentices, would prove that realization of the dream of the "intellectual drama" for which culture has been long athirst.

Most of Mr. Yeats's subjects are taken from the old legends of Ireland, many of them still handed down from one generation to another by word of mouth. How these may sound when told by the light of the peat fire it is not easy to say; but, when read from the printed page, most of them are extremely dull. Let any one who desires an acquaintance with the interesting folk-lore of Ireland turn to Crofton Croker's "Fairy Legends," written eighty years ago, and see what perfect simplicity of treatment can do with the tales of the peasantry. In those pages he will make the acquaintance of Teigue of the Lee (own brother to Tinker Bell), the Fir Darrig and the Leprechaun, and have his flesh set creeping by the blood-curdling story of the Phooka.

Ireland, artistically, is as strongly divided as she is politically. The writer once asked a clever old Irish lady what was thought of Mr. Yeats in her part of the world. She replied without any hesitation: "Sure we think he has a slate off."

A critic of such views would hardly appreciate Mr. Yeats's undoubted beauty of phrasing, which is particularly noticeable in his prose and in his dramatic work. "The Hour-Glass" suggests the old morality plays, and in it his love of symbolism has full play. His poetry is less poetical than his prose, his sense of rhythm being faulty; and, like most reformers, be their field of action life or literature, he is entirely without humor.

The undue prominence of folk-lore in modern literature is another manifestation of that forced interest in Nature and her works that compels us to read, most unwillingly, books concerning trees, plants and the domestic habits of insects. Lady Gregory, another prominent writer of the Celtic Revival, goes back to primitive times, and takes the old story of Cuchulain for her subject. As long as a legend does not exceed the limits of a short story, it is readable, though not always enjoyable. Expanded into a volume of 350 pages it is a weariness to the flesh, from which no beauty of expression can save it.

Mr. George Russell, who writes over the signature A. E., is another of the group about whom it is hard to become enthusiastic. Some of his poetry is obscure as to its meaning, and very

little of it is musical, though it has real poetic feeling and a distinct appreciation of the picturesque quality of words.

The verses of Ethna Carbery (Mrs. Seumas Macmanus) are much more melodious than those of the writers previously mentioned, as well as being full of the poetic feeling which is common to them all. The frequent introduction of Irish words mars the enjoyment of the reader, not one in a hundred having the faintest idea as to their sound or sense, a great drawback to the pleasure of reading poetry. Mrs. Macmanus had a keen ear for the music of words, and in her early death Irish poetry suffered a real loss.

The most characteristically Irish of these modern poets is Moira O'Neill, who, in her charming ballads, has all the qualities so long associated with her nationality. Her "Corrymeela" has been pronounced the finest type of the modern Irish lyric, a judgment with which no real lover of poetry will quarrel, for in these six verses are displayed the Irish peasant's appreciation of nature and intense love of home, with a simplicity and pathos that go straight to the heart. Her last volume is called "Songs from the Glens of Antrim," and it is well named, for her poems come like a breath of mountain air, after the slightly labored style and artificial atmosphere of those who call themselves "Symbolists," and of whom one of our own critics says that they "prefer hallucination to fact, the sound of a wind blowing through a rag of tapestry to the human voice."

It is not possible to give in this short article an exhaustive criticism of the many writers who are connected with the Celtic Revival, or even to inquire how many of these ardent patriots live in England. In their efforts to preserve the Gaelic language, they have the sympathy of every one who has witnessed a similar movement among the Provençals, the Poles, and other submerged races. But, to those who have felt the charm of Irish literature, there seems something strangely lacking in the work of these authors, who, with all their ability, their poetic feeling, their enthusiasm, have failed to do that which far less pretentious writers of their race have done—to touch the heart.

MARY K. FORD.

A PRECEDENT FOR DISARMAMENT.

A Suggestion to the Peace Conference.

BY ERNEST CROSBY.

Hidden away in the archives of the Department of State at Washington is a little document which has attracted but small attention; and yet its effect upon the welfare of two nations has been immense, while its purport is altogether unique. It is an "Arrangement" between the United States and Great Britain, bearing date April 28th, 1817, and signed by Richard Rush, acting as Secretary of State on behalf of this country, and Charles Bagot, Envoy Extraordinary of His Britannic Majesty. The entire contents of this document could easily be copied upon a half-sheet of paper, and it reads in substance as follows:

"The naval force to be maintained upon the American Lakes by the Government of the United States and His Majesty shall henceforth be confined to the following vessels on each side, that is:

"On Lake Ontario, to one vessel not exceeding one hundred tons burthen, and armed with one eighteen-pound cannon;

"On the Upper Lakes, to two vessels (of the same burthen and armament);

"On the waters of Lake Champlain to one vessel (of the same burthen and armament);

"All other armed vessels in these Lakes shall be forthwith dismantled, and no other vessels of war shall be there built or armed."

The war of 1812 had made Lake Erie and Lake Champlain the scenes of bloody conflicts. The people living on the shores of those lakes were for the most part connected by blood and traditions, and the war was in character almost a civil war. It was clearly desirable to prevent such conflicts, if possible, in the future; and to some wise and humane statesman the happy idea occurred of removing, or reducing to a minimum, the instruments

of strife, recognizing the fact, proclaimed by Victor Hugo, that the chief cause of war is to be found in the armaments of nations.

It can hardly be denied that naval men desire naval war. They would not be worth their salt if they did not. When the lawyer actually wishes for the abolition of litigation, when the physician prays honestly for the disappearance of patients from the surface of the earth, when any man longs for the lack of opportunity to practise his chosen profession or trade, then, perhaps, will the professional fighter yearn for peace. But the soldier, *quâ* soldier, ought to wish for war. It is his only *raison d'être*. Apparently appreciating this fact, the men who drafted the agreement of 1817 provided for the removal of that incentive to war which the existence and display of a naval force necessarily involves. Their argument seems to have been that Satan will find some mischief still for idle ships to do, and, in consequence, for nearly a century only four toy gunboats have been kept in commission by either country in these waters.

How fully the result has justified their action! We have had plenty of disagreements with Canada. Time and again the disputes between us have reached the point of acerbity and irritation. It is almost certain that, if we had had our weapons handy, one or other of us would have drawn a bead on the other. But, luckily, our hip pockets were empty, and no damage was done. And consider for a moment how different the aspect of the Great Lakes would be to-day if this Arrangement had not been signed! The mad rivalry of armaments would have been reproduced in miniature in each of them. Manufacturers and contractors would be besieging Congress and Parliament to authorize the construction, now of a floating battery, and now of a battle-ship, and each new vessel on either side would be used as justification for a similar one on the other. To withstand such navies, land defences would be necessary, and garrisons to man them. Every port—Oswego, Buffalo, Cleveland, Duluth, Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston,—would require modern forts and ordnance; immense expenditure would be necessary even in times of peace, and the continuance of peace would be rendered precarious. The possibility of such a state of affairs has been removed by the Arrangement of 1817, and it is quite likely that the example of peacefulness which it set along the Lake frontier has had the effect of making more or less trivial the preparations for war on the rest of the boundary-line. Has

there been anything enervating or unmanly in all this? Not at all. No one doubts for a moment the courage and ability to fight of the men on both sides, but that courage and ability have been released for service in the conquests of nature and industry. Such have been the far-reaching effects of the Arrangement of 1817, which at the time was not thought worthy of the title of "Treaty" and is called simply an "Arrangement." Mr. Monroe was President then, and his name is associated with another declaration of policy; but I am inclined to think that there are possibilities in the Rush-Bagot Arrangement which may well eclipse those of the Monroe Doctrine.

It is a pity that all our acts toward Canada have not been as graceful as our assent to this Arrangement. Visit the towns on the north bank of the St. Lawrence River, look across that easily beferried stream, and think of the artificial obstacle which our tariff has erected along its course. We spend millions to bridge chasms, to tunnel mountain ranges, to bring into nearer communication widely separated points, and then, by a stroke of the pen, we conjure up imaginary impediments to intercourse, which make the worst obstructions of nature seem like child's play. If we could put the Atlantic Ocean next to the St. Lawrence and then on either bank pile up the Alps, the Andes and the Himalayas, it would cost less to bring goods across them from Canada into the United States than it costs to-day to pass the invisible fiscal line. When an American first walks along the great river on Canadian soil and looks over into his native land, and thinks of the vast arbitrary gulf which has been set between them by his own nation, then at last he sees what a slap in the face to our neighbors our protective tariff is, and how we have, so far as in us lies, shut them out in outer economic darkness. Surely, from the lowest standpoint of policy, this is a mistake. Not long ago an acquaintance of mine, an anti-Imperialist and free-trader, was by some peculiar chance invited to address a conservative, Imperialist and somewhat Jingo society in a Canadian city. He presented himself as an ambassador from a minority, expressed his regret that so much of the policy of his country was unfriendly, hoped for a time when the Canadian, without abating a jot of his patriotism, might feel as much at home under the Stars and Stripes as under the Union Jack, and cited the Arrangement of 1817 as a conspicuous instance of neighborliness, and a good example for the rest of the

world. His remarks were received with enthusiasm, and he was informed afterwards by a Canadian who was present that a confirmed follower of Mr. Chamberlain, who sat next to him, said as they went out, "If they all talked like that, they'd have us in no time!" Friendliness is the best policy.

The second Peace Conference, called by the Tsar, is soon to meet; and its members will wish to have something practical to do. Statesmen and lawyers are afraid of untried paths, and they are always searching for precedents. Why cannot our delegation carry with them this precedent of 1817 which our grandfathers have left to us, and which has worked with such entire success? It is fitting that Mr. Roosevelt, the historian of the Naval War of 1812, should have a hand in applying its best lesson. Even a short step in advance along this line would be a notable departure. Some other sea can be selected for the reduction of armaments. The Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Japan Sea, could be made the scenes of a similar experiment, which is indeed an experiment no longer. In time, the principle could be extended to the Atlantic or the Pacific, and finally to navies as a whole. Nor is there anything to prevent its application to land forces. It may be easier to enforce such an arrangement in the Great Lakes than in more open seas, but the principle is always the same. Canada has natural access for war-vessels from the sea into Lake Ontario and by canal into the other Lakes, but that has not made the Arrangement less fruitful. It is no valid objection to a proposed treaty that it may possibly be broken. If it could not be broken, it would not be worth while to make it. In this whole matter of disarmament, too, we are in a far better situation to take the initiative than any other great Power, for we have no mighty standing army menacing us at our doors. With the precedent of 1817 in their hands, our delegates can with good grace urge an extension of the principle to other international relations, and thus take a leading part in the Conference, and place the world under lasting obligations to them.

ERNEST CROSBY.

SOME RECENT ESSAYS.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

It would seem to be toward the familiar essay that one should turn, in these days, for that proper study of mankind, the presentation of personality. When all is said and done, one comes back to the old-time saw, that the one perennially interesting theme under the sun is character—man as a personality, a force, an original, independent, creative power, modifying conditions, effecting environment, taking stock of the visible, tangible universe, transforming the facts already to hand, and out of himself creating new facts and more visible world.

There was a time when characterization was the chief preoccupation of the novel. From Sterne and Fielding through the famous Victorian period, stretching far enough to cover the two great living masters of the novel, Hardy and Meredith, the presentation of character, its environment, limitations, growth, and ultimate reactions upon external facts and conditions made the novel; and only of recent date, and certainly of inferior import and quality, is the novel of plot, in which the complex situation and its solutions are the chief interest. It is fair to say that the novel or tale is second rate which we read rather for the story than for its character, where incidents stand out, and the force of personality which lies behind and projects all happenings is lost sight of. Stories are mere illustrations of character, and to read a story for the story's sake is to fall back into that unintelligent stage of existence which prefers pictures to text, which takes in only such rude and general information as may be conveyed by illustrations, and foregoes the subtle and nice distinctions, the full and copious understanding of words. In the end, the transitory existence of the slightly built, episodical modern novel does more than anything else to prove the truth of the saying of our great

living master, that fiction is valuable only in proportion as it offers us philosophy of life. Philosophy is most easily given by the study of human character. The development of soul, Browning said, was his chief concern, for little else was worth study. The novel being for the moment too slightly and superficially preoccupied with the infantine, final surprises, the essay, standing always after poetry as the chief concern of literature, holds the field as the medium for the portrayal of personality.

The essay, if it is to be taken into account at all, must deal in intellectual analysis, in nice distinctions and carefully weighed appreciations. Its splendid ancestry demands that a man should first, to some degree, discover himself, his real and abiding self, and against this background he should set up for consideration the authors, the subjects, the life, of which he writes. It is far from necessary that, like Montaigne, he should openly and constantly introduce himself, by name, anent each subject he lights upon. The essays of Pater are no less self-revelations than those of Montaigne, for every carefully drawn opinion is a publication of the state of soul, the level of mind from which the thought emerges. For this reason, those essays are of highest value which avoid current topics and changing, momentary, casual conditions. Wherever the heart, by reason of personal implication, governs the head, wherever the heat of debate is kept alive by the friction of immediate contact with a subject, the author runs the risk of presenting his casual and momentary feeling, rather than his ultimate judgments. Current matters and living authors may lead a writer astray with vastly more ease than the established far-removed fact which he views with impartial interest.

It would seem, too, that no man more than the essayist is committed to general studies and broad vistas. It is against the mass of his general knowledge that we must bring an author or a work to judgment. If we know only by comparison, the greater the amount of data against which a man sets a new object, the more apt is he to come at a sense of relative values. So the essayist is, by the nature of his work, partially redeemed from the blight of modern scholasticism, specialization. When the essayist specializes, it is at the cost of breadth. It is not the opinion of a scientific specialist upon a work of literature that tells; still less is it the opinion of the average man-in-the-street, but it is the opinion of a man of all-round parts, of general information and wide

study. Goethe was an ideal humanist and one of the wisest and most far-seeing of critics. Montaigne, the father of the essay *intime,* was a man of phenomenally wide reading. If we run over the list of successful English essayists, Sir Thomas Browne, Drummond of Hawthornden, whose "Cedar Grove" should undoubtedly admit him to the ranks, Addison, Steele, Johnson, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Arnold, Stevenson, Pater, we find we are dealing with men of wide knowledge and very general reading and appreciation.

To be sure, the main study of the essayist must be the art of combining words, conveying his thoughts with force, precision, elegance and individual charm; but, aside from this, he may have the widest-branching side issues into life, travel, the arts, sciences and metaphysics.

It is difficult to overrate the value of style, however, to the essayist. If the novelist can lean upon structure for his success; if the poet can trust to subject-matter to trim a halting measure; if, to the scholar, learning can replace charm, the essayist cannot away from the necessity for beauty, not only in diction, but in his sentence cadence. I came recently upon a monograph by a well-known American writer upon a subject of deepest interest to me, and yet found myself overwhelmed by dreariness and depression in the reading. That the result was not caused by the subject-matter was evident; and, after some difficulty in analyzing the trouble, I found that for twenty-seven running pages the author had not altered the order of his sentence structure and the periods were practically of uniform length.

We have had three essayists in the past generation, difficult to excel in this matter of fine style: Pater, whose warmth and richness of color it is difficult to find duplicated anywhere in English prose before or since, unless it be in that of Sir Thomas Browne, or Jeremy Taylor; Arnold, with his clarity, his elegance and precision of statement; and Stevenson, that intricate, quaint designer and artificer, taking us ever at unawares with his quips and cranks and turns of fancy, his delightful, vital grace of movement, and his talent for finding new settings to old words.

It is the white-light prose of Newman of which we are faintly reminded by A. C. Benson's style in "Seen from a College Window." "I find myself every year desiring and admiring this kind of lucidity and purity (Newman's) more and more. It seems to

me that the only function of a writer is to express obscure, difficult and subtle thoughts easily," he writes in "The Upton Letters." What a man desires, that to some degree he attains; as the old maxim runs: "We are as holy as we will to be holy." And so Mr. Benson, who aims in style and matter at the two highest reaches, simplicity and sincerity, has given us in the past year, two books* which tentatively, at least, we put in the shelf with our Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, St. Augustine, Montaigne and Stevenson to return to for counsels of fine living. The form of his two books is that of the personal confession. We get a picture of a gentle, leisurely scholar, surrounded by the best culture of his day, dwelling in one of the three most beautiful cities left in the world, looking out upon life from his vine-draped college windows upon the velvety college courts, and dedicating his chief thoughts to the enlargement of spirit which grows out of sympathy and truth. The subjects dealt with from the college window are the Point of View, Growing Older, Books, Sociabilities, Conversation, Beauty, Art, Authorship, Habits, Religion, etc.—in fact, life, regarded on its different sides and frankly discussed. In Sociabilities, the author writes movingly of solitude and in Authorship of sincerity, that difficult accomplishment of finding out who and what the self is which seems to be the motive-power of our bodies, and what is its relation to others apparently dwelling in like manner in the same world. "If the dullest person in the world would only put down sincerely what he or she thought about his or her life, about work and love, religion and emotion, it would be a fascinating document," he tells us. He himself is constantly trying to break down the barriers and tell us the truth about himself, to look into the minds of other men and to stretch sympathy to that unity of soul which is at the root of so much of the endeavor of this twentieth century. There is a certain amusing anecdote of a well-known American professor of philosophy, who, composing his most erudite book near a window overlooking the street, was constantly distracted by a stone-breaker at work outside. As long as the author worked, forcing words to convey his thought, the stone-breaker continued to let his pick rise and fall upon the larger stones. But the philosopher could not away with a burning desire to know how the stone-breaker was occupying his mind all day.

* "Seen from a College Window." A. C. Benson: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1906.
"The Upton Letters." A. C. Benson: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1906.

Finally, he went out and offered the conventional preliminaries of acquaintance about the weather, and then asked, "And what do you think of, while you work here all day long?" The stone-breaker stopped his activity, just long enough to raise his head and enunciate the words, "My work." Well, the professor was a true citizen of the twentieth century, for his consciousness included the widest range of abstract speculations and also the stone-breaker in the street and his occupation, while the stone-breaker was a mere survival of some dark age when the soul looked out no further than the stone it was breaking its outer shell upon. So Mr. Benson is of this new century, as large as himself and all his friends and his critics, as wide as all his knowledge and his sympathy. "I have myself," he says, "an intense curiosity about other people's point of view, what they do when they are alone, and what they think about." He frankly offers us his creed:

"I have grown to believe that the one thing worth aiming at is simplicity of heart and life; that one's relations with others should be direct and not diplomatic; that power leaves a bad taste in the mouth; that meanness, and hardness, and coldness are unforgivable sins; that conventionality is the mother of all dreariness; that pleasure exists, not in virtue of material conditions, but in a joyful heart; that the world is a very interesting and beautiful place; that congenial labor is the secret of happiness; and many other things which seem, as I write them down, to be dull and trite commonplaces, but are for me the bright jewels which I have found beside the way."

This is a clear and truthful offering of a personality, a point of view, and who loves the atmosphere will add this writer to his riches, will put the book near at hand to recur to it, as he would to an adjacent park, when his mind is weary or his spirit too frail to raise its own curtains of hope and courage and look out into a sunshiny infinite.

He tells us further:

"As I make my slow pilgrimage through the world a certain sense of beautiful mystery seems to gather and grow. I see that many people find the world dreary—and indeed there must be spaces of dreariness for us all; some find it interesting; some surprising; some find it entirely satisfactory. . . . I do not know why so much that is hard and painful and sad is interwoven with our life here; but I see, or seem to see, that it is meant to be so interwoven. All the best and most beautiful flowers of character and thought seem to me to spring up in the track of suffering; what is most sorrowful of all mysteries, the mystery of death, the ceasing to be, the relinquishing of our hopes and

dreams, the breaking of our dearest ties, becomes more solemn and awe-inspiring the nearer we advance to it. . . . The only happiness worth seeking is a happiness which takes all these dark things into account, looks them in the face, reads the secret of their dim eye and set lips, dwells with them, and learns to be quiet in their presence."

And with one last quotation and word of humble gratitude we must turn from this author, who is doing the fairest service that can be offered to man, teaching him to recognize and to multiply his best moments, to realize that the gratification of desire bears no relation to true happiness, and that there is nothing in the whole universe to be afraid of but selfishness:

"I believe there is in life a great and guarded city, of which we may be worthy to be citizens. We may, if we are blest, be always of the happy number, by some kindly gift of God; but we may also, through misadventure and pain, through errors and blunders, learn the way thither. And sometimes we discover the city afar off, with her radiant spires and towers, her walls of strength, her gates of pearl; and there may come a day, too, when we have found the way thither and entered in; happy if we go no more out, but happy, too, even if we may not rest there, because we know that, however far we wander, there is always a hearth for us and welcoming smiles. I speak in a parable, but those who are finding the way will understand me, however dimly; and those who have found the way, and seen a little of the glory of the place, will smile at the page and say: 'So he too is of the city.'

"The city is known by many names and wears different aspects to different hearts. But one thing is certain—that no one who has ever entered there is in any doubt again. He may wander far from the walls, he may visit it but rarely; but it stands there in peace and glory, the one true and real thing for him in mortal time and in whatever lies beyond."

This description of the mystic city, so easily recognized by those who have even had glimpses of it from afar, brings us to a very different book by a very different writer,* who closes his volume of essays on somewhat the same note:

"I cannot doubt that there are some in the world to-day who look back over the long past and watch the toiling of the human race towards peace, as the traveller in the Alps may, with a telescope, follow the mountain-climbers in their slow ascent through the snows of Mont Blanc; or, again, they watch our labors and painstaking in the valley of the senses, and wonder at our grotesque industry; or look upon the striving of men to build up a city for the soul amid the uncertainties of this life, as men look at the play of children who build

* "Shelburne Essays." Paul Elmer More: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1905.

castles and domes in the sands of the seashore and cry out when the waves have washed all their hopes away. I think there are some such men in the world to-day, who are absorbed in the fellowship of the wise men of the East and of the no less wise Plato, with whom they would retort upon the accusing advocates of the present, 'Do you think that a spirit full of lofty thoughts and privileged to contemplate all time and all existence can possibly attach any great importance to this life?' They live in the world of action, but are not of it. They pass each other at rare intervals on the thoroughfares of life and know each other by a secret sign, and smile to each other and go on their way comforted and in better hope."

So Mr. Paul Elmer More, too, is in the open secret; and, having quoted this final passage from the third series of his Shelburne Essays, I have given the most moving and most eloquent part of the volume. This is a book of literary criticism, and of his general literary doctrine it is difficult to do more than gather together the fragments which seem to make up the body or general attitude, and then to comment:

> "I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell,
> But this I know and know full well. . . ."

Mr. More comes to us with the very highest recommendations of the press, and with the authority of a most distinguished position in American letters. We have been told that there is no one now writing who gives evidence of a better critical equipment than Mr. More; that he has width of view, an intimate acquaintance with the best that has been thought and said in the world (and a very wide knowledge that is too!), that he has formed for himself a sound literary canon and a sane philosophy of life, and that he is aware of his best predecessors and is apparently on the way to a set of philosophic principles which should lead him to a high and perhaps influential place in criticism. Having thus first absorbed such phrases as would have been adequate for a Hazlitt or an Arnold,—but who would praise the dead in such unmeasured terms!—it was distinctly a blow to cull the following opinions from the third series of essays:

"For my part, when it comes to a breach between the poetical and the prosaic, I take my place submissively with the latter. There is, at least, a humble safety in retaining one's pleasure in certain things of import with the vulgarest English mind; and, if it were obligatory to choose between them, I would surrender the wind-swept rhapsodies of Swinburne for the homely conversation of Whittier."

This is a winning point of view to the general, and there is no doubt that just such statements draw the unlettered to Mr. More, for the saying of that ancient Hebrew poet, that "where there is no vision the people perish," has ever been highly unpopular. It is true that all the English poets lapse from time to time, that Keats wrote that execrable stanza which begins:

> "Oh, come, Georgiana, the rose is full blown,
> The riches of Flora are lavishly strown,"

that Tennyson published,

> "O little room, my heart's delight,"

and that Wordsworth rhymed,

> "At this the boy hung down his head
> And blushed, nor made reply,
> And five times to the child I said,
> 'Why, Edward, tell me why?'"

But there is a gulf as deep and as wide as the Atlantic between the triteness of these and the vulgarity of Whittier's lines suggested by "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"

> "Dry the tears for holy Eva,
> With the blessed angels leave her."

Who admits such lines as these and does not recognize the standing of the poet who wrote:

> "Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
> The just fate gives,
> Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down
> He, dying, so lives;
>
> "Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight,
> And puts it by,
> It is well with him suffering though he face man's fate:
> How should he die?
>
> "Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power
> Upon his head,
> He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
> And is not dead—"

has himself taken his measure as a critic of poetry and annulled his influence with the reader more effectually than any one else could do it for him.

The same essay contains further matter, with which, if one

does not agree with it, one disagrees so vehemently as to feel discussion beyond the pale. For example when Mr. More says:

"Byron had written verse as vacillating and formless as any of Whittier's; Shelley had poured forth page after page of effusive vaporings; Keats learned the lesson of self-restraint almost too late; Wordsworth indulged in platitudes almost as simpering as 'holy Eva.'"

We are told that Christina Rossetti had "no guiding and restraining artistic impulse," that Mrs. Browning's sonnet:

"When our two souls stand up erect and strong,"

"would fit perfectly well into Dante Gabriel Rossetti's 'House of Life,' and that it is distinguished from the sonnets of that wholly unrelated author by a certain falsetto in the tone"; that "Thackeray's women are more womanly than George Eliot's," that the secret of Browning's fame "is just this, that he dresses a worldly and easy philosophy in the forms of spiritual faith, and so deceives the troubled seekers after a higher life."

All these comments are noticeable because they vary so widely from all received canons of faith; and we cannot but feel that Mr. More has drawn attention to his criticism by means of a mental quality which resembles in the physical world the shrillness of the American voice. Again such a sentence as "The passion of Mrs. Browning, her attempt to *control* her inspiration *to* the demands of a shaping intellect," does not inspire confidence in the writer's fastidiousness. One does not control *to* something else, and a very obvious and slight inversion would have given the sentence precision; it would have been very easy for Mrs. Browning to shape her inspiration to the demands of a controlling intellect. There is one point, however, which we commend with enthusiasm in Mr. More's essays, and that is their length. They are long, and they give evidence of mental concentration, a definite self-reliance and independence of judgment in a day when criticism is ever apt to rely upon witticism, and brevity to verge upon levity. There is none of the light-handed and careless method of Mr. Chesterton, for example, whose whole literary stock in trade is to say vehemently that things are not as they seem, and to whom it is sufficient for anything to be accepted as a fact to write a whole essay to prove that the truth is only come at by turning things upside down. Probably, the finest criticism is the outgrowth of admiration, reverence and interest, those frames of mind which put self-interest to sleep, so that the critic, instead

of giving us himself and his opinions, gives us new reasons for deeper insight and fuller appreciation. It is, then, a misfortune that the third series of the Shelburne Essays should have lingered over the nineteenth century, the century preeminently of romantic idealism with which Mr. More has such imperfect sympathies.

If there is something rather thin and arid, something of the clear sweeps of the thought-emptied air of the West, about Mr. More's essays, it is pleasant to turn to the informal talks of A. T. Quiller-Couch,* for the wind that blows in at his Cornish window is heavy and redolent with memories and associations, and once more we are led along the paths of leisurely scholarship; we feel the very atmosphere fraught with the thoughts and pulses of the hearts now dust, adding to the mere personal dream of life the fulness of the past and the sense of the continuity of life and thought. "Suffer no chasm to interrupt this tradition, . . . Continuous life . . . that is what we want," he quotes his friend Thomas Edward Brown as saying to the schoolboys; and once again, of a long-lived church, "I postulate its continuity." It is just this continuity of literary interest that gives warmth and color to the Cornish Window Essays. They are informal talks labelled with the months of the year, and the writer ranges over all sorts of topics, poetry, philosophy of life and boating, where he is at his very best, and politics and athletics and antiquarianism where he is distinctly less interesting.

The criticism of our day has run to psychological analysis and detail. We go so far as to reconstruct the whole man, the relative keenness of his senses, his temperament, his habits, his physical abilities and defects from his works. The Rev. Mr. Beeching, however, has edited in Canon Ainger's "Lectures and Essays,"† a writer who belonged to an earlier and a larger tradition. Canon Ainger's volumes contain interesting and appreciative talk upon Shakespeare, Lamb, Swift, Cowper, Burns, Scott, Coleridge, Tennyson, and various lighter current topics. Mr. Beeching sums up the main point in the essays when he says in his introduction:

"With all his sensitiveness to beauty of form and expression, Ainger's interest in literature was in the main ethical. He was the product of a time when our English poets and imaginative writers were largely

* "Seen from a Cornish Window." A. T. Quiller-Couch: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906.

† "Lectures and Essays." 2 vols. Alfred Ainger: The Macmillan Co., 1905.

concerned with ideas, and when critics were largely occupied in discussing the ideas of their authors.

"It was Ainger's idea that criticism was not to coruscate but to analyze: to get down to the truth about any matter, not to say brilliant things for the amusement of his audience."

In the matter of adding beauty by intimate knowledge of sources and origins, one can be especially grateful for the essay on Coleridge's "Ode to Dejection" and all the essays concerned with Shakespeare and his Art.

We have learned to expect a very well-defined attitude of mind and canon of taste from Mr. Arthur Symons;* he has stood for the survival of that blossom of æstheticism which had its golden hour in the early eighties, when Swinburne, Morris and Rossetti were living, when Ruskin was lecturing to working-men, when Burne-Jones was painting and Oscar Wilde posing, and the new æsthetic impulse was still in full force. About that time, too, Nichols, Mackail and Beeching published that exquisite little volume of young Oxford verse, "Love in Idleness," and Symons, somewhat belated, has clung to the old tradition and distilled many of its virtues and its vices, and absorbed them into his writing. So in the volume of "Studies in Prose and Verse," we find the subjects we should naturally have looked for, Merimée, Gautier, De Quincey, Hawthorne, Pater, Morris, de Maupassant, Oscar Wilde, d'Annunzio, Robert Bridges, Ernest Dowson, etc. There is always danger in trying to sum up a man's attitude towards life in a sentence or paragraph. Even the famous conclusion to Pater's "Renaissance," the wonderfully eloquent appeal to multiply our moments of keenest consciousness, would hardly convey his whole philosophy, but in part, at any rate, Mr. Symons's outlook may be given in the last sentence of his conclusion:

"A man who goes through a day without some fine emotion has wasted his day, whatever he has gained in it. . . . The making of one's life into an art is, after all, the first duty and privilege of every man. It is to escape from material reality into whatever form of ecstasy is our form of spiritual existence. There is the choice; and our happiness, our success in life, will depend on our choosing rightly, each for himself, among the forms in which that choice will come to us."

The essay on d'Annunzio is one of the most penetrating in the book, and avoids the faults of most of his critics, since it is

* "Studies in Prose and Verse." Arthur Symons: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906.

neither a panegyric nor a wholesale denunciation. The Latin temperament, its preoccupation with mere personal emotion, its utter lack of social consciousness, its passive habit of living in the enjoyment of the perceptions, and, above all, the narrow circle of self in which it turns and turns, its hunger for material beauty and animal sensation, he analyzes with both sympathy and suspicion, ending on the questioning note of Mallarme: "*La chair est triste, hélas, et j'ai lu tous les livres.*"

Less sympathetic than one would have expected are the essays on Hawthorne, Stevenson and de Maupassant; with all their brilliancy the essays are too lacking in substance and body to last.

A volume that misses all the points to be scored by the literary essay is "Personal Forces in Modern Literature."* It is a volume in which the index page is, by all odds, the most interesting and best executed. The plan for studying the influences of such men as Cardinal Newman and James Martineau upon the moral thought of the age, of Huxley upon the scientific thought, of Wordsworth and Rossetti upon poetry, of Dickens upon the novel, of Hazlitt and De Quincey upon ranging and vagrant thought, is eminently satisfactory; but, alas! the author has stopped short at the scheme. He reaches no conclusions, and he sins hopelessly in the matter of diction, paragraphing and grammar. There are sentences without verbs, and pronouns hopelessly wandering without antecedents. The poetical essays are interesting by reason of the parallel readings industriously gathered together. This is a field vast enough for many students to till. "Personal Forces" would seem to be a book without a background of personality projecting it; it fails, not only because it is hastily and carelessly executed, but because the author had not an assured and definite enough point of view from which to write.

After all, what a man sees in the world and in books is what he is; and we look to the essay for the presentation of his personality. A man's actions and occupations are often foisted upon him by external circumstances; but when he writes an essay, he offers us his hours of natural preference and secret delight, and so we turn to the essay always for pleasure, for personal intercourse and for edification.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

* "Personal Forces in Modern Literature." Arthur Rickett: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, W. D. HOWELLS, FREDERICK TREVOR HILL AND JOHN H. FINLEY.

SWINBURNE'S LYRICAL POEMS.*

MR. SWINBURNE'S lofty place among English poets, for those who really know and care about such matters as great poetry, has, of course, been taken for granted for almost as many years as some of us care to acknowledge. The "Poems and Ballads," of which the present Selected Lyrical Poems is a straight reprint, with a few additions from later volumes, was published in 1865, and Mr. Swinburne has been a classic ever since. He has not, of course, been popular in the common sense,—though some of his contagious rhythms have caught what one might call the large ear of the public through the medium of coarser lyres. But, with all due respect to the *vox populi,* the great heart of the non-reading public, and so forth, no honest lover of literature has ever supposed that a poet's greatness goes by plebiscite. No great poet is read by the people. He is imposed upon them by superstition, or filters down in a few proverbial catch-words, or, now and again, as in the case of Tennyson, he is able to write down to their level of thought and sentiment. This, of course, applies chiefly to that Anglo-Saxon race which, paradoxically, has produced such great poetry, and read so little of it. Other races are not so unconscious of their great poets, but even recognize, and doff the hat to, them in the streets; as one can witness to this day in Christiania, or Berlin or Paris. Yet I wonder how often Mr. Swinburne has been recognized, as, all these years past, he has taken his morning walk up Putney Hill to Wimbledon Common. No doubt, he himself is more than thankful that he can go abroad without some poetical passer-by chanting *sotto voce* some chorus

* "The Lyrical Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne. Selected." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1906.

of "Atalanta in Calydon"; and yet, now and again, such an accident might come as a grateful surprise to one more great poet born to the inclement immortality of England.

So far as Mr. Swinburne is known at all to that vast public which never reads anything, but is curiously supposed to preside over the fame of writers, he stands with them, grotesquely caricatured, as the poet of lust and alliteration. Even readers who should know better are not seldom to be met, particularly on this side of the Atlantic, who also share so gross a misconception of perhaps the greatest lyric poet in the English tongue. Because, indeed, in his youth, particularly in the first series of "Poems and Ballads" now reprinted, Mr. Swinburne sang the "*Laus Veneris*"—though in a manner entirely misinterpreted by the small libidinousness of his critics; and because, at times, his unequalled gift of verbal music has run riot in leaping cataracts of meaningless sonority—as every great artist has always thus illustrated the defect of his own special quality; an opinion has long been abroad that Mr. Swinburne's only theme is "the kisses that burn and bite," and that, generally speaking, his poetry is a thing of "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

What a preposterous travesty of Mr. Swinburne's real achievement such a rumor is no one who has read him need be told. Robert Buchanan, himself an ineffectual bombastic imitator of the very school he arraigned, started the "fleshly" misconception of Mr. Swinburne's work, in his famous pamphlet entitled "The Fleshly School of Poetry," the main object of his vulgar attack being the noble love-sonnets of Rossetti. That is an old story now. Buchanan is dead, and his works have followed him. His name is no longer on the lips of men. But the names he so basely maligned ascend each year more surely into the serene ether of the fixed stars of song.

Mr. Swinburne has indeed sung nobly, as perhaps has never been sung in English, the glory and grandeur of the passion of love, as in certain unmatched passages of "Tristram of Lyonesse"—perhaps the greatest love-poem in the English language; but he has always sung its superb elementalism, passion purified by the very whiteness of its own fire; and it is only those "small and sickly eyes that glare and gloat" who have read into his cosmic ardors their own puny licentiousness. Even in such poems as "Dolores," "*Laus Veneris*," and "Faustine," those poems which

will usually be quoted in support of the "fleshly" charge against his work, who that reads them with a grown-up mind, and not as schoolboys read the Bible, but must realize that, far from their being a glorification of the pride of the eye and the lusts of the flesh, they are the tragic music to the dust and ashes of that Desire which impiously assumes the name of Love — an inspired prophecy against the diabolism of the beauty of woman.

But it really makes one angry that a poet of such wide range of material, and of so various an achievement in art, should be so vulgarly misapprehended. You might as fairly pronounce your absurd judgment on Shakespeare from a reading of "Pericles" or "Venus and Adonis." For those who really know Mr. Swinburne's poetry, those exuberant and brilliant young things of his making which I have named are marvellous and memorable indeed, but they are comparatively forgotten in the solemn death-music of "The Garden of Proserpine":

> "Pale, beyond porch and portal,
> Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
> Who gathers all things mortal
> With cold immortal hands;"

in the choruses of "Atalanta in Calydon," in the glorious sea-surges of "Tristram of Lyonesse"—for no one has ever sung the sea, and the gusto of the swimmer, as Mr. Swinburne; as in that night of storm when Iseult at Tintagel interpreted the Cornish seas in terms of her tragic heart,

> "And all her soul was as the breaking sea
> And all her heart anhungered as the wind;"

or that morning when Tristram stood by the shores of Brittany and cried:

> "O strong sun! O sea!
> I bid not you, divine things! comfort me,
> I stand not up to match you in your sight—
> Who hath said ye have mercy toward us, ye who have might?"

And, again, who except Shelley has sung so nobly of Liberty as Mr. Swinburne in "Songs before Sunrise"; or who has sung so tenderly of children as the poet of "The Century of Roundels"? There is room in even necessarily so exiguous an appreciation of Mr. Swinburne, for one of these roundels, brief and delicate as a butterfly: this on a baby's feet, "*étude réaliste*"—

"A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

"Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat,
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

"No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet."

And yet, when a man has written such things as this, the ignorant populace, that has ever been undeserving of the windfalls of the gods, dares to speak, not only without knowledge, but even with absurd condemnation of so pure and so radiant a gift of song. There is nothing the world cares for so much as poetry,—and there is nothing for which it is so ungrateful.

Particularly difficult for the world to understand is that sheer music of words which seems to say nothing, and yet says all—music such as the music of Coleridge in "Kubla Khan," music such as Poe's; and, of all poets, Mr. Swinburne illustrates that vanishing-point where words turn, so to say, into birds; where the concreteness of language is resolved into dew and the morning sky. For sheer rapture and radiance of lyrical passion he stands alone in English poetry. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

"KIPPS: THE STORY OF A SIMPLE SOUL."*

THE mind of Mr. Wells is so manifold, and his work in such very widely different sorts, that it is not easy to know where to have him at his best; where to have him at his worst is no part of the inquiry which my pleasure in his latest fiction has disposed me to make very friendly. In fact, nearly everything of Mr. Wells's which I have read disposes me to a friendly inquiry. His fantastic romances have all an air of good faith; the illusion is so artfully respected that you are glad to be in it; the people are so much like your every-day acquaintance that you feel the impossibilities in which they figure to be entirely probable; if things did not happen as he says, that seems to be a fault in the

* "Kipps: the Story of a Simple Soul." By H. G. Wells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

frame of things, and no mistake on his part. His vaticinations as to our social future are so wisely as well as justly hopeful (I am speaking humanly, not Americanly, for he has his doubts, apparently, of the American future) that they win the heart while they convince the reason; and, when he drops his plummet into the abysm of the unknown, and draws it up to find some proof of the practicability of forecasting the future on the lead, you look affectionately over his shoulder, eager to believe that he has got it. When it comes to his forays in the realm of realism, you are, if possible, still more cordially with him.

There are few novels of the last three or four years, which have so abandonedly abounded in novels, half or one-tenth as good as "Love and Mr. Lewisham," and I will frankly own that "Kipps" is not so good, though I found it, too, better than the multitudinous wash of recent fiction. Like the elder and the better novel, it deals with the simpler life, curiously streaked with the æsthetic life, which would like to be simple if it knew how. But, whereas Lewisham was eager to get on, educationally, and was glad to be rid, but not ignobly glad to be rid, of the past in the form of his first love, Kipps quite as gladly reverts to his earliest days, even to the days before he became a dry-goods clerk, and turns with relief from the æsthetically and socially ambitious girl (she is never more than a polite Bohemian) whom he has unexpectedly won, to marry the little maid whom he loved when a boy, and finds that he still loves when she has grown up a little serving-maid. A good deal more of a plot than I like is needed to bring this about, or rather employed to bring it about. Kipps has to inherit a fortune from his grandfather, who had ignored him till the author's necessity, real or fancied, constrained him to leave Kipps his money; and the knowledge of his good luck has to come to Kipps by one of the most surprising chances, such a chance as art should be charier of than life is. Then he has to make friends on the borders of that great world which he ultimately finds he is not fit for, and these have to bring him in relations with the young lady whom he had idolized afar, but who, when she comes to idolize him, wishes to form him over in the image of that world, so much as she herself knows it, and to orient him anew in regard to his aspirates, and so wearies and wounds him with her instruction that his heart turns from her. It is very prettily imagined that she gets more in love with Kipps

as he gets more out of love with her, and the whole situation is very humorously conceived. The courage with which Mr. Wells lets his hero be himself is most uncommon; less daring would not have been equal to turning him aside from the social longings which come to Kipps with his fine clothes and his limitless money. At times the humor mounts till, in the chapter of the Anagram Tea, it reaches its highest; but it is never unkindly, and it touches pathos in the passage of Kipps's ineffectual stay in a great London hotel with all its incidents of mortifying failure in the endeavor to be a man even of the hotel world.

What is very admirable in the author is that he knows how to hold his hand, except at one supreme moment, where I foresee that I am going to lose my patience with him, when I come to it. He does not satirize the girl who has too interestedly accepted the simple soul, and he does not satirize her mother or her brother, or her family friend, the courtly Coote; he lets them satirize themselves; and, upon the whole, though he does conceal the girl's interestedness, he lets you feel a little sorry for her when Kipps quite ruthlessly, but not malevolently, jilts her. Some more plot comes in, I am sorry to say, when it is desirable to confront Kipps and his earliest love with themselves, and with the fact that they are not equal to their sudden riches. The brother of the jilted girl has to lose Kipps's money in a speculation, and they have to come down to very small things, and work slowly up from the fear, for there is never quite the danger, of poverty. They are entirely equal to that; but, in behalf of the weak-minded reader who wants his endings very good indeed, and his butter in a lordly dish, more plot is used to bring the Kippses back to a reasoned and prudent affluence. A rather improbable young playwright has induced Kipps to buy a share in the play which he cannot get produced, and then can, and begins to earn untold gold with it, and faithfully pays over to Kipps his princely share. But he is a very amusing playwright, if not a very probable one, and it is not he whom I am to find fault with in the inquiry which I promised, or expected, to make so wholly friendly.

It is the author whom I am to find fault with, and yet not the author either so much as that bad English school of fictional art, whose teachings he ought to have forgotten. When it comes to the lowest period of the Kippses' spiritual squalor, when their sufferings are too much for their principles, and the author con-

ceives that you are perhaps thinking he is not aware how much they are suffering, but is hard-heartedly having fun with their misery, he comes forward and openly tells you that he is not, but is really and truly sorry for them. No greater break was ever made by Thackeray, of whom Mr. Wells must have learned the bad business of coming forward in person, and talking directly to the reader. It is the greater pity, because the art of the book though at some times less than fine, at others is for the most part so very good, and needed so very little this piece of extraordinary self-sacrifice on the part of the artist.

W. D. HOWELLS.

"WALTER REED AND YELLOW FEVER."*

PEACE is said to have victories no less renowned than war, but it is certain that the victors in the war against disease have not received the recognition accorded to military geniuses. It is extremely doubtful if the average well-read man could, if challenged, name the scientists who gave to suffering humanity the boon of anæsthetics. Comparatively few know who discovered the means of combating smallpox. Not many could unhesitatingly tell whose researches revealed the antitoxin which reduced the diphtheria death-rate from over fifty to less than six per cent., and not every one could instantly name the conqueror of hydrophobia, or even the discoverers of radium. It would, however, be insulting to challenge any educated company to name the victorious captains at Waterloo, Sedan, Gettysburg, Manila, Port Arthur or any of a dozen other bloody battle-fields. The reasons for this are not far to seek. Men of science are less in the public eye than military leaders, and they usually care but little for popular acclaim. Moreover, their battles against death, fought in hospitals and laboratories, lack the spectacular element which appeals to the imagination, and the forces with and against which they are struggling are not generally understood.

Occasionally, however, the work of a scientist is attended by incidents as moving and dramatic as any recorded in military history, and of this character was Dr. Walter Reed's campaign against yellow fever, resulting in an epoch-marking victory for

* "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever." By H. A. Kelly. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

medical science, and in the practical elimination of a supposedly unconquerable foe to mankind.

Starting with the unproved theory of Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, that yellow fever was conveyed by some sort of mosquito, and aided by certain valuable observations of Dr. H. R. Carter, of the Marine Hospital, Dr. Reed proceeded to make an exhaustive study of the subject. He was at that time a United States Army surgeon with the rank of Major; and when, in 1900, he was appointed head of a Commission sent to Cuba to study the infectious diseases of that island, he was peculiarly well equipped for his task. With him were associated James Carroll, Jesse Lazear and A. Agramonte, all assistant-surgeons in the army, and after careful preliminary researches Reed determined to put his conclusions to a test. Obtaining the necessary authority from Governor Leonard Wood, the four physicians selected the site for a camp and erected two buildings—one as sanitarily perfect as possible, the other deficient in light and air, and both completely screened with wire netting. The first of these buildings was designed for subjects who would permit themselves to be bitten by a variety of mosquito known as *stegomyia fasciata* which had previously been fed upon the blood of yellow-fever patients; and the other was to be occupied by persons who were to don the clothing of yellow-fever victims, sleep on infected beds with stained and filthy blankets and linen, and otherwise expose themselves to contagion from such sources. Before the arrangements were completed, Dr. Carroll permitted himself to be bitten by an infected mosquito and suffered a severe attack of the fever, and Dr. Lazear, being accidentally bitten, died of the disease.

Volunteers from the army were then called upon, and the first to respond were privates John Kissinger and John Moran, both of Ohio. Reed carefully explained to them the risk they were assuming, and informed them that, should they submit to the experiment, special funds had been provided for their compensation. Both refused any pecuniary reward and declared themselves ready for the ordeal. Such an exhibition of moral courage was beyond the experience of the physician. Drawing himself up, he saluted the intrepid soldiers, who immediately entered the mosquito-infested house, were bitten and contracted the disease. Not less courageous were Dr. Cooke and privates Folk and Jernigan, who entered the infected-clothing

house, unpacked tightly closed boxes containing soiled sheets, pillow-cases and blankets, which they handled and shook thoroughly to disseminate the germs of yellow fever if those articles contained them, and then lived in that vile atmosphere, with loathsome surroundings, for twenty days. Not one of these heroes, however, contracted the fever; and these and subsequent experiments demonstrated that the spread of the disease is effected solely by the bite of *stegomyia* mosquitoes which have fed upon yellow-fever patients' blood.

Through this discovery, Havana—a former pest-hole—has been practically freed of the plague, several incipient epidemics and one serious outbreak in the United States have been stamped out, and it is not probable that the country will ever witness another similar scourge.

What this means can be best appreciated by an examination of Professor Kelly's interesting volume, "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever."

Designed primarily as a tribute to his former co-worker in Johns Hopkins University, the author has produced something far more valuable than a mere appreciation of the scientist whose death was hastened by his labors in perfecting what is, probably, the most important medical discovery of the age. With admirable simplicity and clearness he has told the story of the long and futile war against the most dreaded of diseases, its fearful ravages in the South, the bravery, cowardice, selfishness and unselfishness it has disclosed, and its final conquest at the hands of the American army surgeon whose name should be a household word. Without the slightest pretence at literary style, the writer has handled his subject with a keen appreciation of the dramatic value of facts, a dignified reserve and a touch of authority which holds and convinces.

The book is distinctly a contribution to history; but it embodies a story in which every American may take pride and with which all should be familiar, for it demonstrates that there are unselfish men and women working in this country for the common good without thought of private gain, and that the best results are being accomplished by efforts of this character—facts which are sorely needed for our instruction and encouragement in this day and generation.

FREDERICK TREVOR HILL.

"THE VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS."*

THE first volume embraces the lives of four Chancellors: Lyndhurst, Brougham, Cottenham and Truro. But of the nearly five hundred pages only seventy-five are given to Cottenham and Truro, and as the Chancellorship of Brougham ended before the accession of Queen Victoria, while but one brief Chancellorship of Lord Lyndhurst's three lies in her reign, the major part of the content of this volume would seem at first, as the author frankly observes, to be "a fraud upon the title." The title is justified, however, even in this volume, by the fact that both Lyndhurst and Brougham, though born in the seventies of the eighteenth century, were late in the fifties and early in the sixties of the next century still active and conspicuous in public life. Bagehot, in an article on Lyndhurst written in 1863, refers to a remark which the latter made in the House of Lords three years earlier, that "he could well remember the breaking out of the French Revolution in 1789," and he himself adds that perhaps Lyndhurst was the only conspicuous man in Europe, certainly in England, at that time who could say this. It will help the American reader to realize the length of the lives of these two Chancellors if they are measured by events in our own political calendar. Lord Lyndhurst was born three years before the Battle of Lexington (in "the province of Massachusetts," his mother's father being the consignee of the famous tea-chests which were emptied into Boston Harbor), and he was speaking in Parliament with no sign of mental failure after the outbreak of our Civil War. Lord Brougham, born two years after our Declaration of Independence, successfully fought the execrated Orders in Council (but too late to avert the War of 1812), and was still making addresses and writing books years after President Roosevelt was born. Yet, near as they and their distinguished associates are to our own day, I venture to say that not one person in thousands of the younger generation living in the land of Lord Lyndhurst's birth has the slightest knowledge of his ever having lived, that Lord Brougham has scarcely a larger constituency of acquaintance, and that the other two distinguished occupants of the Woolsack are less widely known than many a police magistrate of to-day.

* "The Victorian Chancellors." By J. B. Atlay. In two volumes. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1906.

Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors" ends with that of Lord Eldon, but a posthumous volume includes both Lyndhurst and Brougham. This work takes up the story where Lord Campbell stopped (that is, with Lord Eldon), but makes no pretence to being a continuation of his classical series. Mr. Atlay finds reason for including the Lives of the two Chancellors just named (which Lord Campbell "professed to write") in the injustice that has been done the memory of the one, and in the new material that has been available concerning the other. The result is not a clear, strong characterization, but a rather hazy composite, in which, however, the benign and beneficent qualities and services come out rather more strongly. I can but think, having just been hearing an eminent British scientist tell of the experiment out of which have come all the coal-tar products and derivatives, that Mr. Atlay has gotten, so far, only the colorless precipitate, out of whose further treatment the distinct and permanent colors may yet be produced. There is in Mr. Atlay's volume no definite fixing of these characters in the spectrum of history. Perhaps this ought not to be expected, but the general reader is hardly competent to do this for himself. And the scholar in this field will not be much helped by this incomplete assembling of data already accessible to him.

But, though the general reader will not be able to carry away from a hundred or more pages of Mr. Atlay's Life of Lord Lyndhurst, for example, as clear an impression of the Chief Baron, as he might get from Mr. Bagehot's eight paragraphs on "What Lord Lyndhurst really Was," nor to feel the exuberance of Lord Brougham's prolific and unquiet genius, as he is made to realize it in twenty pages of Bagehot, he will in the intimate detail of these Lives, in the varying views of those whom they touched and in the dramatic settings and clashings, as gathered and presented by Mr. Atlay, come to lose some of his awe of the Woolsack, perhaps some of his respect for it, to care more for the men whose identity has been concealed beneath the wig and robe of office, to know their frailties as well as their powers, and to think more charitably of lesser men under the temptations of office.

These Lives are in the nature of *Nisi Prius* cases. The Barrister has turned Judge and is sitting in circuit. In his summation and charge, he has rehearsed the testimony as to the facts of these Lives, but he has left the jury largely to its own opinions as to

their justification. The whole interest of the non-professional reader in the Life of Lyndhurst is centred in the question as to whether Serjeant-at-Law Copley (who later became Lord Lyndhurst) was guilty, not of political profligacy and apostasy, but of selfish, immoral tergiversation. To this general non-professional reader the achievement of the Master of the Rolls in introducing Chancery reforms (though the general reader's memory of Charles Dickens has impressed him, beyond effacement, with the misery, desolation and woe for which the administration of equity was then responsible) or the learning which enabled the aged Lyndhurst to "discuss Shakespeare with Sir Henry Holland and Homer with Gladstone," is of little consequence and interest in comparison with the question of the integrity and honor of the man. The barrister-judge, after quoting the acrid criticism of Miss Martineau and the charge of Bagehot (that Copley, in accepting office and prospect of preferment at the hands of the Tories, when his expressed sentiments had before been hostile, instead of acting contrary to his principles, had no principles and "did not care to have opinions"), leaves the whole matter to the jury, with the comment that the "real gravamen of the charge against Copley lies in the allegation of treating politics as a mere game in which he played exclusively for his own hand," quoting Copley himself in support of this opinion, and adding, as if in extenuation, that "to this reproach lawyer-politicians must be exposed so long as the great prizes of the profession are reached by the avenue of Parliament." Greville in his Journal speaks of Copley, though this testimony is not cited by Mr. Atlay, as "scarcely an English gentleman (for his father was an American painter), a lawyer of fortune, in the sense in which we say a soldier of fortune, without any fixed principles and only conspicuous for his extraordinary capacity." And Bagehot, though he characterizes him as a "great man," adds that he was "great in power, but not great in the use of power, a politician, not a statesman, a man of small principles and few scruples, . . . who played the game of life for low and selfish objects, and yet, by the intellectual power with which he played, redeemed that game from its intrinsic degradation." But Mr. Atlay lets the "noble Lord" go back into private life, after laying down the Seals for the third and last time, taking with him "the affection and esteem of his colleagues without a single exception," and as going from life

itself in his ninety-second year "happy, . . . supremely happy." This testimony of his peers and this death-bed utterance can but favorably dispose the jury of a generation which needs not to be appealed to for leniency in its demands of a brilliant public servant.

Mr. Atlay's "Brougham" is an appealing personality with all his faults, and they are not concealed by the Barrister out of respect, fear or awe. The ambitions of Henry Peter Brougham carried a multitude with him, and so his "return for Yorkshire" was an "unsullied success" free from the color of self-seeking, and his preferment to the Woolsack a "necessity." Moreover, he had ample punishment in his own lifetime for his sins of omission and commission, personal and political. He passed the zenith of his fame and power when he was but half-way in his active public career; and more than thirty years later, at one of his last public appearances, he was referred to by the "budding Solicitor-General" of that time as "Poor Old Brougham"—this man who, as Mr. Atlay puts it in summary, "had rescued a Queen of England from the very jaws of destruction, who struck the fetters from the slave, who carried the Reform Bill in the teeth of King and Peers." But, together with this splendid achievement, Mr. Atlay shows the meanness that lay in some of his acts, his vulgarity in others, the pretence of his learning, his low intrigue for the regaining of lost prestige, and his overacting in his great speech for the Reform Bill; intimates that the vehicle which bears his name is to be his most lasting monument, and ends the last chapter by informing the "general reader" ("little though he may know it") that Brougham's "most prominent feature catches his eye on the corner of the London Charivari every week"—where an imp or an elf trails by a string "a mask with upturned face, from which is visible and distinct the proboscis which once adorned the countenance of Lord Brougham."

I have not referred to the chapters which must especially interest the readers of the legal profession, nor have I spoken of Mr. Atlay's more kindly and appreciative estimates of Lord Brougham's services to the cause of popular education and to letters. Even these are stinted by the criticisms of those who thought that "his efforts for popular objects, especially for education, were based on party and personal grounds," and the advice of Mr. Atlay that salt be liberally employed in the use of the

certain material of Brougham's compiling. On the whole, the reader is reluctantly brought into sympathy with the conclusions of the "Broughamania" on which Mr. Atlay has so largely drawn, and by which he is "afraid," as he says in his preface, "that Brougham's reputation is not enhanced."

Of the chapters on Cottenham and Truro I cannot here speak beyond saying that they are of especial interest to the professional reader. And of the whole volume I must add this final word that it is deserving of a much wider reading than it will probably have this side the water.

JOHN H. FINLEY.

WORLD-POLITICS.

ROME: WASHINGTON.

ROME, *September, 1906.*

"*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*" is the inscription on the Jesuit arms, dictated by St. Ignatius himself; but not all, even among good Catholics and other ecclesiastics of the Roman Church, believe that the work of the Jesuits has always been inspired only by a desire to promote the glory of God. This is, perhaps, difficult of understanding in America, where the Jesuits are chiefly known as an intellectual Order, dedicated almost entirely to teaching. They still conduct the Georgetown University, the oldest of Catholic seats of learning in America, and have flourishing colleges in many parts of the United States, especially in St. Louis, New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, San Francisco and New Orleans. Besides, their settlement in the United States and in Canada is connected with the remembrance of their missionary work, they having been the true pioneer missionaries, who advanced into the wilderness with unshakable faith in their religion and in the triumph of civilization. Even in the Philippines, where such bitter hatred existed against the religious Orders as to render necessary the expulsion of the Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustinians and Recollets, no complaint was raised against the Society of Jesus, who still hold their place there.

In Europe quite the contrary is the case, and the immense interest aroused by the election in Rome in these days of the new General, to succeed the late Father Luis Martin, is chiefly caused, not by the religious character of the institution founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola, but by the political influence which it has exercised in all countries of the old Continent, for nearly four centuries.

The Company of Jesus was formed at a time in which the Catholic Church was going through some of her darkest days, notably

in Germany, in England and in France, so that the audacity, the iron discipline and the unscrupulousness of action of Loyola's followers, summarized in the principle that the end justifies the means, was then most acceptable in Rome, which considered them as the best anchor of safety to which recourse could be had. Paul III and Julius III granted them privileges which no body of men in the Catholic Church ever enjoyed before or after. They were entitled to all the rights of the Mendicant and Secular Orders, to be exempt from all episcopal and civil jurisdiction and taxes, recognizing no authority except that of the Pope, and even that through the General of the Company. They were permitted to exercise all priestly functions, having even the power to absolve from all sins and ecclesiastical penalties, which even the Archbishops cannot do unconditionally; they were allowed to acquire churches and estates and erect Houses for the Order, without Papal sanction, and they dispensed themselves from fasting and using the breviary, etc., so that they had a spiritual power almost equal to that of the Pope; hence the rapid development of the Order, its incontestable successes, and the parallel growth of dislike among the other religious bodies, jealous of the immunities and privileges which were denied to them. In their condemnation it has often been said that the prophetic words attributed to their third General, Francis Borgia, elected in 1565, have been fulfilled. Speaking of the Order, at the head of which he was placed, he said, "Like lambs we have crept into power, like wolves have we used it, like dogs shall we be driven out, but like eagles shall we renew our youth." It must, however, be said, without intending to lessen the historical responsibilities weighing on the Society of Jesus, that, considering the times in which they started into life, and the mission which they imposed upon themselves, it was for them very difficult, not to say impossible, to keep out of politics, if they wished to make any headway; and, in fact, they were so mixed up in politics that their fortunes, from the middle of the sixteenth century, have risen and fallen with the rise and fall of the politico-religious principles which they have upheld.

The volcanic fluctuations in their history, down to the time when Clement XIV was induced to suppress them in 1773, are too well known to be recorded here. What it is interesting to consider, on the occasion of the election of the twenty-fourth General of the Order, is their present situation in Europe, and

especially in Italy, both with regard to the Italian Government and the Papacy. At the epoch alluded to above, in which Clement XIV issued his famous Bull of Suppression, they had reached the height of their power. They numbered over 20,000 members, had churches, houses, universities, colleges, and ecclesiastic and lay privileges in all countries; one of them, Father Roberto Bellarmino of Montepulciano, nephew of Marcellus II and confessor of Clement VIII, would have been elected Pope in the Conclave which put Paul V (Borghese) in the chair of St. Peter, had he not absolutely refused; another, John Casimir, son of King Sigismund III of Poland, finding himself heir to the throne, was allowed by both Pope and General to leave the Order, marry and become King, deserving from Alexander VII the title of the "Orthodox King." Independently of this, the Jesuits had had many Pontiffs and Sovereigns entirely subservient to their will, so that the measure adopted by Clement XIV astonished the world. The Pope did not sign so momentous a document without many searchings of heart. He retired to his apartment and for three days and nights was seen by no one, while he scarcely ate or slept, so great was his indecision. The third night was made glorious by a clear moon; and, as he stood at his window looking down on the fountains of the Piazza of St. Peter, sparkling in the moonlight, and not a sign of life anywhere, as it was three in the morning, he came to a sudden resolution, and, rushing to a table, he seized document and pen, signing the former on the window ledge, as his room was in darkness. Once this was done, he almost repented, and threw Bull and quill on the floor in a corner, not to be tempted to touch them again, and retiring hurriedly he slept like a child for the first time in many days. A year later, Clement died, under such peculiar circumstances that the Jesuits have never been able to free themselves from the suspicion of having hastened his end.

Thus, according to the Ecclesiastical Dictionary of Moroni, the Order solemnly confirmed by nineteen of Clement XIV's predecessors was suppressed and remained disbanded for forty-one years, except in Prussia and in Russia, the two countries which, in our days, are most severe against them, the former tolerating them without, however, allowing them to reestablish their Houses, and the latter never having permitted them to reenter the Muscovite Empire since they were driven out of it.

In Austria, Spain and Portugal, they now flourish again, while in France, Belgium and England their influence is considerably augmented. In Italy, they made the mistake of identifying too much the struggle for the unity and independence of the country with anti-Catholicism, perhaps because the movement which was to transform the "geographical expression" into a new Power comprised the suppression of the Papal States. They, therefore, found themselves the allies and supporters of reaction and anti-patriotism, thus augmenting the dislike which had already accumulated against them. There was a time in Italy when the hope was entertained of freeing the Peninsula from foreign dominion with the assistance of the Papacy, and many still remember the enthusiasm aroused by Pius IX when he sent the Pontifical troops to fight the Austrians. Even Garibaldi then put his sword at the Pope's disposal, but the influence of the Jesuits changed all, and from that moment the fate of the Temporal Power was decided.

The taking of Rome, in 1870, did not discourage the Jesuits, as they firmly believed that such a state of things could not be permanent, and they used all the means at their disposal to hasten the change. They had insisted that Pius IX, repeating what he had done twenty-two years before, when the Roman Republic was proclaimed, should fly from the Eternal City, before the entrance of what they then called the "Piedmontese." Their idea was that a Pope in exile, far from the Vatican, would gather the sympathy and help of the whole Catholic world for his restoration. It is believed that they would have succeeded had it not been for the opposition of Cardinal Antonelli, who maintained that such a step would be a blot on the history of the Papacy.

They displayed great activity in creating, both at home and abroad, all possible difficulties for the new Kingdom. The long duration of political brigandage in the south of Italy is attributed to their assistance, combined with that of the dispossessed Bourbons of Naples, while they started that policy of intimate friendship with France which reached its culmination under Cardinal Rampolla, and was based on the conviction that the day would come in which that country would have her *revanche* against Germany, which, in their minds, would also mean the *revanche* of the Papacy, as the loss of the Temporal Power was the consequence of the defeat of France in 1870. At that time, through their influence, the Government of the French Republic kept the

man-of-war "Orénoque," in the harbor of Civita Vecchia, at the disposal of the Pope, for a period of four years, until October 14th, 1874. This, as can be easily understood, was a constant source of incidents and friction, which began only a few months after the entrance of the Italian troops into Rome, when M. Bourgoing, French Ambassador accredited to the Vatican, under pressure from the Jesuits, had arranged that the officers and crew of that ship should on New Year's Day come to Rome to present their homage to the Pontiff. M. Fournier, French Representative to the Italian Government, who was then only a Minister, not having yet been raised to the rank of Ambassador, protested, maintaining that, if the French sailors were to come to Rome at all, their first visit should be to the King. Paris had to intervene in favor of the Minister, so that the Ambassador resigned. When Napoleon III died at Chiselhurst, the Jesuits, to please the French Government, wished that the Papacy should participate in the condolence as little as possible, so they detained the telegram which Pius IX sent to Empress Eugénie, and they delayed the permission asked by Cardinal Bonaparte to assist at the funeral until it was too late. It was also discovered that the Jesuits were organizing in Rome, with disbanded Pontifical soldiers, chiefly ex-Zouaves from Italy, France, Belgium and Canada, Carlist Bands for an expedition to Spain. In the monastery of the Church of Santa Maria della Scala, arms, manifestoes and banners were seized. All these incidents and many others, which now seem insignificant, created such bad feeling that the Government was obliged to present a bill for the suppression of the religious Corporations, which was approved and the General House of the Jesuits was closed with the others, their property being sold at public auction, notwithstanding the excommunication of the purchasers.

The headquarters of the Society were transferred to Fiesole, the picturesque village on the slopes above Florence, so rich in artistic memories, and from thence they continued for many years their anti-Italian campaign. They hurled their thunders against Count Andrassy when, in 1873, he arranged the visit of King Victor Emmanuel to Vienna, calling him the "Hungarian conspirator," and predicting his fall. They again tried to transfer the seat of Catholicism from Rome and Italy, when, after the death of Pius IX, the Conclave for the election of the new Pope

was to meet. In the Congregations preparatory to it they induced several Cardinals, including Pecci, afterwards Leo XIII, Ledochowski, afterwards for so many years Prefect of the Propaganda, and Manning and Howard, and Oreglia—the only survivor of the Cardinals created by Pius IX—to vote for holding the Conclave outside the Peninsula. Signor Crispi, who was then Minister of the Interior, was approached to learn from him what would be his attitude should the Sacred College decide to leave. "I shall have the Cardinals considered and treated throughout the Kingdom to the frontier as Princes of the blood," answered the Sicilian politician. "And should they return?" "Ah! As to that I can guarantee nothing," he replied, with a significant smile. The Cardinals understood that if the Holy See was once transferred from Italy, it would probably never return again, and they ended by all agreeing to meet in Rome.

Not having succeeded in bringing the Papacy out of Italy, the Jesuits themselves left the country in 1892, when their late General was to be elected, and they went to the classic land of their origin at Loyola, where all spoke of their founder. The General elected there, Father Luis Martin, and his assistants, among whom there was for the first time an American, Father Rudolph Meyer, of St. Louis, Missouri, had the merit of understanding that the time had come to change attitude and direction, as the old intransigeance and aggressiveness could in no way be to their advantage.

Fiesole, notwithstanding the Cyclopean walls of its Etruscan remains, the inspiring ruins of its Roman Capitol, and the traces of great Florentines from Fra Angelico to Brunelleschi, was for the leaders of the Company a kind of exile. They wanted Rome with its history and prestige, they wanted to sit next to the Vatican and not far from their largest Church, the Gesù, where the remains of St. Ignatius lie. Thus they did what in no other country than Italy would be tolerated. Although no change had taken place in the bill which suppressed their General House, they gradually transferred themselves again to the Eternal City, without, however, officially announcing their removal or taking a building for themselves, but becoming the guests of the German College, one of their institutions. The strong anti-Italian feeling of past time is much modified; they, indeed, to a certain extent, feel gratitude at being unmolested. On the other hand, the

Italian Government closed not one but both eyes, being rather glad to have at its disposal such a strong arm as the application of the bill of suppression, should the Jesuits abuse the hospitality tacitly permitted them.

Since their return to Rome their programme, which very likely will be followed by the new General also, has consisted chiefly in obtaining a complete supremacy in the Church, so exemplifying, and not for the first time, the saying that the "Black Pope," the General of the Jesuits, is more powerful than the "Red Pope," the Prefect of the Propaganda, and even the "White Pope," the Pontiff himself.

WASHINGTON, *October, 1906.*

DURING the last thirty days political onlookers in the Federal capital have been preoccupied, not with the question whether the Republicans will retain control of the House of Representatives in the Sixtieth Congress—of this there now seems to be no doubt—but, first, with the intervention of the United States in Cuba and the possible effect of that act on the outcome of Secretary Root's mission to South America, and, secondly, the result of the State election in New York, which, obviously, will have a direct and important bearing on the use that will be made of that State's thirty-nine electoral votes in the next Presidential contest. There is no doubt that our interposition in Cuba was necessary to save this year's sugar and tobacco crops, upon which the islanders mainly rely for their support. Nevertheless, it is fortunate that the establishment of a provisional Government by Secretary Taft had not only an economical, but a political, justification. It was plain, indeed, to impartial observers, for some time before Secretary Taft landed in Cuba, that the Moderates, who, since the accession of President Palma to their party, had dominated the Havana Government, were unable to quell the insurrection started by the Liberals, their political opponents; but, had the Moderates maintained the contrary, and insisted that our intervention was needless, we could not have forced it upon the Cubans without exciting suspicion and misgiving throughout Latin America.

As a matter of fact, indeed, the Moderates are estopped by their own act from pretending that our interposition was uncalled for and superfluous. Since the publication of the cabled

correspondence between President Palma and his Secretary of State with our State Department, it has been made clear that our intervention was most urgently solicited by the Havana Government for at least a week before the arrival of the first United States war-vessel in the harbor of Havana. The request was based upon the frank admission of inability to put down the insurrection, to preserve the sugar and tobacco crops from devastation and to safeguard the city of Havana itself from attack and spoliation. Under the circumstances, the strongest possible case was presented for interference under the so-called Platt Amendment to the Cuban Constitution, which made it, not only our right, but our duty, to interpose for the maintenance of law and order in the island. As the Liberals, who were arrayed in arms against the Palma Administration, had already requested our interposition, we had absolutely no excuse, after receiving the earnest appeal from the Havana Government, for refusing to act.

Act, accordingly, we did, but with reluctance and the utmost circumspection. Thus, when our first war-vessel reached Havana, and, in compliance with a pressing demand from President Palma, a force of one hundred and fifty sailors had been landed for his personal protection, the guard was presently withdrawn by a peremptory order from our Navy Department. Even after Secretary Taft's arrival, he spent many days in efforts to persuade President Palma to reconsider his determination to resign, and to assent to some compromise with the Liberal insurgents, whereby a new election might take place under Palma's supervision, and thus any break in the continuity of the native Government be averted. President Palma and his fellow Moderates, however, refused to acquiesce in any compromise, having, apparently, taken it for granted that the United States would use its military and naval forces to sustain them as constituting the *de facto* Government, without instituting any preliminary inquiry into the equities of the case. This Judge Taft very properly declined to do; but, after an investigation which threw a lurid light upon the methods by which last year's election in Cuba was conducted, expressed a willingness to uphold Señor Palma temporarily in the post of Chief Executive, provided he would order a new general election, and abide by its results. President Palma refused to do this, and persisted in resigning

his office. Vice-President Capote and all the members of the Cabinet followed Palma's example, and, as a quorum could not be secured in the Cuban Congress, the Constitutional election of a successor in the office of insular Chief Magistrate was impossible.

Cuba was thus left without a Government, and there was nothing left for Secretary Taft to do but to proclaim himself the head of a provisional administration. That the intervention was to be provisional in the strictest sense of the word was made patent by the declaration that it would only last until order had been restored throughout the island, and until the situation should be such that a new and fair general election might take place. On the part of the Cuban Liberals not a protest was raised, and the Moderates, as we have said, were estopped from remonstrance by the knowledge that their own Administration, of which Señor Palma was the head, had repeatedly requested interference.

There is no room, then, for any misconstruction of our motives on the part of our Latin-American neighbors.

In the opinion of onlooking diplomatists in Washington, some of whom, perhaps, were not overanxious to see crowned with success Mr. Root's mission to South America, it would be difficult to exaggerate the caution, wisdom and skill with which the delicate and difficult problem presented by the Cuban situation has been solved by the Roosevelt Administration. Instead of undoing the work performed by Secretary Root, our solution of the Cuban problem has confirmed his assurances, and has demonstrated in the most striking and conclusive way the truth of his assertion that, in dealing with our sister republics, we are animated by the purest and most generous purposes. It should henceforth be impossible for the most sceptical observer in Montevideo, or Buenos Aires, or Santiago de Chile, to misconceive the intention with which our Government has interposed to shield the Dominican commonwealth from its foreign creditors. Events have enabled us to furnish in Cuba an object-lesson which cannot be misinterpreted. In view of it, Latin America must recognize that there is absolutely no trace of a desire in the United States for southward annexation. If we do not want Cuba, where much American capital is invested, and upon which we are largely dependent for our supply of sugar, we certainly

do not want Santo Domingo, much less Venezuela or Colombia. In a word, we want nothing but the good-will and trust of our Latin-American brethren.

Mr. Root told the Latin-Americans the truth, and we might almost say that the Cuban Liberals deserve to be thanked for giving us an opportunity of proving it.

The intense interest felt, not only at Washington, but all over the Union, in the New York State election, is intelligible enough. Not only political, but social, issues of vital import are involved in it.

If, by any chance, Mr. William Randolph Hearst should succeed in getting himself chosen Governor, it is obvious that with his newspapers and with his pecuniary resources, and with the prestige of success in the Empire Commonwealth, he could start movements in the adjoining States of New Jersey and Connecticut which would give him a chance of adding in 1908 their nineteen electoral votes to the thirty-nine of New York. In that event, he would become a formidable rival of William J. Bryan for the Democratic nomination two years hence, especially as, in a Democratic National Convention, two-thirds of the votes are needed to accredit a nominee. That, under the circumstances suggested, Mr. Hearst could muster a third of the votes, we probably may take for granted. He managed to get scores of votes even in the St. Louis Convention, when he had nothing behind him but an extraordinary exhibition of brazen assurance. With the delegations of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts at his back—he is sure of Massachusetts if Moran, the Democratic nominee for Governor in that State, should prove more influential than George Fred Williams—he would be almost certain to pick up many additional adherents in the South and West.

These are no shadowy terrors: they are indubitable facts; and for that reason the campaign in New York is watched with acute anxiety. Not the least nervous of the anxious observers must be President Roosevelt himself. We have the best of reasons for asserting absolute confidence in the sincerity of the resolve repeatedly expressed by Mr. Roosevelt not to be a candidate, or even to accept a nomination, for another term. Yet, if, by any chance, Mr. Hearst should be chosen Governor of New York this year, the demand for Mr. Roosevelt's renomination

at the head of the Republican ticket in 1908 might prove irresistible, and he might have to yield.

Aside, however, from its political aspects, the Hearst movement, which is not by any means confined to New York and Massachusetts, but is active and aggressive in Illinois and California, excites the greatest apprehensions in thoughtful men, who perceive its bearing upon our whole social structure. Although Mr. Hearst himself professes to be an individualist, and, in some of his speeches, has disavowed any personal predilections for Socialism, there is no doubt that his newspapers are not only vociferous in their advocacy of Socialistic demands, but, at times, in their rabid denunciation of the accumulations of capital by thrift and brains, stop but little short of direct incitement to predatory and homicidal anarchy. Day in and day out, they preach the gospel of the discontented. They strive to array class against class, to foment hatred and malice; and, if they could have their way, would make of this happy land of ours a hell.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *October 8.* The Threatening Hearst Force.

WHEN the vulture was substituted for the eagle as a party emblem at Buffalo, the Democratic party ceased for the time being to exist in the Commonwealth of New York. An exact definition of the present situation would make a direct issue unmistakable between conservatism, represented by the Republican organization, and radicalism, as portrayed by the Hearst force. Neither the one nor the other comprises an obvious majority of voters. The determining element is a group of men who have been accustomed to vote the Democratic ticket from what they regarded as principle, except at times when the leading candidate seemed to have repudiated essential tenets of their faith. It is evident, therefore, that, if the State is to be saved from the odium which would attach to the elevation of a political adventurer to its highest public position, these are the citizens who must be awakened to the necessity, not of negative inaction, but of positive and earnest endeavor to avert a minatory calamity. Mere denunciation of the force itself, or of the force as personified by its candidate, will not suffice. Appeal to the reasoning and moral faculties is clearly essential. Primarily, the partisan must be convinced that, in this instance, he is freed from even a nominal obligation of allegiance. In view of the unprecedented and shameful exhibition at Buffalo, this should not be a difficult task; and yet intelligent opponents of the malign influence now seeking to fasten itself officially upon the State seem to regard mere expression of their opposition as adequate to the requirements of the situation.

Such an assumption might readily prove, after the event, to have been fatal. Despite the notable improvement in the character of Republican control during the past year, there still re-

mains in the minds of the element referred to deep-seated repugnance to the continuance of that party in power. The disposition also of thousands of younger partisans, who recognize the advantages of compliance with so-called "regularity" in striving for political preferment, must be reckoned with. The truth, then, should be made manifest, iterated and reiterated, that there is no Democratic candidate for Governor, and that there should be no Democratic emblem upon the ballots.

The demonstration of this fact, as we have observed, is easy. Disregarding the necessarily vague accusations of bribery on the part of the Hearst force in Buffalo, the facts relating to the Convention there held are substantially as follows: After obtaining the great Tammany vote from Manhattan Borough by an unholy alliance, which was nevertheless in technical conformity with party usage, the Hearst force in the Convention represented a total strength of two hundred and ten votes, or sixteen less than a majority. The only method by which the additional number could be won over was by unseating delegates regularly elected and by substituting contestants. To accomplish this purpose, it was necessary to obtain control of the committee on credentials, which was made possible by the action of the representative of a leading county, who suddenly and suspiciously reversed his position, ignoring the instructions under which he had been elected a member of the Convention. That this conduct on his part was a base betrayal of his constituency is obvious; but it did not conflict with any technical requirement of party regulation. So far, all essentials of regular procedure were complied with.

It was in the committee on credentials itself that the technical violation took place. Contests were hastily arranged, and by a majority of a single vote were quickly determined, without regard to evidence, good faith or precedent. The most flagrant instance was that of the Queens County delegation, which had been chosen by an overwhelming majority of nearly five thousand. There was no complaint from the defeated candidates after the primaries, and no claim has since been made that the election was not conducted in strict conformity with the provisions of the law. The only pretext advanced by the contestants before the committee was the assertion that police officers had surrounded the polls in such numbers as to deter citizens from voting. No instance was given of any person having tried unsuccessfully for this, or any

other, reason to cast a ballot, and no heed was given to the fact that absence of the police officers from the polls would have been a direct violation of the statutes. It was an absolutely arbitrary proceeding, conducted with fitting cynicism and utter contempt of both law and custom. Twelve delegates thus overwhelmingly elected were promptly barred from the exercise of their right, and other similar contests increased the total number of votes transferred in this despotic manner to fifty-one, which was considered and proved to be a safe margin.

Such a betrayal, not only of party usage, but of the fundamental principle of Democracy itself, of course, frees every partisan from any obligation to recognize the action of a Convention thus constituted. Consider further the facts that the candidate named by the usurping delegates had not only proven recreant to the latest nominee of the Democratic national organization, but within a year had himself forfeited all rights from the view-point of regularity by becoming an independent candidate against the nominee of the party, and at that moment was the candidate of yet another independent organization, whose platform was at utter variance with Democratic principles, and the absolute extirpation of claims upon party fealty becomes so manifest and conclusive that the duty of a partisan respecting his organization is to vote against the candidate, not in spite of, but because of, the fact that he is a Democrat.

If our assumption be correct that the Republican and Radical forces are so evenly divided as to leave the real balance of power in the hands of conservative Democrats, it is clear that too much stress cannot be placed upon this partisan interpretation of the actual facts. It remains only to give it full expression, not only through the public journals, which have united with singular unanimity against the exponent of unrest, but by word of mouth from platforms throughout the State. This can only be done at meetings held under the auspices of the conservative Democrats themselves. Attempts to accomplish the result in gatherings directed by Republican managers would be certainly futile and probably harmful.

While it is almost inconceivable to our mind that the great Empire State will submit to the threatening disgrace, we cannot ignore the fact that the surrender of a time-honored party, having more than seven hundred thousand votes at its disposal, seemed

almost equally improbable. All apprehensions and predictions of disastrous outcome of popular government have rested upon anticipation of a day when the forces of vice, envy and ignorance should find themselves in a majority and brutally exercise their power. We may only hope and pray that, in this definitive test, good citizenship, true Americanism and aroused conscience will set the seal of righteous ascendancy upon our most cherished institution. But we seriously adjure our fellow citizens to let no easy assurance supplant grim determination and unremitting endeavor. There is danger in the air.

TUESDAY, *October 9.* **The American Girl a Bore.**

WE wonder whether the observation which convinced Mr. Howells that the American woman talks with a nasal twang is quite recent. Time was, perhaps a score of years ago, when undoubtedly such an assertion would have been capable of easy demonstration, especially in New England and the Middle West peopled from the Atlantic coast; but, while hesitating to dispute the conclusion of the first living American student of social conditions, we cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that a notable change in enunciation has been wrought during the past few years. It began simultaneously with the movement eastwards of teachers and mothers and daughters in search of combined education and recreation, and it has been intensified year by year in proportion to the swelling magnitude of that migration. In that fashionable society whose god—or should we say goddess?—is form, the nasal inflection has been wholly obliterated; and, while traces undoubtedly remain in certain segregated sections of the country, we seriously question whether anywhere it is now sufficiently common to justify the declaration that it is the chief defect in American young womanhood.

Our girls have not yet acquired the peculiar beauty of the cultivated English voice because of a continuing disposition to speak with the muscles of the throat rather than of the lips; but this practice is very far removed from the nasal method, and possesses a distinct advantage in freedom from the English doll-like monotony. In common, we suspect, with Mr. Howells, we find little that is interesting, aside from her physical appearance, in the American girl of to-day between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two. She has failed to keep pace in any respect with the Ameri-

can boy, whose advancement we recently remarked with satisfaction. Indeed, if the blunt truth be spoken, she is an intolerable bore, self-conscious, ignorant and concerned chiefly with matrimonial aspirations. To the Englishman her pertness, which he imagines to be *chic,* is fascinating and indicative of mental brightness, but this effect is attributable largely to his own dulness. It is the clever management of a limited number of phrases, supplemented by copious use of what he considers delightful slang, not substance or even measureable information, that appeals to his jaded mentality. In point of intelligence, she is, we believe, the equal if not the superior of her English cousin, but in the choice of language she is sadly inferior. The use of slang by boys finds some excuse in unavoidable association with unrefined men; its use by girls is simply odious and a direct reflection upon the attention and taste of their mothers. This is easily proven by inquiry into the sources of the petted phrases. Take, for example, two of the latest—"Twenty-three" and "Skidoo." These have slightly different meanings, the exact interpretation of the former being "to the rear," and of the latter "scamper" or "flee in haste." The former had its origin at the race-track, which ordinarily has only sufficient width to accommodate twenty-two horses standing side by side, so that the twenty-third is necessarily relegated to an unfavorable position. The use of the coined phrase, therefore, implies a knowledge of details of professional sport, the possession of which by a young girl is distinctly unbecoming. The second is a mere substitute for "skedaddle," itself of American origin and now regarded by common assent as egregiously vulgar. Scores of like illustrations might be put in evidence; but these should suffice to convince a mother, teacher or even a comparatively ignorant girl herself of the desirability of seeking the roots of terms whose use she has come to regard as an evidence of smartness.

The mother of the present day, for whose comrade-relationship with her boys we have profound admiration, is likely to be so apprehensive that her daughter may seem old-fashioned and lack some of the immediately modern competitive fascinations that she unwisely tolerates practices disagreeable to herself. Apparently, she has yet to learn that, to the intelligent American of marriageable age, pertness soon comes to be as distasteful as even priggishness. While, then, in no sense decrying

attentiveness to the defect still considered serious by our kindly critic, we cannot conscientiously forbear indicating a foible, the importance of whose elimination seems even more manifest.

WEDNESDAY, *October 10.* Are We Unconsciously becoming Socialistic?

IT was the custom of the Puritans to instil into the minds of their sons the theory that striving for material success is wholly in unison with the worship of God, and almost, if not quite, as praiseworthy in the eyes, not only of their fellows, but of their Maker. The respective rewards, almost equally desirable in their estimation, were appreciation of achievement in this world and a satisfactory abiding-place in the world to come. Particular credit was supposed to attach to the prosperous issue of the endeavors of those born with few advantages. The traditional poor boy who went forth and conquered the world became an heroic example and found his way into the songs of the people, down to the day of the poet Lowell, who portrayed in delicate verse his priceless heritage. Even to the past generation the teaching prevailed, and came to be regarded as possessing a quality distinctively American. Some who call themselves individualists still persist in advocacy of the familiar doctrine; but, generally, it seems to have been left behind, and sometimes we wonder whether as a people we are not becoming unconsciously socialistic.

Take, as an illustration of the present tendency, the case of one of our very rich men whose success would have been the wonder and admiration of the past generation. He left home as a poor boy in the customary manner, wholly dependent even for a living upon his personal exertions. Good fortune did not come quickly. He remained comparatively indigent for many years; but, after a time, inherited mental capacity and developed industry and perseverance wore away the barriers, and step by step he advanced, until to-day he is the active director of the greatest and most successful business in the world. Fifty years ago, such an one would have been honored, his opinions heeded and his favor sought. His influence would have been not only great but affirmative, as was, for example, Peter Cooper's. Now it is restricted to a class whose chief weakness lies in its financial strength, and, broadly speaking, it is wholly negative. In recent years, men occupying similar positions have refrained from expressing judgment bearing upon the conduct of public affairs because of the

apparent unwisdom of so doing; and, although we have known well this particular man and observed his conduct somewhat closely, we cannot recall a single utterance from him of the character mentioned since he achieved his preeminence. We were surprised, therefore, to note a departure from his lifelong custom the other day, when, in a newspaper interview, he frankly espoused the cause of a certain political candidate upon the ground that the opposing force was a menace to the business interests of the country. The effect was quick and inevitable. Those in whose favor he declared sighed; those of whom he disapproved exulted. The former discreetly minimized, the latter loudly magnified, the significance of the utterance; and we have no doubt that the consensus of opinion would be that the one acted wisely and the other shrewdly. And yet the judgment possesses great value and the personal interests represented thereby are quite in common with those of the people as a whole.

But we hear some one say that we have not told all, that there must be other reasons why advice from such a source will not be heeded. This very successful American must be a bad man personally, or he must have engaged in wrongful practices in building up his business and his fortune. We know of but few men, rich or poor, to whose careers the word "saintly" would apply precisely, but, speaking in a comparative sense, the objection has no force in this case. This man is not a bad man. On the contrary there are many evidences of exceptional goodness. Like his traditional prototypes, he has endowed his native town with a lavish hand and is known to be an unostentatious yet generous contributor to scores, even hundreds, of commendable efforts on behalf of those who are less fortunate. The crowning manifestation of his fidelity is found in the fact that his friends, though few because of the simplicity of his life, are invariably loyal. In the conduct of his business he has done only those things which others have done and only those things that his honored predecessors in the earlier period of our national existence did. Undoubtedly, in dealing with unscrupulous men he has, as they say, fought the devil with fire; but, in all the torrent of abuse that has been heaped upon him, there has never been so much as a hint of disloyalty to an associate; the basis of his achievement has been extraordinary sagacity. These facts are well known, and yet, as we have observed, his public influence is notoriously negative.

There is nothing singular in this American man's case; he is but one of hundreds in like circumstances confronted by the same condition. How can the fact be accounted for, except as an indication of an almost revolutionary change in our traditional theory of commendable existence? Can it be possible that appreciation of individual achievement and acquisition has been supplanted so quickly by determination to enforce a distribution of the results of the endeavors of others? If so, surely the brink of Socialism is not far distant, and the subject is one which should engage the earnest attention of serious minds. Whether the plainly discernable tendency, fomented by demagogy and self-seeking, prove to be temporary or lasting, there can be no doubt that we are face to face with a condition such as confronted Germany twenty years ago, and is surely making headway to-day even in conservative England. Unlike the Continental Empire, we have no autocracy with which to combat heresies; but, unless the fathers and sons of the Republic even to the present generation have been grievously mistaken, the spirit of patriotism is not dead and cannot be killed. The living questions are whether it has not been permitted to lie dormant too long, and in what way it can be aroused to the necessity of recognizing and solving, with wisdom and tolerance, the immediate problems involved in the guidance of a posterity to be counted by hundreds of millions.

THURSDAY, *October 11.* **Conscience at the Custom House.**

WHAT of the American conscience of the present day? Are its warrants and inhibitions the effect of inward conviction denoting principle or only the logical outcome of mental argument affected by desire and convenience? What would be the answer of the thousands of men and women now arriving daily from abroad after passing through the ordeal of conversation under oath with the customs officers of the Government?

The situation is one familiar to all travellers. We may take for granted that nine-tenths of the returning tourists have in their trunks articles for their own use and for presentation which cost materially more than the insignificant sum fixed by the Government as the total value of purchases exempt from tariff duty. It is also certain that not one-tenth make declaration to that effect. A large majority solemnly affirm, with raised right hand and with the help of God, that they have no dutiable goods

concealed about their persons or elsewhere. But they have, they know that they have and the customs officer knows that they have. How, then, can we reconcile the perjury—for that is what it really is—with the further assertion, which we unhesitatingly make, that they are honest persons? The various explanations and excuses of those culpable are familiar. One seriously convinces himself or herself, usually herself, that the purchases, whatever their cost, would not be worth more than a hundred dollars to any one else, or would not sell for more at the auction block. Not that this consideration has any bearing upon the matter; it is only self-condonation, but it is preferable to frank admission of fault. Another finds excuse in the obnoxious features of the regulations, and argues glibly that, since the Government will not accept his or her word under oath in any case, there is no obligation to speak the truth. A third takes exception to the meanness of the law itself in depriving faithful and law-abiding citizens of some vague inalienable right. But we suspect that only those whose moral sense has not yet been blunted by frequent aberrations find such explicit extenuation essential to freedom from apprehension of annoyance in the hereafter. Long experience enables the customs officer to detect such an one at a glance. He notes the heightened color, the twitching hand, the hesitating voice and the ill-concealed movement of the throat, suggestive of the resemblance between a conscience and the swallowed angleworm of his boyhood that was accustomed to tickle when it squirmed, and reminiscently, though gravely and sympathetically, he smiles as he affixes his signature to the fateful document. The greater number, however, comforted by the fact that they sin in large company and that a whole people cannot be indicted, complacently assure themselves that, while the regulations are doubtless essential to the apprehension of wicked smugglers, the duties were really meant to be placed only upon articles intended for sale, of which he—generally he, in this instance—has none.

This is broad reasoning but probably as good as any, and, frankly speaking, the best we ourselves, after no little searching, have been able to descry. We do not, of course, recommend its adoption by God-fearing people who see wrong in granting to conscience even so brief a period of rest; we merely record the facts as bearing gently though fixedly upon the inquiry suggested.

FRIDAY, *October 12.* **Statecraft and Seeing.**

A CENTURY of time has elapsed since Joubert, writing of Montesquieu, uttered his famous dictum that "statesmanship cannot be taught by books," but recognition of its validity by rulers the world over has come at last to the decisive advantage, we believe, of progressive civilization. Simultaneously with the more or less general adoption of the "new diplomacy" of openness and frankness inaugurated, we flatter ourselves, by an American Secretary of State, has arisen appreciation of the value of observation at first hand by master minds. To see with their own eyes, to study with their own faculties, to report with their own lips, a President visits Panama, one cabinet minister goes to South America, another to the Philippines and Cuba, the British Secretary of State for War to Germany, the eldest of elder Japanese statesmen to Korea, the first viceroys of China to Europe, while at frequent intervals intelligent princes from far and near land upon our own hospitable shores. To the improved art of statecraft has been added the first principle of scientific inquiry, that of accurate observation as a preliminary to generalization, thus rendering the inductive method operative in the government of nations. Better understanding, kindlier feelings, greater tolerance, wider vision, wiser action, all tending to make for the peace and progress of the world, logically ensue and cannot fail to expand because back of all is no mere chance, but a serious ethical purpose in process of steady development. How pitiable in this light seems the dictum of Tolstoi that "a virtuous statesman is as great an inward contradiction as a moral prostitute, an abstemious drunkard or a meek brigand!"

SATURDAY, *October 13.* **Unification of Christian Endeavor.**

"FROM Greenland's Icy Mountains," was once and, we dare say, in some sections of the country continues to be an inspiring hymn. The militant note in the Slav-like music admirably supplemented the appeal of the fervid words to that enthusiasm in a great cause which is inherent in all rightly constituted natures. Probably no single agency has contributed more to the success of the work initiated one hundred years ago this month by the five young men who engaged in prayer by the celebrated hay-stack in Williamstown, Massachusetts. It is a

record of amazing achievement on the part of our foreign missionary societies which is recited authoritatively in this REVIEW by the Rev. Dr. Barton. The fact that the annual revenue from the churches for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign lands has grown to millions of dollars is in itself a sufficient indication of the magnitude of the work, but is really insignificant in impressiveness as compared with the great number of colleges and schools now standing in every quarter of the globe, as monuments to the triumph of an idea developed by the energy of faith. Mighty, however, as has been the educational phase of the movement abroad, it has scarcely exceeded that at home. Acquaintance and understanding have obliterated the original notion that only the followers of Christ are the children of God and that all others are heathens. The bigot who formerly bore the torch into dark places, often because he was incapable of making a livelihood in an enlightened land, has been superseded by the wiser and more tolerant missionary teacher of the present day. Unsuspected truths have been discovered in Hinduism and Confucianism, and while the existence of but one living God is still maintained, the former insistence that Christianity is the only faith capable of leading men to Him has gradually yielded to the effect of a broader and saner comprehension. The frequent necessities, moreover, of cooperation in distant lands, have tended to eliminate the petty differences between the various denominations at home, and unification was naturally recognized at the Centenary celebration in Williamstown as the most important and immediate phase of further intelligent development. For ourselves, we have never been able to perceive the necessity or desirability of attempting to foist upon other reverent peoples our own particular form of religion, but if the century of foreign missionary work just ended should ultimately, as seems likely it may, result in a union of all sects in one great, broad, tolerant Christian society, the vast expenditure in lives, endeavor and money during the past hundred years will find ample justification in the eyes of a far-seeing God as well as of discerning men.

MONDAY, *October 15.* Can the *Entente Cordiale* Endure?

IS the *entente cordiale* really anything more than a refinement of that which we once knew as "armed neutrality"? Lovers

of concord generally approved the establishment of the present agreeable relationship between France and England, as not only desirable in itself, but also as indicative of the possibility of a happy commingling of historically antagonistic races. But, pleasant as it seems and is, of course, in an official sense, is it a fact that the two peoples have come or could come into truly close communion? We wonder. Of a summer evening, in a famous restaurant in Paris, the host, in conformity with his custom, appeared at a certain hour and passed from table to table, shaking hands and conversing genially with his regular patrons, comprising among others a Russian duke, an Italian nobleman, an American journalist and two members of the richest family in France. At a secluded table sat a typical Englishman of high rank in diplomacy. Before him the host, still smiling at a clever observation by one of his guests, paused and from a suitable distance made his most charming bow. The Englishman accepted it in profound silence, though with a smile of blended tolerance and approval; and, returning into himself, resumed consideration of his excellent dinner and the advertisements in the "Times." The difference in the manner of the host's greetings was not due to the exalted position of this particular guest, since the social and diplomatic rank of others present affably treated was known to be quite as high. Nor did it evoke so much as a word or a look of comment, being regarded obviously by all present, bar one amused onlooker who is now recording the incident, as a matter of course. The explanation is simple. One participant in the little episode was French; the other was English, neither Russian nor Italian nor even American; therefore, hands did not touch, and geniality faded into grave though perfect courtesy. So it is, so far as opportunity has enabled us to observe, in all relationships between the individual Frenchman and the individual Englishman. The oil and the water may be poured into one basin, but they simply will not and cannot mix. The feeling of the French people that the English have frequently and roughly deprived them of material possessions, is no less abiding than the established belief of the English that the characteristic traits of all Frenchmen and most Frenchwomen are flippancy and immorality. Can an *entente cordiale,* in such circumstances correctly defined as a mere polite official fiction, endure? Can even apparent self-in-

terest long prevail over the impulses of human nature and the dictates of habit? Borrowing the delightful phrase of the most pleasing of philosophers, himself a Frenchman of English descent, we are "curiously doubtful."

TUESDAY, *October 16.* Of Japanese Humor.

THE preternatural solemnity of the Japanese is probably responsible for the original impression that they lack that quality so essential to human happiness known as the sense of humor, and yet such acquaintanceship as we have made with those who have visited us has surely tended to its confirmation. It is with no little surprise, therefore, that we learn that we have been misled, and that the Japanese really possess a subtle understanding quite as keen as that of the fun-loving folk of China. The discovery was made by an American war correspondent, who, having been politely deprived of the privilege of depicting scenes of battle, now finds food for reflection in the study of character.

We regret the necessity of saying that the illustrations presented by the discoverer in substantiation of his assertion are far from convincing. For example: On a certain day the Japanese adjutant said to the correspondents, "To-morrow you shall go to the war"; but when the morrow came the honorable promise had been politely forgotten; whereupon the impatient foreigners appealed to the Baron General, chief of staff, who listened with the customary grave courtesy, and, after due consideration, instructed the interpreter to reply as follows:

"His excellency the General says you shall have not longer cause to make complaint. You make complainings because one day we the most unworthy Japanese say one thing and the next day something different. It shall not so be. Yesterday we the Japanese say you the honorable correspondents should 'go to the war to-morrow'; we shall not say different to-day. No, to-day his excellency say he wishes in name of honorable Government to repeat same thing, 'To-morrow you shall go to the war.'" At the door the interpreter stopped the correspondents and gravely added: "His excellency the Baron General say honorable foreign sirs come to-morrow we the unworthy Japanese tell them same things. Always same thing every day, 'To-morrow you shall go to war.'"

The bit of amusement afforded by the anecdote is appreciated, but the writer is under a serious misapprehension respecting the nature of his discovery. This is not humor; it is not even irony; it is characteristic deceit, pure and simple, practised with avowed

hyprocrisy. The correspondents had come a long distance at great expense and were received with a simulation of excessive courtesy, only in the end to meet with an insult in the guise of a joke. In this country, where the sense of humor is not only developed, but refined, sarcasm and satire long ago ceased to be regarded with favor; even wit must be harmless, and mere smartness in evasion of a serious pledge, such as the Baron General's, would be considered intolerable. The true humorist is patterned after the real lady, who, we are informed, always remembers others and never forgets herself.

Wednesday, October 17. Of Woman's "Inherent Right" to Vote.

We have received the following communication:

To the Editor of "The North American Review":

Sir,—Your declaration of your conviction "that the time has arrived when the welfare of the Nation would be most effectually conserved by conferring upon women the privilege of voting and holding political office" arouses the enthusiastic appreciation of many thinking women, to whom the words of a man, emancipated from the thought processes of the stone age in his consideration of woman's relation to national life to-day, are a rare, welcome, inspiring and most heartening message. In the name of some of these women, permit me to thank you.

I must beg leave to question, however, your statement that women have no "inherent right" to the ballot, upon the ground that the history of my country has taught me that taxation without representation is tyranny.

I have just had a conversation upon this vital subject with a man of material (not spiritual) intelligence and wide information. Possibly his remarks and my replies might serve some minor purpose in the controversy.

He said: "Women should not have any rights. They have too many privileges."

I replied: "Is it wise to confuse rights with privileges? Privileges are a mutual affair between men and women. Men grant women many privileges, but do not women the same? What son has a right, what husband has a right, to all the privileges mothers and wives rejoice in heaping upon them?"

He said: "Women have neither the knowledge nor capacity to use the ballot advantageously."

I replied: "Leaving the question of woman's natural mental capacity aside, how can you justly withhold the ballot from her because of incapacity? Education is given always to the ignorant, the incapable, for the purpose of making them wise and capable. They grow up to the demand made upon them. Education also is always adapted, slowly but inevitably, to the needs of those to be educated."

He said: "I should dislike to see a woman sitting as Judge in a Court."

I answered, "No woman will ever sit as Judge unless she is competent. Your idea of women as judges is no less anomalous to you than the idea of *some men* as judges would seem anomalous to anybody. Incompetent men are rarely made judges. Would incompetent women be made so? A well-balanced mind, in man or woman, is its own justification."

He said: "Women do not revere abstract law. If two hundred men told my mother I had killed a man, and I said, 'Mother, I did not,' she would believe me."

I replied: "I do not know your mother, but it is not impossible that with all your love for her you underestimate her character and strength of mind. Mothers have, time out of mind, renounced their sons for abstract principle and right. The soil of most if not all countries has been wet with the blood of women who have sacrificed all for their idea of Right."

He said: "Women are too much taken up with their household affairs to vote."

I said: "How much time does it require of you? Or of any man of an average experience?"

He said: "Women cannot bear arms in defence of their country. Why, therefore, should they be entitled to vote?"

I replied: "If you will look somewhat more deeply, you will perceive the fact that the chief object of the race is its own preservation and continuance. Defence in war is only one element working toward such continuance of the nation. The rearing of children is the chief element. Victory in war, without the constant production of children, will not suffice. That the children should be sustained and nourished is equally important in war and peace. This share of the nation's duty falls naturally to women. Men, however, could be trained to rear and cherish children, and women could be trained to go to war. This would be obviously a waste of nature's endowments to each sex, and would be unwise and a perversion."

He said: "The bearing and rearing of children is woman's vocation. She should do nothing that would interfere with her life-work."

I replied: "You may be quite sure that she never will—any more than men will allow anything to prevent their providing for their families. Do you not lose sight of the fact that nature is all-powerful, and that the eternal masculine and the eternal feminine, which have individually survived the cataclysms of time, will still remain?"

He said: "Men respect women as mothers; they may not respect them as voters."

I replied: "Men have always 'respected' women as mothers, even when they withheld from them up to a very recent period individual ownership of their own property, or any right to the possession of their own children. When women are given the normal rights of citizenship, men will not respect them the less as mothers, but the more as citizens."

I am, sir, etc., LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

Finding ourselves in general accord with the arguments used to discomfit the man ill equipped with even "material intelligence," we are concerned only by this one of many remonstrances, which we had anticipated and have received, against our denial of woman's "inherent right" to vote. It is quite true that the colonists repudiated taxation without representation, but it is also recorded that Great Britain obstinately refused to accept their dictum as conclusive and compelled them to establish it by force of arms, thus confirming our assertion, as "a fact of surpassing moment," that "since the world began, the possession of power has depended upon ability to acquire and hold it." The same method might with equal propriety be adopted in enforcing woman suffrage, but the physical strife involved would be disagreeable at best and even less promising of success than that of the colonists at one time seemed to be.

Further study of the history of her country, moreover, will teach our esteemed correspondent that, for many years after the republic was established, women were not permitted to own property. We must assume, therefore, that their "right" to vote was not inherent at all, but became acquirable simultaneously with the gift to her of the privilege of property ownership, the withdrawal of which would, in turn, extinguish the basis of the claim entirely. Logically our correspondent succeeds only in confirming our position and in confuting her own.

As we observed previously, advocates of woman suffrage only weaken their case by persisting in a purely academic discussion leading to no practical accomplishment. Ethically they may adduce a semblance of justification, but the fact is that the franchise can be obtained only by convincing those in actual authority that the time has come when the bestowal of the privilege would be advantageous to the country. Surely nothing can be gained by devoting to resentment of a condition time and energy which might be employed in compassing a remedy. Moreover, if real achievement be the true goal, existing circumstances cannot be ignored. A lawyer visited a man in jail, listened to his statement of the cause of his incarceration and said indignantly, "This is outrageous; they cannot lock you up on such a charge!" "But," said the untutored man with plaintive voice, "here I be!"

UPHAMS CORNER

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—V.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

SUSY'S remark about my strong language troubles me, and I must go back to it. All through the first ten years of my married life I kept a constant and discreet watch upon my tongue while in the house, and went outside and to a distance when circumstances were too much for me and I was obliged to seek relief. I prized my wife's respect and approval above all the rest of the human race's respect and approval. I dreaded the day when she should discover that I was but a whited sepulchre partly freighted with suppressed language. I was so careful, during ten years, that I had not a doubt that my suppressions had been suc-

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cessful. Therefore I was quite as happy in my guilt as I could have been if I had been innocent.

But at last an accident exposed me. I went into the bath-room one morning to make my toilet, and carelessly left the door two or three inches ajar. It was the first time that I had ever failed to take the precaution of closing it tightly. I knew the necessity of being particular about this, because shaving was always a trying ordeal for me, and I could seldom carry it through to a finish without verbal helps. Now this time I was unprotected, but did not suspect it. I had no extraordinary trouble with my razor on this occasion, and was able to worry through with mere mutterings and growlings of an improper sort, but with nothing noisy or emphatic about them—no snapping and barking. Then I put on a shirt. My shirts are an invention of my own. They open in the back, and are buttoned there—when there are buttons. This time the button was missing. My temper jumped up several degrees in a moment, and my remarks rose accordingly, both in loudness and vigor of expression. But I was not troubled, for the bath-room door was a solid one and I supposed it was firmly closed. I flung up the window and threw the shirt out. It fell upon the shrubbery where the people on their way to church could admire it if they wanted to; there was merely fifty feet of grass between the shirt and the passer-by. Still rumbling and thundering distantly, I put on another shirt. Again the button was absent. I augmented my language to meet the emergency, and threw that shirt out of the window. I was too angry—too insane—to examine the third shirt, but put it furiously on. Again the button was absent, and that shirt followed its comrades out of the window. Then I straightened up, gathered my reserves, and let myself go like a cavalry charge. In the midst of that great assault, my eye fell upon that gaping door, and I was paralyzed.

It took me a good while to finish my toilet. I extended the time unnecessarily in trying to make up my mind as to what I would best do in the circumstances. I tried to hope that Mrs. Clemens was asleep, but I knew better. I could not escape by the window. It was narrow, and suited only to shirts. At last I made up my mind to boldly loaf through the bedroom with the air of a person who had not been doing anything. I made half the journey successfully. I did not turn my eyes in her

direction, because that would not be safe. It is very difficult to look as if you have not been doing anything when the facts are the other way, and my confidence in my performance oozed steadily out of me as I went along. I was aiming for the left-hand door because it was furthest from my wife. It had never been opened from the day that the house was built, but it seemed a blessed refuge for me now. The bed was this one, wherein I am lying now, and dictating these histories morning after morning with so much serenity. It was this same old elaborately carved black Venetian bedstead—the most comfortable bedstead that ever was, with space enough in it for a family, and carved angels enough surmounting its twisted columns and its headboard and footboard to bring peace to the sleepers, and pleasant dreams. I had to stop in the middle of the room. I hadn't the strength to go on. I believed that I was under accusing eyes—that even the carved angels were inspecting me with an unfriendly gaze. You know how it is when you are convinced that somebody behind you is looking steadily at you. You *have* to turn your face—you can't help it. I turned mine. The bed was placed as it is now, with the foot where the head ought to be. If it had been placed as it should have been, the high headboard would have sheltered me. But the footboard was no sufficient protection, for I could be seen over it. I was exposed. I was wholly without protection. I turned, because I couldn't help it—and my memory of what I saw is still vivid, after all these years.

Against the white pillows I saw the black head—I saw that young and beautiful face; and I saw the gracious eyes with a something in them which I had never seen there before. They were snapping and flashing with indignation. I felt myself crumbling; I felt myself shrinking away to nothing under that accusing gaze. I stood silent under that desolating fire for as much as a minute, I should say—it seemed a very, very long time. Then my wife's lips parted, and from them issued—*my latest bath-room remark.* The language perfect, but the expression velvety, unpractical, apprenticelike, ignorant, inexperienced, comically inadequate, absurdly weak and unsuited to the great language. In my lifetime I had never heard anything so out of tune, so inharmonious, so incongruous, so ill-suited to each other as were those mighty words set to that feeble music. I tried to keep from laughing, for I was a guilty person in deep

need of charity and mercy. I tried to keep from bursting, and I succeeded—until she gravely said, "There, now you know how it sounds."

Then I exploded; the air was filled with my fragments, and you could hear them whiz. I said, "Oh Livy, if it sounds like *that* I will never do it again!"

Then she had to laugh herself. Both of us broke into convulsions, and went on laughing until we were physically exhausted and spiritually reconciled.

The children were present at breakfast—Clara aged six and Susy eight—and the mother made a guarded remark about strong language; guarded because she did not wish the children to suspect anything—a guarded remark which censured strong language. Both children broke out in one voice with this comment, "Why, mamma, papa uses it!"

I was astonished. I had supposed that that secret was safe in my own breast, and that its presence had never been suspected. I asked,

"How did you know, you little rascals?"

"Oh," they said, "we often listen over the balusters when you are in the hall explaining things to George."

From Susy's Biography.

One of papa's latest books is "The Prince and the Pauper" and it is unquestionably the best book he has ever written, some people want him to keep to his old style, some gentleman wrote him, "I enjoyed Huckleberry Finn immensely and am glad to see that you have returned to your old style." That enoyed me that enoyed me greatly, because it trobles me [Susy was troubled by that word, and uncertain; she wrote a *u* above it in the proper place, but reconsidered the matter and struck it out] to have so few people know papa, I mean realy know him, they think of Mark Twain as a humorist joking at everything; "And with a mop of reddish brown hair which sorely needs the barbars brush a roman nose, short stubby mustache, a sad careworn face, with maney crow's feet" etc. That is the way people picture papa, I have wanted papa to write a book that would reveal something of his kind sympathetic nature, and "The Prince and the Pauper" partly does it. The book is full of lovely charming ideas, and oh the language! It is *perfect*. I think that one of the most touching scenes in it, is where the pauper is riding on horseback with his nobles in the "recognition procession" and he sees his mother oh and then what followed! How she runs to his side, when she sees him throw up his hand palm outward, and is rudely pushed off by one of the King's officers, and then how the little pauper's consceince

troubles him when he remembers the shameful words that were falling from his lips, when she was turned from his side "I know you not woman" and how his grandeurs were stricken valueless, and his pride consumed to ashes. It is a wonderfully beautiful and touching little scene, and papa has described it so wonderfully. I never saw a man with so much variety of feeling as papa has; now the "Prince and the Pauper" is full of touching places; but there is most always a streak of humor in them somewhere. Now in the coronation—in the stirring coronation, just after the little king has got his crown back again papa brings that in about the Seal, where the pauper says he used the Seal "to crack nuts with." Oh it is so funny and nice! Papa very seldom writes a passage without some humor in it somewhere, and I dont think he ever will.

The children always helped their mother to edit my books in manuscript. She would sit on the porch at the farm and read aloud, with her pencil in her hand, and the children would keep an alert and suspicious eye upon her right along, for the belief was well grounded in them that whenever she came across a particularly satisfactory passage she would strike it out. Their suspicions were well founded. The passages which were so satisfactory to them always had an element of strength in them which sorely needed modification or expurgation, and were always sure to get it at their mother's hand. For my own entertainment, and to enjoy the protests of the children, I often abused my editor's innocent confidence. I often interlarded remarks of a studied and felicitously atrocious character purposely to achieve the children's brief delight, and then see the remorseless pencil do its fatal work. I often joined my supplications to the children's for mercy, and strung the argument out and pretended to be in earnest. They were deceived, and so was their mother. It was three against one, and most unfair. But it was very delightful, and I could not resist the temptation. Now and then we gained the victory and there was much rejoicing. Then I privately struck the passage out myself. It had served its purpose. It had furnished three of us with good entertainment, and in being removed from the book by me it was only suffering the fate originally intended for it.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa was born in Missouri. His mother is Grandma Clemens (Jane Lampton Clemens) of Kentucky. Grandpa Clemens was of the F.F.V's of Virginia.

Without doubt it was I that gave Susy that impression. I cannot imagine why, because I was never in my life much impressed by grandeurs which proceed from the accident of birth. I did not get this indifference from my mother. She was always strongly interested in the ancestry of the house. She traced her own line back to the Lambtons of Durham, England—a family which had been occupying broad lands there since Saxon times. I am not sure, but I think that those Lambtons got along without titles of nobility for eight or nine hundred years, then produced a great man, three-quarters of a century ago, and broke into the peerage. My mother knew all about the Clemenses of Virginia, and loved to aggrandize them to me, but she has long been dead. There has been no one to keep those details fresh in my memory, and they have grown dim.

There was a Jere. Clemens who was a United States Senator, and in his day enjoyed the usual Senatorial fame—a fame which perishes whether it spring from four years' service or forty. After Jere. Clemens's fame as a Senator passed away, he was still remembered for many years on account of another service which he performed. He shot old John Brown's Governor Wise in the hind leg in a duel. However, I am not very clear about this. It may be that Governor Wise shot *him* in the hind leg. However, I don't think it is important. I think that the only thing that is really important is that one of them got shot in the hind leg. It would have been better and nobler and more historical and satisfactory if both of them had got shot in the hind leg—but it is of no use for me to try to recollect history. I never had a historical mind. Let it go. Whichever way it happened I am glad of it, and that is as much enthusiasm as I can get up for a person bearing my name. But I am forgetting the first Clemens—the one that stands furthest back toward the really original *first* Clemens, which was Adam.

From Susy's Biography.

Clara and I are sure that papa played the trick on Grandma, about the whipping, that is related in "The Adventures of Tom Sayer"; "Hand me that switch." The switch hovered in the air, the peril was desperate—"My, look behind you Aunt!" The old lady whirled around and snatched her skirts out of danger. The lad fled on the instant, scrambling up the high board fence and dissapeared over it.

Susy and Clara were quite right about that.

Then Susy says:

And we know papa played "Hookey" all the time. And how readily would papa pretend to be dying so as not to have to go to school!

These revelations and exposures are searching, but they are just. If I am as transparent to other people as I was to Susy, I have wasted much effort in this life.

Grandma couldn't make papa go to school, so she let him go into a printing-office to learn the trade. He did so, and gradually picked up enough education to enable him to do about as well as those who were more studious in early life.

It is noticeable that Susy does not get overheated when she is complimenting me, but maintains a proper judicial and biographical calm. It is noticeable, also, and it is to her credit as a biographer, that she distributes compliment and criticism with a fair and even hand.

My mother had a good deal of trouble with me, but I think she enjoyed it. She had none at all with my brother Henry, who was two years younger than I, and I think that the unbroken monotony of his goodness and truthfulness and obedience would have been a burden to her but for the relief and variety which I furnished in the other direction. I was a tonic. I was valuable to her. I never thought of it before, but now I see it. I never knew Henry to do a vicious thing toward me, or toward any one else—but he frequently did righteous ones that cost me as heavily. It was his duty to report me, when I needed reporting and neglected to do it myself, and he was very faithful in discharging that duty. He is "Sid" in "Tom Sawyer." But Sid was not Henry. Henry was a very much finer and better boy than ever Sid was.

It was Henry who called my mother's attention to the fact that the thread with which she had sewed my collar together to keep me from going in swimming, had changed color. My mother would not have discovered it but for that, and she was manifestly piqued when she recognized that that prominent bit of circumstantial evidence had escaped her sharp eye. That detail probably added a detail to my punishment. It is human. We generally visit our shortcomings on somebody else when there is a possible excuse for it—but no matter, I took it out of Henry. There is always compensation for such as are unjustly used. I

often took it out of him—sometimes as an advance payment for something which I hadn't yet done. These were occasions when the opportunity was too strong a temptation, and I had to draw on the future. I did not need to copy this idea from my mother, and probably didn't. Still she wrought upon that principle upon occasion.

If the incident of the broken sugar-bowl is in "Tom Sawyer" —I don't remember whether it is or not—that is an example of it. Henry never stole sugar. He took it openly from the bowl. His mother knew he wouldn't take sugar when she wasn't looking, but she had her doubts about me. Not exactly doubts, either. She knew very well I *would*. One day when she was not present, Henry took sugar from her prized and precious old English sugar-bowl, which was an heirloom in the family—and he managed to break the bowl. It was the first time I had ever had a chance to tell anything on him, and I was inexpressibly glad. I told him I was going to tell on him, but he was not disturbed. When my mother came in and saw the bowl lying on the floor in fragments, she was speechless for a minute. I allowed that silence to work; I judged it would increase the effect. I was waiting for her to ask "Who did that?"—so that I could fetch out my news. But it was an error of calculation. When she got through with her silence she didn't ask anything about it—she merely gave me a crack on the skull with her thimble that I felt all the way down to my heels. Then I broke out with my injured innocence, expecting to make her very sorry that she had punished the wrong one. I expected her to do something remorseful and pathetic. I told her that I was not the one—it was Henry. But there was no upheaval. She said, without emotion, "It's all right. It isn't any matter. You deserve it for something you've done that I didn't know about; and if you haven't done it, why then you deserve it for something that you are going to do, that I sha'n't hear about."

There was a stairway outside the house, which led up to the rear part of the second story. One day Henry was sent on an errand, and he took a tin bucket along. I knew he would have to ascend those stairs, so I went up and locked the door on the inside, and came down into the garden, which had been newly ploughed and was rich in choice firm clods of black mold. I gathered a generous equipment of these, and ambushed him. I

waited till he had climbed the stairs and was near the landing and couldn't escape. Then I bombarded him with clods, which he warded off with his tin bucket the best he could, but without much success, for I was a good marksman. The clods smashing against the weather-boarding fetched my mother out to see what was the matter, and I tried to explain that I was amusing Henry. Both of them were after me in a minute, but I knew the way over that high board fence and escaped for that time. After an hour or two, when I ventured back, there was no one around and I thought the incident was closed. But it was not. Henry was ambushing me. With an unusually competent aim for him, he landed a stone on the side of my head which raised a bump there that felt like the Matterhorn. I carried it to my mother straightway for sympathy, but she was not strongly moved. It seemed to be her idea that incidents like this would eventually reform me if I harvested enough of them. So the matter was only educational. I had had a sterner view of it than that, before.

It was not right to give the cat the "Pain-Killer"; I realize it now. I would not repeat it in these days. But in those "Tom Sawyer" days it was a great and sincere satisfaction to me to see Peter perform under its influence—and if actions *do* speak as loud as words, he took as much interest in it as I did. It was a most detestable medicine, Perry Davis's Pain-Killer. Mr. Pavey's negro man, who was a person of good judgment and considerable curiosity, wanted to sample it, and I let him. It was his opinion that it was made of hell-fire.

Those were the cholera days of '49. The people along the Mississippi were paralyzed with fright. Those who could run away, did it. And many died of fright in the flight. Fright killed three persons where the cholera killed one. Those who couldn't flee kept themselves drenched with cholera preventives, and my mother chose Perry Davis's Pain-Killer for me. She was not distressed about herself. She avoided that kind of preventive. But she made me promise to take a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer every day. Originally it was my intention to keep the promise, but at that time I didn't know as much about Pain-Killer as I knew after my first experiment with it. She didn't watch Henry's bottle—she could trust Henry. But she marked my bottle with a pencil, on the label, every day, and examined it

to see if the teaspoonful had been removed. The floor was not carpeted. It had cracks in it, and I fed the Pain-Killer to the cracks with very good results—no cholera occurred down below.

It was upon one of these occasions that that friendly cat came waving his tail and supplicating for Pain-Killer—which he got—and then went into those hysterics which ended with his colliding with all the furniture in the room and finally going out of the open window and carrying the flower-pots with him, just in time for my mother to arrive and look over her glasses in petrified astonishment and say, "What in the world is the matter with Peter?"

I don't remember what my explanation was, but if it is recorded in that book it may not be the right one.

Whenever my conduct was of such exaggerated impropriety that my mother's extemporary punishments were inadequate, she saved the matter up for Sunday, and made me go to church Sunday night—which was a penalty sometimes bearable, perhaps, but as a rule it was not, and I avoided it for the sake of my constitution. She would never believe that I had been to church until she had applied her test: she made me tell her what the text was. That was a simple matter, and caused me no trouble. I didn't have to go to church to get a text. I selected one for myself. This worked very well until one time when my text and the one furnished by a neighbor, who had been to church, didn't tally. After that my mother took other methods. I don't know what they were now.

In those days men and boys wore rather long cloaks in the winter-time. They were black, and were lined with very bright and showy Scotch plaids. One winter's night when I was starting to church to square a crime of some kind committed during the week, I hid my cloak near the gate and went off and played with the other boys until church was over. Then I returned home. But in the dark I put the cloak on wrong side out, entered the room, threw the cloak aside, and then stood the usual examination. I got along very well until the temperature of the church was mentioned. My mother said,

"It must have been impossible to keep warm there on such a night."

I didn't see the art of that remark, and was foolish enough to explain that I wore my cloak all the time that I was in church.

She asked if I kept it on from church home, too. I didn't see the bearing of that remark. I said that that was what I had done. She said,

"You wore it in church with that red Scotch plaid outside and glaring? Didn't that attract any attention?"

Of course to continue such a dialogue would have been tedious and unprofitable, and I let it go, and took the consequences.

That was about 1849. Tom Nash was a boy of my own age —the postmaster's son. The Mississippi was frozen across, and he and I went skating one night, probably without permission. I cannot see why we should go skating in the night unless without permission, for there could be no considerable amusement to be gotten out of skating at night if nobody was going to object to it. About midnight, when we were more than half a mile out toward the Illinois shore, we heard some ominous rumbling and grinding and crashing going on between us and the home side of the river, and we knew what it meant—the ice was breaking up. We started for home, pretty badly scared. We flew along at full speed whenever the moonlight sifting down between the clouds enabled us to tell which was ice and which was water. In the pauses we waited; started again whenever there was a good bridge of ice; paused again when we came to naked water and waited in distress until a floating vast cake should bridge that place. It took us an hour to make the trip—a trip which we made in a misery of apprehension all the time. But at last we arrived within a very brief distance of the shore. We waited again; there was another place that needed bridging. All about us the ice was plunging and grinding along and piling itself up in mountains on the shore, and the dangers were increasing, not diminishing. We grew very impatient to get to solid ground, so we started too early and went springing from cake to cake. Tom made a miscalculation, and fell short. He got a bitter bath, but he was so close to shore that he only had to swim a stroke or two —then his feet struck hard bottom and he crawled out. I arrived a little later, without accident. We had been in a drenching perspiration, and Tom's bath was a disaster for him. He took to his bed sick, and had a procession of diseases. The closing one was scarlet-fever, and he came out of it stone deaf. Within a year or two speech departed, of course. But some years later he was taught to talk, after a fashion—one couldn't always make out

what it was he was trying to say. Of course he could not modulate his voice, since he couldn't hear himself talk. When he supposed he was talking low and confidentially, you could hear him in Illinois.

Four years ago (1902) I was invited by the University of Missouri to come out there and receive the honorary degree of LL.D. I took that opportunity to spend a week in Hannibal—a city now, a village in my day. It had been fifty-three years since Tom Nash and I had had that adventure. When I was at the railway station ready to leave Hannibal, there was a crowd of citizens there. I saw Tom Nash approaching me across a vacant space, and I walked toward him, for I recognized him at once. He was old and white-headed, but the boy of fifteen was still visible in him. He came up to me, made a trumpet of his hands at my ear, nodded his head toward the citizens and said confidentially—in a yell like a fog-horn—

"Same damned fools, Sam!"

From Susy's Biography.

Papa was about twenty years old when he went on the Mississippi as a pilot. Just before he started on his tripp Grandma Clemens asked him to promise her on the Bible not to touch intoxicating liquors or swear, and he said "Yes, mother, I will," and he kept that promise seven years when Grandma released him from it.

Under the inspiring influence of that remark, what a garden of forgotten reforms rises upon my sight!

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

CHIEF-JUSTICE CLARK ON THE DEFECTS OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

THERE has appeared a notable pamphlet, by the Hon. Walter Clark, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, on "Some Defects in the American Constitution." The author's general view is that the defects are derogations from the full democratic ideal, to which he supposes the framers of the Constitution to have been untrue. I cannot help thinking that he carries this theory rather far, and that he is inclined to ascribe to the Fathers an insidious policy which was totally alien to the character of Washington—whose influence, surely, must have been felt on the main questions—and, I should think, of most of those concerned. It is perfectly true that some of them, especially Hamilton, who was the offspring of a Royal dependency, had highly conservative and even monarchical leanings. But though they might have the desire, it would not be easy, I think, to convict them of the design.

The compact with Slavery was clearly wrong and ought never to have found a place in the Constitution. But it had not at the time the anti-democratic force and aspect which, after the invention of the cotton-gin, when Slavery had assumed portentous dimensions and a Southern aristocracy had been formed, it afterwards assumed. Of this defect, the descendants of the Fathers, in the second and third generation, paid the terrible cost.

Equal representation in the Senate of all the States, great and small — of Nevada with its 40,000, and New York with its 8,000,000—is now anti-democratic indeed. It makes the representation of the people of the United States, in the House in which power is now centred, practically less popular than was that of the people in England before the Reform Bill of 1832. In the

election in which Pitt beat the Fox and North coalition, a hundred and sixty seats in the House of Commons changed hands on a political issue. But the equal representation of all States in the Senate was not an anti-democratic measure; it was a concession to the jealousy of the smaller States, each of which the Revolution had tacitly left sovereign, and which it was hard enough on any terms to coax into union. The defect, however, is undeniably great, since the Senatorships of the small States must be liable to falling under the control of sinister interests, even if they are never actually purchased, as was assumed by the cynic who suggested that they should be sold by public auction and the proceeds carried to the account of the State. In Delaware there appears to have been an attempt at something like direct purchase, baffled only, after a long struggle, by a body of patriotic and honorable men. M. Ostrogorski, in his very instructive work on "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties," gives a doleful picture of the decline of the Senate, describing it as mediocre in intelligence, full of sinister influences and interests, and "representing everything save enlightened opinion, to which its members pay not the slightest heed." This he takes to be the work of the caucus. But subjection of the elections in the small States to sinister influence must surely be not less to blame. Election of Senators by the people of the State, if it were substituted for the present mode, as is proposed, would not cure the defect arising from the inequalities of population.

The set of power, away from the House in which the people are fairly represented, to the Senate seems to be the result of defects in the Constitution; of the shortness of the term for which the members of the House are elected, and their moral supersession, during a part even of that short term, by the election of their successors. Added to this is the large membership of the House, while there is no organization corresponding to the Ministerial leadership of the British House of Commons; a defect only in part and somewhat incongruously supplemented by the action of the Speaker, whose proper functions are those of an independent Chairman.

The Supreme Court, the powers of which provoke the Chief Justice's democratic jealousy, was an obvious necessity of the general Constitution, which is that of a nation with a federal structure; the States retaining rights against each other and against

the federation as a whole, which can be guarded and defined from time to time only by the action of a judiciary. There were, besides, specific contracts—that with the several States respecting equal representation in the Senate, and that with Slavery—to be sustained. That the decisions of the Court should be conservative, therefore, could hardly in itself be regarded as implying a defect in the Constitution. It was designed to be a conservative institution. Marshall's interpretation may have somewhat enlarged its powers. The appointment of the judges, being made by the head of a party, could not fail to be in a measure partisan. I heard Lincoln, the most upright of men, say that he would take care to fill a vacancy with some one who was right on the great question of the day. But, if this is a defect, it is a defect in the party system, not in the structure of the Constitution. In some cases, probably, as in that of the income tax, the Supreme Court has no doubt decided what in England, or in any country having a legislature invested with sovereign powers, would be questions, not of law, but of policy. This is unavoidable when the Constitution is not that of a nation proper but of a nation with a federal structure.

I can hardly presume to class among the defects of the Constitution that which Mr. Andrew D. White regards as one of its perfections; but I cannot help thinking that the separation of the legislature from the executive, whatever advantages it may be thought to have in other ways, has not been conducive to the formation of statesmen. Montesquieu, whose view the framers of the American Constitution adopted, was mistaken in supposing that in England the executive and the legislature were independent of each other. The real executive, which was not the King but the Cabinet, was in the legislative assembly, by which it was virtually nominated and controlled. The members of the Ministry, which is the real executive, have not only been almost invariably trained in Parliament, but, as a rule, before becoming members of the Cabinet, have held minor offices of State. Their special training has hardly any counterpart in the case of the United States. Members of what has with doubtful correctness been called "The American Cabinet" are picked up at large, sometimes at the bar, in commerce or on the platform, without apprenticeship in offices of State. At the last Presidential election, a judge was taken off the Bench to become a candidate for

the headship of the nation; and, at the present time, the only candidate for the Presidency apparently in the field is one who, though he has sat in the legislature, owes his position to the platform, and to platform advocacy of a theory on the subject of currency now practically abandoned.

Your President, when his term has expired, instead of remaining, like an ex-Prime Minister in England, in political leadership, quits public life. I was greatly impressed by the reception given at a large and miscellaneous meeting to Mr. Cleveland. It showed that his authority was great. But he was excluded from public life.

The Constitution is of course impressed with the marks of its origin as a compact among States, each of which, having thrown off the sovereignty of Great Britain, regarded itself as sovereign and was jealously tenacious of that character. Had the framers of the Constitution proclaimed that the sovereign power was thenceforth to be in the united nation, a general recoil would have ensued. The result is that there is no sovereign power; or, if there is, it is not in the nation but, as some have contended, in the several States. To say that it is in "the people" is to say that it has no assignable seat. This makes itself felt when the law is trampled under foot and the whole nation is disgraced by lynchings or local affrays, and when the whole continent is on the point of being deprived of one of the necessaries of life because local authorities have not the force necessary to guard the working of the coal-mines. A consequence of this defect seems to be an unconscious tendency, perhaps, rather than a disposition, to put power into the hands of the President, who alone represents the nation, and who, if his personal ascendancy happens to be great, may presently be tempted to further encroachment, especially if the Republic should proceed in the essentially Imperialist course of territorial aggrandizement as, when the Panama Canal has been executed, it may possibly be tempted to do.

A fair opportunity of formally investing the nation with sovereign power may be thought to have been allowed to pass at the end of the War of Secession. The more I reflect on those momentous events, the more, I confess, it seems to me that the only tenable ground and certainly good object of the war was the extinction of Slavery, which threatened otherwise to extend itself further on this continent. By failing to execute the Fugitive

Slave Law, the North might be held to have broken the Constitutional compact with the South, and given the South a ground for secession. But the fundamental difference of social structure, and consequently of political character, made the parting in the end inevitable, though long delayed by the artifices of compromise. The Southern Confederacy, though formed by disruption, was, when formed, to all intents and purposes a nation. Its Government was recognized, its laws were obeyed, its flag flew, its currency circulated over the whole of its territory. The North, in fact, never thought of treating the war, practically, otherwise than as one between nations, regulated by the ordinary laws of war. But the theory that secession was rebellion was persistently upheld and put in force after the surrender of the South. Southern leaders, such as Lee and Longstreet, whose cooperation in the settlement was generally thought desirable, and would probably have been willingly afforded, were thus excluded from the settlement. In the Northern councils there was no thought of anything but the assurance of negro freedom. The opportunity of revising the Constitution and supplying the defect of national power in the Government, if that was desirable, was thus lost.

The most serious defect of all, however, is one which can hardly be charged to the account of the Constitution or of its framers, except in so far as the framers may be deemed to have shown want of practical forecast in regulating the election of the President. Washington regarded party as a transitory evil, of which he could get rid by bringing Hamilton and Jefferson together into his Government. An election to the Presidency, were it practically held as the Constitution prescribes, would be the calm and impartial choice, by select boards, of eminent and respected citizens. It is by the complete perversion of the Constitutional method that the contest for the Presidency and its patronage has divided the nation into two organized parties, carrying on a perpetual conflict with the familiar weapons of faction, and with not a little of the rancor and anti-national passion of civil war; treating State policy as a repertory of planks for party platforms to be shifted as electioneering tactics may require, while each party keeps on foot a sinister army of "bosses" and workers whose morality is the party game. Such is the party system everywhere. But in the United States it is specially dominant and has actually received legal recognition as an institution.

So clearly has party superseded the country in the allegiance of the partisan, that, when a disputed election to the Presidency had given birth to a situation of national peril, and a single vote would have turned the scale and redeemed the situation, it was not thought morally possible that a single vote should be changed. In private, every American with whom you talk condemns and deplores the enormous Pension List as a fraud, the moral effects of which are even worse than the pecuniary loss. In public, both parties emulously flatter the system for fear of losing votes. It is difficult to say to what lengths faction, inflamed by the struggle for power and place, will not go in sacrificing the interests of the nation.

"Two political parties assemble to-morrow to do something, one at Saratoga, the other at Buffalo. Very much the same necessity confronts each, and that is to make a desperate appeal to public confidence.

"The great mass of the people of this State is sick of both of them; sick of the party in power because of its unexampled corruption, apathy and depravity; and sick of the Democracy because of its ingrained imbecility, instability of purpose and suppression of its decent elements."

Such is the language of a first-class and extremely able journal respecting the character of the two parties which have converted national government into a perpetual struggle for power. Such a system, surely, cannot last forever.

The evil, so far, has been mitigated and the danger has been held at bay by the political character and intelligence of the American people. But how long will that character and that intelligence hold out against the immense flow of alien immigration, some of it drawn from bad sources? The public school may improve the minds of the alien elements, and to some extent assimilate them socially. But it can hardly at once bestow upon them moral fibre, especially as at moral training it can barely be said effectively to aim. With the stream of immigration can hardly fail to come the socialistic tendency bred of unhappy class relations in the Old World and subversive of American independence, the growing dislike of labor and the imperfect sense of political duty which prevails among the masses in Europe. Yet it does not seem practicable to shut the gate.

"Time," says Bacon, "is the greatest innovator, and if time, of course, alter all things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?" There

are two ways of amending the American Constitution. But it has never been amended in any important particular since its final completion by the supplementary amendments, except in the case of the abolition of Slavery by a Northern Congress at the cost of civil war. Nor does it appear that it would be possible to get the two parties to suspend their conflict and combine for the purpose of revising the Constitution. If hereafter there should take place a union of this Northern Continent, an occasion for revision might be afforded. But, in the mean time, events march, and democracy, as a general form of government, is on trial.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

PAN-MANIA.

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

THE latest and most virulent political disease, whose character is indicated by the title at the head of this article, is more difficult to diagnose than appears at first sight. It is capable of many variations and inconsistencies; and, in fact, its one distinguishing symptom is a tendency to megalomania and an arbitrary use of the word "Pan." The principal developments of Pan-mania at present (there is no reason to suppose that we may not have others in due time) are the Pan-American, Pan-German, Pan-Slav, Pan-Islamic, Pan-Buddhist and Pan-Hellenic.

It will be seen from this list that Pan-mania may have a racial, national, geographical or religious origin. There is, in fact, no group of human interests, no sphere of activity, no common ties which may not be arbitrarily lumped together and labelled "Pan" something or other. The one thing needful is that the community thus formed should unite, not in any special policy, but in regarding themselves as part of that special "Pan" family. Having attempted the impossible in making this explanation of a movement which is, in fact, neither logical nor coherent, and is only to be accounted for by the love of every people who are conscious of their political or social existence for a tripping phrase, we will now examine the historical development of Pan-mania.

People who decline to leave us any illusions as to the picturesqueness and unself-consciousness of the Middle Ages now assert that the Pan-Slav made his appearance in the fourteenth century. There is, indeed, evidence that one or two thinkers and writers who were far ahead of their times suggested, at this early period, the advisability of uniting the scattered Slav peoples—the Russians, Poles, Bohemians, Bulgarians and Serbo-

Croats—in a great Slav league, whose principal object should be to resist the Germanic Power under the Emperor of the Romano-Germanic Empire. Unfortunately for such a scheme, the Magyar nation had successfully effected the division of northern and southern Slavdom, nor was there any special inclination to union among the smaller Slav peoples. Most of them have traditions of wide-spread domination at one period of their existence. Moravia was the greatest of central European states in the ninth century, being the head of a confederation of Slavs which stretched from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Moravia was broken by the Magyars; but the greater part was absorbed by Bohemia, another Slav power, which was the premier state of the empire in the fourteenth century, and her capital the seat of the great Emperor Charles IV. Poland had her periods of greatness likewise; at one time she was the most powerful country, as well as one of the most civilized, in eastern Europe. But the fall of Poland was great in proportion, and to-day her provinces go to swell the empires of Prussia and Austria, while her main territory is under her neighbor Slav, the Russian. The story of the southern Slavs is no less tragic. Bulgaria was the earliest and greatest of their empires, had a literature of her own in the tenth century, and in the tenth and eleventh centuries was one of the great European Powers. The title of Tsar was conferred on the Bulgarian ruler five centuries before the Duke of Moscow took it. Yet she fell, first under Byzantine domination, and then before the rising power of Servia. Servia was in her zenith as late as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when she comprised in her empire not only modern Servia, but Croatia, Bosnia, Dalmatia, and the greater part of the Balkan peninsula. This vast empire (like other Slav creations, which were rather loose confederacies than empires on the Roman model) crumbled away with startling rapidity, and the rising tide of the Ottoman invasion swept over the Southern Slavs and submerged them for nearly four centuries.

The modern Pan-Slavist propaganda is sometimes declared to be the creation of the Pan-Germans, as a justification for their own existence. Naturally, it was made to centre in the one great Slav empire, Russia, and was patronized by those Russian statesmen and politicians who cherished the idea of improving the position of their country in Europe. The events which turned

Russia's gaze eastwards, and caused her to embark on that Oriental expansion which met such a violent check in the late war, naturally caused a languishing interest in Pan-Slavism; but in the affairs of the Balkan states Russia has never ceased to concern herself with the utmost zeal, in which her position as an orthodox Slav power is used to the fullest extent. But no one of the smaller Slav peoples is, in fact, really friendly to the Russian pretensions to the hegemony of the Slavs. The Balkan states do not forget how little they owe their great neighbor for assistance in regaining their liberty, and they all cherish hopes of recovering, in that no-man's land of European Turkey, some of the provinces and peoples which belonged to them at their golden periods. To such designs Russia, who has other plans for the inheritance of the Sick Man, can give no countenance. As for the northern Slavs, it might have been expected that the Czechs, in their struggle against German influence, would have leaned to their Russian kinsmen, and in fact a pro-Russian propaganda has been ventilated in Prague. The immediate effect was to alienate the sympathies of the Poles, who are racially, politically and geographically nearest to the Czechs. The present condition of Russia and the result of the Japanese war have, however, entirely diverted the current of racial feeling, and at the present time the Pan-Slavic movement in Bohemia is confined to what is really a national area, with some slight attempt to promote literary and artistic union with the southern Slavs. An interesting phase is to be observed in Hungary, where, to judge from official reports, Pan-Slavism should be flourishing. There is a considerable Slav population in that country and particularly in the northwest, where are found the Slovenes, remnants of the ancient empire of Moravia, who retain their national characteristics, costumes and customs despite many centuries of Hungarian rule. The Slovenes, however, are not ardent adherents of the Pan-Slav movement, which appears to them in the light of an attempt to deprive them of their national idiosyncrasies, language and traditions, and to tack them on (not politically but racially) to their more vigorous and successful Czech relations. But the Hungarian Government, bent on uprooting all national feeling among their subject peoples, finds it convenient to wage war on it under the guise of "Pan-Slavism," which would, of course, be tantamount to treason to the Hungarian ideal.

There is a considerable revival of Slav feeling among the Serbo-Croats and Slovenes, but this literary renascence, in which the Slav languages are reasserting themselves to the detriment of German or Latin (the old tongue of Hungary) is not a "Pan" movement, being, in fact, strongly individualistic. Even the literary renascence is marked by the jealousy of the different branches of the language; and Bulgars, Poles, Czechs, Serbs, and Croats dispute as to the purity and antiquity of their several tongues and will hardly allow merit to any but their own. Nor is there much political sympathy among these peoples. There have been Pan-Slavist congresses and much writing and talking under this head, but in all this there is a great deal of "Slav" and very little "Pan." In short Pan-Slavism, without a definite object, organization or common centre, is only to be considered seriously as a temporary expedient in the Austrian parliament or a pious aspiration for the *literati* of the various Slav countries.

Far otherwise is it with the second great "Pan," which has its central idea in the unity of the German race. Although not all coherent, Pan-Germanism has a solid foundation; and the idea of strengthening the bond that ties all Germans to their Fatherland is one that excites sympathy and has received approval from the Emperor himself. So long as Pan-Germanism means only an attempt to secure for the Fatherland the intellectual and spiritual allegiance of its children, even when their bodies owe fealty to an alien land, it is at once a great and an elevating ideal. The world owes so great a debt to German character and culture that it cannot consider such an allegiance to be otherwise than ennobling. But, unfortunately, the idea is Utopian. With some peoples such an attempt might be successful—the French-Canadians are an illustration of the tenacity of Latin civilization; but the German is of all peoples the most easily denationalized, not only in the political, but in a wider, sense, and to attempt to keep him German in heart and mind under foreign rule is to bind him with ropes of sand. Nevertheless, the Pan-Germanists who confine themselves to this view of their mission have a very active organization. In recent years, a systematic fostering of national feeling has been promoted through schools, clubs, economic societies, the clergy and a variety of other agencies. A number of these do not openly flaunt the Pan-Germanic ideal, but they are inspired by it, and frequently supported from funds at

the disposal of the central organization of the League. The headquarters of the League are at Berlin, where it has its own organ, the "*All-Deutsche Blätter*"; and since 1894, when it was reorganized under the leadership of Professor Hasse, it has had a career of phenomenal success. The societies affiliated with it are at least fifty in number, the most important being the General School Association; but an equally powerful weapon (for European use) is found in certain politico-religious societies, which have been recently active in promoting the "*Los von Rom*" agitation in Austria and Bohemia.

The mention of this movement brings us to the second phase of Pan-Germanism, and perhaps the one of most interest and importance at the present moment. This has as its *motif* the defence of German interests in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Since 1866, when Austria was finally excluded from the German Empire, the policy of the Hapsburg Government has been to cultivate a Catholic and Austrian rather than a Protestant and German sentiment among its people, but the rise of the Slavs and the growing independence of the Magyars have made this a difficult task. At the present time, a strong German reaction is taking place against the growing domination of Slavs and Magyars alike, and it was the promotion of this sentiment which led to the "*Los von Rom*" propaganda. So far have its advocates gone that they even preach treason to the Hapsburgs, and declare that German Austria must find protection under the Hohenzollerns. Thus, in Austria the Pan-Germans are actually organized as a political party with a definite platform—they are the only "Pans" of any kind enjoying this distinction; they have twenty-one seats in the Austrian parliament and add their voices to the clamor of nationalities in that heterogeneous assembly.

But there is a third and wider phase of Pan-Germanism which, ludicrous as it may sound in the telling, absorbs the energies and claims the sympathies of a wide circle in Germany. This is the expansion of the root-idea to cover all those peoples who were originally of Teutonic stock, except the English. Thus, the Netherlanders and Swiss, as well as the Teutonic element in Scandinavia, Denmark, the Baltic provinces, the Tyrol, Austria and Bohemia are to be united into one big Germanic family, the nature of the bond being left to the choice of the individual Pan-Germanist. Some believe in a great European Confederation

with Prussia at its head; others prefer the cultural and moral hegemony of Europe as their ideal. In the teeth of this vast scheme, however, we have the Russification of the Baltic provinces, the unsuccessful counter-attempts of Germany in Poland and her own Baltic territory, the revival of Czech, which is driving German out of Bohemia despite the fact that it is the official language, the encroachments of the Italian element in the Tyrol and even in Switzerland, the sturdy resistance of the Dutch, the quite recent effort to resuscitate Flemish, and many other indications that Europe does not view with equanimity the spread of *"Deutschthum."*

The colonial policy of the Kaiser, which is at present far from popular among his subjects, has of course been assisted by the Pan-German doctrine; but the only real success is to be found in the settlement of Germans in South America. Here there has been no active political and social organization with which to contend. In North America the presence of certain communities, and even of whole towns which have a German flavor, where German customs and the language still prevail, does not indicate a genuine survival of the German tradition. In no country do Germans lose more quickly the peculiar cast of mind which distinguishes them in Europe, nor is the cultural influence of the Fatherland strong enough to contend with the atmosphere of youth and democracy which surrounds them. Two generations, or even one, educated in the American schools—and very few German schools exist in North America—will be sufficient to turn the German emigrant, not only politically, but in all essentials of mind and feeling, into a thorough-paced American or Canadian.

Although the Kaiser gave his imprimatur to the general idea of Pan-Germanism, that cult is not officially recognized in the Fatherland and is, at the present time, rather inconvenient to, and therefore looked at askance by, the powers that be. It is rather a cult than a political propaganda (except in Austria), and, as such, it enjoys popularity and support among all the different political parties, wields immense influence, and dispenses a vast amount of money for the advancement of its various aims.

The third great Pan is one with which American readers are so familiar that the writer, compelled by the exigencies of space to compress his review of it, approaches it with diffidence. Mr. Blaine is generally credited with the paternity of the Pan-Amer-

ican movement, but it might also be claimed for Bolivar, the "Liberator" of Bolivia. The difference of interpretation which the two men would have given to the term "Pan-American" illustrates the difficulty of generalizing on the subject. It is obvious, however, that "Pan-American" did not originally imply, (as it is now assumed to do) the league of American republics under the headship of one special race of Americans. Nor is the Monroe Doctrine, which is sometimes supposed to be indissolubly bound up with the Pan-American scheme, in reality an essential feature of it. This view—the oneness of the Monroe and Pan-American doctrines—has received its most powerful support lately from the enunciation of the "Drago Doctrine," whereby international debt-collecting by force is to be prohibited.

The original idea of Pan-Americanism was undoubtedly nothing less than a great political league of American republics. Unlike the Pan-German aspiration, this would have only a geographical foundation, since there is no unity of language, civilization, religion or race on which the league could be founded. Subsequently this ideal was supplanted by that of an American Zollverein, but both the political and commercial schemes were rather anti-European than pro-American in the widest sense of the term. But the interests of the northern and southern continents are by no means identical, either commercially or politically, and, although the South-American republics are not averse to taking advantage of Monroeism when it suits them, they are not prepared to allow their great neighbor to assume the position which the modern Pan-American doctrine assigns to her. The cultural influences of Europe are still paramount with Latin America, and the commercial relations with Europe are still more important than those with North America. The first Pan-American Congress met in 1889 at Washington, the one tangible result being the establishment of the Bureau of American Republics. The second took place in Mexico in 1901, and the business done (out of a vast programme) was chiefly the resolution to meet every five years and a vote in favor of a Pan-American railway ("Intercontinental" would be a more correct term). The third Congress was nearly frustrated by recent events in Central America, but it has taken place without any hitch, and the chief result, after a great display of eloquence, is a resolution to refer certain questions to the Hague Conference.

As a matter of fact, there is no reason to believe that there is in the Latin-American republics any political sentiment, any range of ideas, which can be made the bond of union with the republic of the northern continent. "Americanism," in the sense of a feeling or ideal common to both continents, cannot be said to exist; and, if no other circumstance separated north from south, the question of color would be sufficient to do so. As for the prefix "Pan," it is only necessary to point out that Canada takes no share in the Pan-American propaganda, to indicate the inaccuracy of the term. Pan-Americanism is not a race movement like the renascence of the Slavs; it is not a national cult like Pan-Germanism; it is rather a political device, used by American statesmen, and chiefly popular in certain circles among those who do not see that the commercial and political sides of the question are closely interwoven.

The latest "Pan" movement is that of the Pan-Hellenes, which is racial and political, and directed against the Bulgarian or Slav population of the Balkans, among whom the Greeks have to live. To be a "Greek" in the Balkans does not necessitate Hellenic descent, but merely outward conformity with the orthodox ritual. The Bulgars have their own church, and the religious warfare has drawn the attention of Europe to the spectacle of two Christian peoples, living under Islamic rule, and murdering each other without mercy. Pan-Hellenism is also flourishing in Crete, where it has a more reasonable basis. The idea of labelling the party of Greek expansion "Pan-Hellene" was a very ingenious one; but it has a purely political foundation and is therefore not bound up in any way with the most glorious side of Greek tradition, nor identified with Hellenism in the sense in which intellectual Europe understands that term.

We have now come to two religious propagandas, Pan-Islam and Pan-Buddhism; and, beside the area and scope of these two, and the natural organization with which they are furnished, all other forms of Pan-mania are insignificant. The megalomaniac can allow his fancy full play with the idea of the two vast religious worlds, of Islam and of Buddha, united respectively for purposes of defence and even of offence. Pan-Islam has already been the subject of a study by the writer in this REVIEW,* and since then, in the past few months, a great deal of writing has

* In the number for June, 1906.

appeared on this theme. The facts are briefly these. Almost the whole Mohammedan world is living under alien rule, and Great Britain and France are the two chief Mohammedan Powers, having between them something like one hundred million Islamic subjects. The idea had grown up that Islam, once the greatest militant power in the world and ruler of half Europe, had entirely lost vitality, and that Islamic states are bound to decay. But careful observers have noted in recent years a genuine revival of Mohammedan enthusiasm, in place of the dead indifference which seemed to have paralyzed all Islamic communities. The Sultan of Turkey, who plays a considerable part in the Pan-Islam movement, has succeeded in securing from the entire orthodox Mohammedan world the recognition of his position as Kalifa; and, having won this, he is finding opportunities of using his influence in a manner which is embarrassing to other Mohammedan Powers, who are aliens. The position has been complicated by the ambitions of Germany (a non-Mohammedan Power), who for her own ends has acquired considerable influence with the Sultan. At the same time, he is reactionary in his internal policy, so that it is impossible to regard him as the protagonist of a progressive Islamic revival. Moreover, many ardent Pan-Islamites (like those of India) have reached a high state of civilization under foreign rule, and are not so much desirous of change in their political status as of the preservation of their religion in its full purity and the demonstration of its good qualities to the world. At the opposite extreme of this religious revival movement are the fanatical brotherhoods, such as the Senoussi, who are conducting an extraordinarily successful campaign in Africa, and spreading Islam by the most energetic means. They are the most dangerous factor in the Pan-Islamic propaganda, and the one which it is most difficult to estimate. How far their recognition of the Sultan secures their subservience to him, how far they are inspired by political or religious zeal, or are simply ignorant fanatics, it is impossible to say. They wield enormous influence in Northern and even Central Africa to-day, and the whole weight of that influence is anti-European.

It will be seen that Pan-Islam may mean to the polished Indian lawyer the cultural advance of his coreligionists; to an Egyptian fellah, it may be a call to raise the green standard and exterminate the cursed unbelievers. The singular feature of this

special form of Pan-mania is its catholicity. It has no limitation, ethnographic or national; and, though it is religious in name, it must not be forgotten that Islam is not merely a religion but a legal, social and political system in itself.

Pan-Buddhism, last in our list, is a phase of Pan-mania of which Europe is at present little aware. It had its origin before the Russo-Japanese war in the anxiety of Japan to awake the slumbering forces of national patriotism and the racial affinities of China. Buddhism, like Christianity, has had many schisms, and there is no central rallying-point for her coreligionists. A vast number of her most backward adherents looked till recently to Tibet, but the religious fervor of the Buddhist world has never been of an active or militant character, and the religion itself, pure and beautiful in its original conceptions, has degenerated and decayed until it has, in truth, no very practical influence save as a devitalizing force. The Pan-Buddhist propaganda originated with that section of the Japanese leaders who were averse to the development of their country as an European Power, and preferred to aim at the hegemony of the Orient. Bound up with this aspiration was the development of China, also on non-European lines, and the close alliance of the two chief Oriental peoples. Although official countenance was not given to the Pan-Buddhist scheme, it has enjoyed powerful support. Emissaries have gone to all Buddhist countries, and a genuine attempt has been made to effect a *rapprochement* between the different sections of the Buddhist world. Moreover, a college was established in China to give the Buddhist clergy a better training and raise them to a higher level, and in fact the whole policy has been to revive, for political purposes, the sense of religious and racial affinity between the Chinese and Japanese, and to stimulate national ambition. Such purposes as these are worked slowly and quietly in the East; and although Pan-Buddhists may meet together they do not advertise themselves very widely. The weak point in their scheme is its foundation upon a religion which is pacific and unsuited to the purposes of a political crusade.

These are the principal forms of Pan-mania existing at present, but it is difficult to see why ingenious politicians should not invent some new ones. There is as yet no "Pan-Latin," no "Pan-European," and no "Pan-Christian" league.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

WHY THE UNITED STATES OBSTRUCTS INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

BY EDWARD L. ANDREWS.

THE United States has a peculiar interest in the progress of International Arbitration. As a great commercial country, we are burdened with our own subjects of controversy with foreign Governments. But, in addition, we are encumbered with the numerous and harassing complications due to our tutelary relation towards other American republics. In recent years and on several occasions, these various interests and relations have nearly brought us to the point of undiplomatic combustion. Therefore, as a nation which is normally pacific, we are in many directions interested in substituting for the arbitrament of war the system of adjudicating disputes among states through some international tribunal. That being the case, it has been a matter of some surprise that the Secretary of State has not recently arrayed our Government as an adherent to an international principle of arbitration in respect to contract claims by and against our bodies politic. But the reasons for this reserved attitude will be apparent to any one who examines the whole situation.

The most important topics of ordinary international contention, among European and American Governments, relate to torts against their respective citizens and public contracts with those citizens. And in reference to both classes of frictional incidence, the European nations are generally the creditors or the complainants. In view of the support given to the Calvo doctrine by the South-American States, at the recent Pan-American Conference, it seems that most of them are willing to submit to the Hague Tribunal disputes arising out of contract. While the United States, as a party to the recent Conference, has agreed to a tentative reference to The Hague, there are some latent obstacles to our

adoption of this ideal method of international satisfaction, in regard to contracts with our State Governments, as well as torts against foreign subjects by our citizens.

It is plain that, if we advocate the incorporation of the remedy by arbitration into the public law of nations, that remedy must be reciprocal. If the United Kingdom should bind itself by treaty to abide by the decision of arbitrators upon contract claims by our citizens against England or Canada, the United States must bind itself to satisfy the awards of the Hague officials in the case of similar British claims against our Governments. Or, if we desire to extend the scope of the subject-matter of arbitration so as to include tortious acts, we would be naturally compelled to respond to Italy, or mayhap to China, for assaults upon or injuries to their subjects residing in this country.

These conditions conflict with some peculiarities of our present Federal system. This conflict would not have been involved if our governmental system had been allowed to remain as originally constituted; it is the result of changes brought about in the Constitution through popular impulse. The framers of the national Constitution established an adequate and ingenuous system for satisfying international justice. By the terms of that instrument, the humblest subject of the King of England, or the pettiest citizen of the republic of Switzerland, could arraign the State of New York before the Supreme Court of the United States. And the Constitutional Convention went further on this path of amity and redress; it opened our highest Court to any foreign State that had a grievance against any State in the Union. With reference to the General Government, there was also a provision for jurisdiction by the Supreme Court, leaving to Congress its detailed arrangement. Was not this system a splendid contribution by the men of 1789 to the cause of international justice? For the first time in history, a nation said in its fundamental law that its tribunals should be open to the foreign world, collectively and individually, against its own bodies politic, National and State.

Such was the pristine jurisprudence which the Courts of the Union proceeded to administer. An incident of this judicial administration deserves special mention because it contributed to bring about momentous changes. Among the suits brought under these comprehensive provisions of the Constitution, was an action instituted against the State of Massachusetts by a noted family

of United Empire Loyalists, appropriately named Vassall. It was founded on the treaty of peace with George III, which provided compensation for the property of Tories under sequestration by the newly inducted authorities. In view of this treaty, and of other conventions which we had made with European nations during the Revolution, the Constitution includes under its protection, and within the competence of the Federal Courts, cases in law and equity "arising under treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States." And so it was that the Vassalls instituted their proceedings, and other well-known litigations arose and were pending in due course before the United States Judges, culminating in the Chisholm decision, which affirmed the judicial power over the States. At this time the Constitution had barely been adopted. Particularism was rampant both North and East, and to some extent in the South; and it so happened that it found its first utterance in connection with this subject of the suability of States. Was this the nature of the Federal Government that these States had been induced to enter? Was it not enough that they had fought the greatest of then known empires; that they were poor and proud; and that it was beneath their dignity to be "hauled up" before these newfangled United States Courts? And for whom? A set of pesky and obnoxious monarchists. Why not confiscate their property and take the fee from their innocent heirs? It was true that our own improvement on the law of the Mother Country condemned attainder of blood. It was true that the Federal charter confirmed and protected these rights of loyal colonials, which treaties had secured. But who would speak for the Tories? They were the American *Emigrés*. They had plotted against us and fought us, and had then been deported. They were *Emigrés* and Vendeans in one.

In this way it came about that the great cause of American justice was vitiated by prejudice, and the meanest kind of prejudice—that which affected the pocket. From this impetus, the deep and broad foundations of humane jurisprudence, on which the Federal judicial structure had been reared, received their first blow. Ten amendments had recently been adopted by the States. The Federal feeling was lukewarm, where it was not nonexistent. When the Supreme Court said to the States that they must pay, the agitators retorted that the Supreme Court should not have power to make them pay. But the resultant Eleventh

Amendment was not embodied in any such frank and courageous language. A paltry device was resorted to. The amendment declares that "the judicial power of the United States shall not be *construed* to extend to any suit in law or equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign State." It was pretended that the "Federalist" had led the provincials to believe that the Constitution did not mean that they could be made to fulfil their public liabilities. As a matter of fact, a note to an old and authorized edition of the "Federalist" called attention to the analogy of the jurisdiction of the Imperial Chamber of Germany, which had cognizance of reclamations by a subject of one German Government against the Prince of another State; indicating this power as the model for our Judiciary Article. But the suggested subterfuge of the amenders was adopted. The theory was incorporated in the amended Constitution that the States were the victims of a judicial construction of the Constitution whereby they were bound to perform their legal duties. Hence we have a hypocritical formula introduced into the Constitution of the United States, directing that it shall not be construed in a certain way.

A few words more to illustrate the purely personal nature of the popular vote for the Amendment. Congress had arranged to pay the Revolutionary paper of the several States, and their financial condition was improved by the development of the shipping industry, and the transfer of the carrying trade to our flag at this period of the French Revolution. Real public questions, however, were not at the bottom of this assault on the virility of the national authority; its *rationale* is found elsewhere. The confiscated property of the Tories had been vested in individual purchasers, who had paid Continental money for their holdings. The State treasuries had paid out this paper for the prosecution of the war, and what was left on hand was repudiated. The fellow citizens of these purchasers of loyalist estates were inclined to regard the novel mandates of this new General Government as merely academic; particularly so when they were invited to compensate their late fellow colonials who were then residing under the British flag. In view of this personal consideration, the amendment was worded to include "any suit commenced," and thereby to effect the annulment of

existing actions for the benefit of the defendants. This is the true story of the famous or notorious Eleventh Amendment. Was it not a piece of contemptible political "welching"? Talk of Kings in the Middle Ages clipping their coinage; we did not clip, we deleted. It should be added, in reference to this particular matter of reimbursing loyalists, that the Federal Government made some amends. The same statesmen who could not resist the popular clamor in their home districts against debt-paying were willing, and probably anxious, to meet the ethics of the transaction by making partial payment to the loyalist claimants out of the national exchequer. Indeed, it was most unfortunate that the broad principle which we had established—of making all public bodies justiciable—should have been subjected to this particular strain. If some ordinary or current liability of the States had been involved, the Constitution would not in all likelihood have been so tampered with. But the identification in the public mind of State suability with a class of obnoxious claims and claimants precipitated this hasty change in the Federal judicial system.

However, the concrete transaction ended in this way, but its moral consequences remain to trouble us at the present day and in the practical conduct of public affairs. In point of fact, the United States is disposed to enter upon conventional arrangements which will assure its own repose, and also obviate its continual disturbance by the affairs of its sister republics. But the manner in which its juridical structure has been dislocated by this so-called amendment puts irksome, but effective, restraint upon it.

During the period of reconstruction, the opportuneness of expunging the Eleventh Amendment was discussed among public men, and the writer recalls a conversation on that subject with Senator Conkling. But the great weight of more pressing questions, and the lateness of the period at which the suggestion was mooted, prevented action. When the general arbitration treaties were recently before the Senate, the unwillingness of the defaulting States of the Union to submit to arbitration their debts to foreigners contributed largely to the rejection of those international arrangements. For the reasons stated above, individual aliens, as holders of the bonds of these communities, are barred from relief through the Federal Courts. And by the Senatorial course referred to, the readier and more comprehensive forum of arbitration is for the present denied them.

At this point it should be noted that, while some of the States have retrograded in the course of justice, the General Government has progressed in recognition of its duties. It has opened its judicial portals to all claims against itself on contract, express or implied; and a judgment of the Court of Claims is honored.

But it must also be said that our national predicament is peculiarly delicate in reference to these State debts; because we cannot, in this instance, and in good conscience, fall back upon the limited functions of our Federal Government. The State debts in issue were contracted by Governments organized and sustained by the direct action of Congress. It can be fairly said that the United States is morally responsible for the contracting of these liabilities. Should the United States appear before the Hague Tribunal as the standard-bearer of international arbitration, let us glance at its predicament when required to apply the same principle of arbitration in reference to holdings of the bonds of one of our States, which we invoke in reference to creditors of other American republics. Our State Governments, having annulled the forensic remedies against them, now refuse to arbitrate. On the other hand, our sister republics, which are liable to forcible compulsion, open their tribunals to foreign claimants; and, if these Courts be inadequate to determine this class of controversies, they are willing to submit to the decision of the International Tribunal. These are the contrasted positions of the North and South American republics; and the physical protection which the General Government throws around our repudiating debtor States enhances the moral duty of the United States to provide some remedy. Moreover, the political circumstances under which these State debts were contracted emphasizes the ethical plight of the United States, on this question. The Washington authorities were competent to create and foster the State Governments that issued the bonds. Everything else done by those reconstructed Governments has been stamped with national approval. Would the International Tribunal relieve the nation from responsibility before the world for its sponsorship of these bodies politic? This is the risk which the United States would incur by agreeing to be bound in regard to public contracts by the awards of the Hague Tribunal.

Yet, the other horn of the dilemma in our international relations is still more dangerous—this continuous state of semi-

belligerency with the great Powers on account of our republican brethren. Is there no remedy for this sinister status? Is violence still to remain the arbiter of these international disputes? Is the United States to become the principal sufferer by the retention of this illogical wager of battle? Is it to maintain a larger navy to protect the republican principle from Guatemala to Patagonia? Is its commercial life to be perturbed by Venezuelan incidents? These conditions render it desirable to harmonize with the requirements of public law the position of the National Government towards these State obligations.

A practical remedy seems to be within the power of the Federal Government. For seventy years past the non-paying States of the Union, in common with the other States, have been enjoying the benefit of the Federal surplus of 1836. Several millions of dollars of these moneys are now loaned by the United States in those States that are in default in the payment of their bonds. And while the United States is affording these communities the benefit of these funds, its Treasury is the holder of substantial amounts of their defaulted obligations. From time to time, the United States has instituted suits against these debtor States, and recovered portions of the amounts due the General Government. But large sums of money belonging to the taxpayers of the whole country are still represented only by the unredeemed obligations of these States. In common with aliens, and with citizens of the several States, the Federal Government is a disregarded creditor. But the duty of the United States, as a member of the family of nations, arising from its paternity of the special State authorities that issued these obligations, is of far higher import. And its economic and ethical interest in the substitution of reasoned justice for unreasoning violence, in the settlement of Pan-American and world-wide disputes, is its paramount interest.

The large amount of funds which the National Government has left outstanding in the defaulted States should, in justice to the whole country, be withdrawn from those sections, and applied to relieve the nation from the embarrassment in which its international affairs have been placed by these recalcitrant States.

After the Revolutionary War, the Congress provided the funds for the settlement of the debts of the several States, through a Commission that sifted and adjusted them, and without recourse against the indebted States. No such proposition is now pre-

sented. Merely the restricted application of this precedent is suggested, to the extent to which the surplus funds now held by these debtor States may be withdrawn by the nation. The conditions of the plan should require the acceptance of these limited amounts by the alien and domestic holders of these repudiated bonds, the United States to be a preferred creditor of the fund for full payment of its claims against these States. The plan should also require the transfer of all the State bonds to the United States, with full recourse against the indebted States. To carry out this plan, no money would be taken from the Federal Treasury. The Government would become the owner of the bonds, in the same manner in which it has become the owner of its present holdings from the Indian Trust Funds. The Government could, if it so desired, recover before the Supreme Court, and collect, from the railroad securities held by the indebted States, at least the amount of its surplus funds withdrawn from those States. Above all other considerations, there would be no further obstacle to our agreement to the arbitration of public contractual liabilities.

In some form or another, our historical precedents show that the nation has been eventually condemned to pay for the sins of its several States. In the case of the New Orleans riots, we debated *ad nauseam* with Italy in disclaimer of the national responsibility; but it was impossible to convince her that the United States, with which she made treaties for the protection of her subjects, which controlled the ports at which they landed, and maintained courts in the same territory, was not in some way responsible for the treatment of aliens. In the end we paid something, under some sort of eleemosynary plea; and, moreover, we enacted a statute of the United States to make such wrongs justiciable by the national tribunals. Recalling this outcome of an international dispute in reference to tortious acts, how can we escape the responsibility in a forum of nations for the acts of Governments that our Congress erected, that our armies sustained, and whose legislation contributed to perfect the organic law of the nation. Instead of being called upon to meet this issue before a commission of publicists, would it not be more statesmanlike to remove the practical difficulty by means of resources that seem fortuitously and costlessly adapted to accomplish the result?

EDWARD L. ANDREWS.

THE ARMY AS A CAREER.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM H. CARTER, U.S.A.

In a country under whose flag enormous fortunes have become the rule, and under whose laws protection is guaranteed to vast aggregations of capital in single families, public opinion should demand from the members of these families in return some participation in the government beyond the mere payment of taxes. It is true that the number of desirable appointive offices has become extremely small because of the constant extension of the civil-service system, but there still remain many opportunities, of which the sons of the wealthy do not avail themselves, for rendering public service to the nation. The Army and the Navy, through the medium of the national Academies, are always open to a considerable number, and many do take advantage of the educational facilities furnished by these institutions; but, with few exceptions, they resign before opportunities for distinction have arrived. Many of the young men of wealth who have thus quitted an honorable service which abounds in fine traditions, have taken up an active business or professional career. Others have sacrificed their trained talents to the idle life of a leisure set, which, in America, has few resources worthy of men of their education and character. If such men should seek the service in considerable numbers, they would not only honor their families by so doing, but here and there opportunities for distinction would come to some, whose names would be inscribed with credit upon the pages of the nation's history. The satisfaction to be derived from the social successes of the idle rich is as naught compared to the pride which comes of having rendered the state some gallant or useful service.

Every man whose titles to property are confirmed and protected by the laws of nation or state should not only be ready to

take part in its defence in war, but should regard it as a solemn obligation to fit himself properly for this duty by service in peace, at least for a time, in the Army, the Navy or the National Guard. In any event, the law should forbid the hiring of substitutes in time of war, for the whole Constitution rests upon the basic theory that the militia, composed of every able-bodied citizen, stands as the bulwark of the Republic.

In the Army, as in the Navy, there are representatives of many families which have sent sons of every generation into one or the other, and sometimes both, of the services, in accordance with the old British custom. Almost without exception, these sons may be counted upon for loyal and gallant services because of personal characteristics, as well as pride in the records of their families. Respect for the cloth is usually bred in the bone of these men, and they value the privilege of following in their fathers' footsteps beyond the opportunity of amassing mere material gain.

In a nation so much given to genealogical research, in the effort to locate ancestors who have rendered the nation some service, it is indeed remarkable that so many of the descendants are entirely content with the work of their forebears, and oblivious to the fact that they too might do something for the country. The coveted privilege of membership in one of the numerous patriotic societies seems to satisfy the ambition of too many able-bodied, well-educated descendants of virile ancestors.

In the British and several European armies, the pay of officers has been purposely kept so small as to make it practically impossible to live in the service without a private income. The British articles of war, somewhat amended, and the customs of the British service were commended for adoption by Washington and his Continentals, because they were familiar to so many who had served with the colors before the Declaration of Independence. But, from the very first, Washington urged that, to secure and retain the services of reputable and desirable gentlemen, Congress should provide officers with enough pay to make it unnecessary for them to use up their private means or to adopt makeshifts to eke out scanty allowances.

The British nobility and landed gentry ever have not only given of their best blood to the army, but, as a voluntary contribution to the state, they have habitually supplied the greater part

of the funds necessary for the support of the large body of officers. This burden has always been accepted as a patriotic duty to the Crown; and, through several centuries, these high-born gentlemen, although averse to association with those engaged in trade, have freely risked and often sacrificed their lives in protecting the rights of some distant and obscure trader over whom floated the British flag.

Had the Russian royal family, the nobility and the first citizens of the Empire stood patriotically together, and volunteered their services in the recent war in the Orient, to the same extent as corresponding classes of Great Britain did in the South-African War, there might have been a different tale to tell in Manchuria. Had this course been followed, it seems impossible that the revolution at home could have been successfully launched at so critical a period. The creation of a Russian national spirit, demanding moral and financial support of the armies in the field, beyond all other considerations, would have given heart to the brave men who for nearly eighteen months stood against the Japanese nation, all classes of which were actuated by a common impulse having for its object the halting of the advance of the Russians and their eventual ejection from Korea and Manchuria.

Strange to say, in America, those who by reason of accumulations of property have assumed the rôle of the leisure class and have more or less association with that British element which supplies its scions to the Army, Navy and Civil Service, seldom or never consider the propriety of devoting themselves or their sons to the public service, unless it be as ambassadors or ministers at foreign courts.

The very excesses of a few social reporters and hysterical journals have had their natural result in putting on the defensive the great body of respectable editorial writers, who, in future, as they have done in the past, will go on creating and preserving a public opinion that will hold far above mere pecuniary gain the successful work of the statesman, the jurist, the soldier and the sailor. It is no crime to be rich; but the acquisition of wealth does not release the possessor from the duties of citizenship—service at the primaries, the ballot-box, and, when necessary, in the forefront of battle.

In all countries which maintain regular armies, the social

position of officers is never questioned except on personal and individual grounds. During all the early years of the Republic, no important social function was considered a success which did not include in its company the available representative members of the Army and Navy. In *ante bellum* days of the old army, officers and their families constituted no small part of the principal social set at the nation's capital. Some slight change has taken place in this respect, and foreigners have frequently expressed surprise at the small participation of the Army and Navy in social affairs, as compared to the influence exercised by members of the two services in the capitals of England and Europe. The influx of wealthy families and the excessive cost of living have unquestionably compelled the families of many excellent and talented public officials, civil and military, to avoid a society in which to go the pace means debt, social or pecuniary.

The old order of service in the Army, which for a century guarded the frontiers and made possible the upbuilding of a thriving empire in the "Great American Desert," has completely passed away. The excitement and interest of the trail, the chase and Indian combat; the matching of the white man's intellect against the red man's stratagem and backwoods lore, have now all given way to a new field of duty which encircles the globe. With this ever-widening field of action has come need of more careful study and training, through all the grades; for, time and again since the nation assumed the rôle of a World Power, there has been thrust upon junior subalterns the determination of grave questions involving diplomacy, commerce and the law, international, civil and criminal.

A correct decision, with prompt and forceful action, may tide over many grave emergencies, which are soon forgotten, whilst an honest error may live to mar a record through a lifetime of loyal service. These are the chances that every candidate for a military career must needs take. In taking these professional risks, the young officer, if he anticipates a contented life, must accept the general rule and be satisfied with a consciousness of duty honestly performed as the highest reward that will come in the majority of cases. If, perchance, others of not greater merit be called for important service when he had hoped to be selected, he must needs nerve himself against the sting of envy, else it

may poison his mind and inspire him with discontent. The demands of duty seldom fit those of convenience.

Despite the small number of chances of obtaining high rank, and the assured prospects of frequent hardships and deprivations, there has never been a time when reputable candidates in abundance were not in waiting for commissions in the Army.

The pay of an officer, which at best furnishes but a modest support, has recently lost much of its purchasing power, because of the unexampled prosperity and a general rise in prices throughout the country. This likewise affects unfavorably all persons whose salaries are fixed by law or otherwise. If the officer has a family dependent upon him and he is ordered to duty out of the country, he is embarrassed by unusual and comparatively excessive expenses. Should his orders take him to the Orient, the time required in mail communications becomes a serious and unhappy factor, if it be necessary, as is so often the case, for the family to remain at home.

In England and her possessions and on the Continent of Europe special consideration is shown to officers who are obliged to travel, and, until the recent rate bill was passed, American railways generally followed the custom of granting half-rates for families of officers on their journeys back and forth across the continent, in connection with duty in Hawaii and the Orient. This was in the nature of a contribution to the nation, to assist public officials whose pay was fixed by law many years before the army sailed away to Manila.

Very few citizens are aware that officers are required to pay all their living expenses. Some thirty-odd years ago, the present pay-table was adopted in lieu of all allowances, except fuel. This allowance was continued, because of the possible unfairness to officers stationed at isolated posts in the far North and compelled to buy enormous quantities of fuel. This continuance was considered as part of the implied agreement in fixing the rates of pay for all grades. In a spasm of economy, some years after the adoption of the rates of pay, Congress took away the fuel allowance without compensatory advantage of any kind. It was not altogether the actual reduction of pay by this move that appeared unjust, but the injection of inequality into the schedule, as between those serving in the far South and those stationed along the Canadian border and in Alaska.

Promotion in the Army under normal conditions is usually extremely slow. With all the losses incident to the war with Spain, the Chinese Expedition and the Philippine campaigns, promotion has not been so fast but that officers of from thirty to thirty-five years' service are still waiting for the eagles which carry with them the command of regiments. For the young lieutenants recently commissioned, the climb upwards looks interminable, but the element of chance usually plays a prominent part in keeping up an average movement towards the top.

The methods of filling vacancies in the lowest grade of commissioned officers is in accord with the American theory that no door of public employment should be closed to any man. In the old army, promotions from the ranks followed the British custom, and for a hundred years the commission was available for meritorious non-commissioned officers who had proven their courage and their ability to command men, this although the nation possessed a military academy of the most democratic kind, acknowledged to be the equal of any in the world. Not satisfied with this open door, Congress enacted legislation under which any private of two years' service and within the age limit may compete for a commission in an examination which requires no greater ability than is called for by the entrance examination at the West Point Military Academy. The competitor for a commission may never have commanded a squad; in fact, he may be in a staff department and never have attended a drill or performed any duty with the line, in which he must be commissioned, if at all.

The law was intended to open the door for commissions to all men without necessity for the approval of their immediate commanding officers. Many excellent young men have enlisted in order to secure commissions, and, having gained them, are proving themselves worthy in every way. Many misfits have resulted from too free a construction of the statute; and, altogether, the real object of the law—to elevate the character of the whole personnel of the ranks—has not been realized in the slightest degree. On the contrary, the presence in the ranks of young men whose sole object is to obtain a commission, and who generally select the organization in which they are to serve with special reference to the probability of being rapidly advanced to the grade of non-commissioned officer, has a disheartening effect

upon other men, particularly upon the sterling old non-commissioned officers who, through defective education or over-age, are not qualified to compete in the examinations.

Notwithstanding the many excellent officers in the Army who have gained their commissions under the new law, it may be said, without reflection upon their merits, that every one of them would have been more accomplished professionally had he been given the advantage of the West Point course. Herein lies the reason for the suggestion for keeping open the door to a commission through the ranks, and at the same time making full use of the West Point training which has given the country a Grant, a Sherman, a Sheridan and a host of trained officers of lesser fame.

Through the generosity of Congress, the capacity of West Point has been largely increased. It would be to the great advantage of the individual, as well as of the service as a whole, if all the young candidates, say from eighteen to twenty-three years of age, who are in the ranks for commissions should be sent to the Military Academy as additional cadets, to the limit of the accommodations, and if the direct promotions to the grade of second lieutenant should be reserved for the few cases of meritorious non-commissioned officers who may prove in action their courage and ability to control men under fire.

With all the advantages and all the drawbacks weighed in the balance, there remains a goodly margin in favor of the Army as a career for a man adapted to the profession of arms. It is entirely possible for a young man to live with decency and credit upon his pay, but the possession of a small additional income may remove the worry incident to extraordinary and unforeseen contingencies. There are occasions when, as public officials, both Army and Navy officers become involved in heavy expenses for entertainment, which in justice should be met from the public purse. It is to their credit that they generally measure up to such occasions like gentlemen, even though their doing so subsequently involve them in unpalatable economy.

Altogether, whether in the government of Indian or Oriental tribes, in the fair and patient handling of angry mobs, in the tender nursing of earthquake sufferers or in the supreme test of battle, the Army has ever conducted itself in a way that deserves well of the country.

WILLIAM H. CARTER.

CLAUDE DEBUSSY, POET AND DREAMER.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN.

"Whom lovest thou best, enigmatical man, say, thy father, thy mother, thy sister, or thy brother?"

. . . . . .

"Thy friends?"

. . . . . .

"Thy fatherland?"

. . . . . .

"Gold?"

. . . . . .

"I love the clouds . . . the clouds which pass . . . over there . . . the marvellous clouds." —BAUDELAIRE.

THOSE whom duty keeps more or less vigilantly at post upon the critical watch-towers have of late been increasingly aware of that none too frequent apparition: an artistic figure of wholly novel physiognomy—precisely, of a musician who made an immediate impression of singularity and distinction. A Frenchman, he spoke a language which was as a strange tongue to those for whom Gallic music in our day is summed up in the diversions of Saint-Saëns, Massenet and their kind. His utterances bore the authentic stamp of modernity; yet it was not the modernity of Wagner, nor of Brahms, nor of Strauss. He eluded positive definition; nor was his school, at first glance, altogether obvious. This perplexing and eccentric personage was Achille Claude Debussy,* born at St.-Germain in 1862, a *Prix de Rome* winner in 1884, now living in Paris; composer of "Pelléas et Mélisande," a music-drama based upon Maeterlinck's play; of the "Trois Nocturnes" for orchestra; of the "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune," after the Eclogue of Mallarmé; and of other orchestral and choral works, chamber-music, piano pieces and

* He no longer uses the first of these given names.

songs. In Paris to-day he shares with Vincent d'Indy the place of honor among the musical elect; he is industriously imitated; and elsewhere, as in America and in England, he is exercising an influence that is already far from negligible.

Debussy, with what one must regard as an impish endeavor to confound the understanding of those who would too confidently appraise his art, has observed, gravely enough, that music "should give us immediate joy"; should be "perceptible"—an admirable jest from one whom his colleague, Alfred Bruneau, has accurately characterized as the "*très exceptionnel, très curieux, très-solitaire M. Claude Debussy.*" For this outspoken champion of obviousness and naïveté is known to his opponents as the most incorrigible of *précieux,* and those who misunderstand his purpose and dislike his method call him *un cérébral* — an epithet that, while grotesquely inaccurate as a definition, is at least a sufficiently clear indication that he is not regarded precisely as an active exemplar of the doctrines he has avowed. Any one who is at all aware of his essential quality knows that no artist ever more uncompromisingly shut himself in his tower of ivory than does Debussy. He exhibits an abhorrence of the commonplace, of the easily achieved, which is, as Mr. Philip Hale has justly observed, malignant"; he "shuns the harmonically agreeing crowd as he does the mob of loungers on the boulevard." Yet this detachment, this aversion to direct communication, this passion for the esoteric, is wholly sincere—it is the man's natural idiom, and once one has become fully cognizant of his personality, it is impossible to conceive him writing otherwise.

It is a point of approach which has already, and abundantly, justified itself. There is marvellous music in his "Pelléas et Mélisande"—undoubtedly, thus far, his masterpiece: music of a twilight beauty and glamour, music that persuades and insinuates, that persistently enslaves the mind. Here, as has been said of a kindred art-work, is one of those "dream-colored dramas of the mind, best seen against imagined tapestries . . . against revealing shadows and tragic glooms and radiances" whose compulsions are very actual and very poignant. One is here aware of elemental forces working in silence and indirection; of a secret and haunting beauty inhabiting the shadowy figures who move dimly, with a kind of shy and wistful pathos, through a no less

shadowy pageant of griefs and ecstasies and fatalities. The "Nocturnes" for orchestra are conceived half in the spirit of landscape, half in the mood of reverie. Here, as Debussy has himself explained, the composer is not concerned "with the form of the nocturne, but with everything that this word includes in the way of impressions and special lights." In the first, "Nuages," is "the unchangeable appearance of the sky, with the slow and melancholy march of clouds"—a conception realized with an incomparable felicity and restraint. "Fêtes," the second of the set, is as elusive and bafflingly suggestive as the fading actuality of a dream: there is the suggestion, in Debussy's own words, of "a festival and its blended music," and passing through it, a magical and entirely chimerical procession. It is an extraordinary fantasy—an embodiment of a concept so subtle as quite to defy exposition. One savors it, and is moved and enthralled by it; but exactly what it implies is as evasively stated in the music itself as in Debussy's cryptic exegesis: "Movement, rhythm dancing in the atmosphere, with bursts of brusque light—luminous dust participating in total rhythm," are his words for it. The third piece, "Sirénes" (written for orchestra and women's voices), is no less impalpable . . . "the sea and its innumerable rhythm" is the key-note of its mood—the sea and its voices of seduction and command. In the "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune" —an earlier work—Mallarmé's famous rhapsody, which is exquisite enough in itself, is, in a way, transfigured. It is music of the most inveterate subtlety, of the most aërial refinement; yet it grips and abides.

It is made clear throughout his later and characteristic work that this unique tone-poet lives almost wholly, and with an unequalled intensity in what one must call, for want of an apter term, the psychic world. His music is colored, not with the hue and quality of moods which are the result of vague or specific emotional stimuli, but, as it were, their astral images—their reflection in the supersensuous consciousness: he gives you, in brief, the thing alembicated, distilled to the last degree. Herein lies, I believe, the secret of his remarkable art. For him the visible world does not, recognizably, exist—it is only upon the borderland of his soul that he discerns any certitude of what other men know as passion and emotion. In his eager and insatiable thirst for all beauty that is fugitive, and interior, and evanescent,

he reminds one of that most sensitive of modern poets, William Butler Yeats. He is like him in his supreme unconcern with those emotional gestures that are traditional and immediately significant. Hence it is that he is far less responsive to that region of the spirit where "the multitudinous beatings of many hearts become one," than to the thrall of a luminous and absorbing world of dream and fantasy. His contemplation of reality is at once clairvoyant and ecstatic:

> "You need but lift a pearl-pale hand
> And bind up your long hair and sigh,
> And all men's hearts must burn and beat."

But he worships at an altar whose true significance, it may be, he does not fully apprehend. His is less the adoration of beloved things than of the priestess of beauty who discloses their immortal substance.

This spiritual attitude is revealed through the medium of a style which is, in itself, singular and arresting enough to suggest to the most casual the presence of a new voice among the clamorous tongues of contemporary music. Certain of its roots strike deep into the fertile soil of Wagner; yet from that source of immeasurable richness Debussy has won a product that is, to-day, altogether his own. He has contrived an entirely novel system of expression. It pays tribute neither to the elder traditions of diatonic procedure, nor to the ungoverned chromaticism whose formulas have obsessed the music of the last half-century. From the dominance of the ascending half-tone progression of which Wagner's "Tristan" gave modern musicians the pattern, he has, in his later and representative work, kept himself conspicuously free. His system is, in a narrow and pedagogic sense, subversive, for it involves a complete overthrow of those canons of tonal integrity which, for so long, have seemed to have the force and authority of immutable law. Wagner was censured for modulating in every bar; but Debussy modulates with every beat of the measure. It is the signature of his style. He has broken down almost the last of the artificial barriers that a restricted interpretation of musical principles has arbitrarily set up between the different keys; and he has attained thereby an order of fluid and untrammelled utterance that is capable of an unimagined eloquence.

Harmonically, his style is a marvel of invention and artistry. Almost twenty years ago Debussy was employing in certain songs harmonic ideas that, even to-day, perplex and disconcert many minds not unreclaimably orthodox; and in his maturer work—in, for example, "Pelléas et Mélisande" and in the "Nocturnes"—he does things that, for those whose chosen or hieratic function it is to uphold the elder codes, seem little short of anarchistic. Yet, when his idiom is comprehended, one becomes aware of a delicately inexorable logic, an uncompromising ideal of form, underlying the shifting and apparently lawless structure. He is the first composer to suggest completely the analogy of a painter mixing colors. His harmonic hues are not so much juxtaposed as blended; his tonal combinations refract, and, so to speak, reecho one another, as the dominant notes of the painter's color scheme merge into and react upon their complements. For in this music the key relationships established by long tradition are no longer apparent—indeed, for our ears, they cease to exist at all. We are, to alter the figure, upon a changing and multicolored sea; there are impinging currents, and we are conscious of waves and tides. The familiar buoys are absent; yet we are not sensible of being adrift—we are invited merely to yield ourselves to a new control, to a wayward-seeming pilot whose understanding, it may be, perceives deeper currents and subtler winds than does our own.

Debussy marks a return—how broadly significant one need not now inquire—to a method essentially homophonic,—made natural enough, no doubt, by his preoccupation with specifically harmonic effects. He has shown no especial fondness for intricate polyphony. There are not a few contrapuntal felicities in his writing, but they impress one as incidental. He has demonstrated no particular capacity, or perhaps one should say no liking, for the deliberate accomplishment of such polyphonic miracles as are worked by Richard Strauss with so superb a mastery. Instead, he has carried to a point of almost incredible adroitness, flexibility, and resourcefulness the art of purely harmonic utterance. He has invented, indeed, a new harmonic idiom, and has measurably enlarged and enriched the expressional material of music.

The melodic element does not hold so significant a place in his scheme. But one must immediately qualify such a statement by the observation that Debussy is very far from turning

melody and its persuasions out-of-doors; nor is the type of melody which is native to his genius to be impeached because it will not stand the absurd test of being listened to without its harmonic support. His melody is emphatically individual. There are times when it verges upon obviousness, and it is not wholly guiltless of the sentimental curve. Sometimes, and quite properly and inevitably, it is but the border of his harmonic design, or is more rhythmic than melodic, without marked character of its own; again, though less often, it asserts itself with potency and distinction; at its best, it has both saliency and beauty, and then it partakes of the deep-seated and influential magic that informs his musical personality.

Debussy's musical ancestry is not obscure. He has owed much to Wagner—whom in print he has called, with diverting vehemence, "insupportable." The early songs show quite clearly his allegiance to the creator of "Tristan," full as they are of his own quality. From Massenet he acquired some minor traits which he is happily unlearning. For any marked traces of the influence of Berlioz, of Liszt, of Brahms, one searches fruitlessly. Occasionally he makes one think of César Franck; but Wagner has been his fountain-head. He has gone far on the path of his own destiny; no one since Wagner himself, not even Strauss, has evolved for himself a style more richly dyed with personality; but the greatest of modern music-makers taught him, at the start, much that he learned well and deeply. He acquired all that Wagner could teach him of the potency of dissonantal combinations, of chromatic relationships, of structural flexibility; and he has applied the lesson, with extravagant *finesse* and most subtle understanding, to his own intensely sophisticated yet unlabored art.

One wonders for what field of creative musicianship his gifts best fit him—whether for what we amusingly call "absolute" music, or for that whose primary inspiration proceeds from a dramatic, pictorial, or concretely emotional stimulus. It has been said of him that he is "obviously a 'literary' composer" —that "his brain must first be excited by the contemplation of a dramatic situation, a beautiful bouquet of verse, a picture, a stirring episode in a novel. But why cavil whether the initial impulse for his music be the need of money or Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa?*" Why indeed? Undoubtedly, in this sense, he is a "liter-

ary" composer. His only considerable works that are not avowedly associated with a particular external stimulus are his "Fantasie" for piano and orchestra, and his string Quartet, a curiously fascinating piece of writing that dates from what may be called his "middle period"—it was composed in 1893 and produced in Paris by Ysaye's quartet in the same year. In lyric form there are, besides the songs: "L'Enfant Prodigue," an early cantata which won him the *Prix de Rome* at the Institut in 1884; "La Demoiselle Élue," after Rossetti, composed four years later in Rome; and "Pelléas et Mélisande," his most important and indicative work. For orchestra there are (besides the "Fantasie" already mentioned) the "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune (Eclogue de S. Mallarmé)"—to give it its full title; the "Trois Nocturnes"; a "Danse Sacrée" and a "Danse Profane" for chromatic harp and orchestra; and three sketches, "La Mer": all belonging to the period between 1889 and 1906. There are numerous piano pieces, of which the more characteristic are a "Suite Bergamasque," "Estampes (Pagodes, La Soirée dans Grenade, Jardins sous la Pluie)," and "Images (Reflets dans l'Eau, Hommage à Rameau, Mouvement)"; and there are many songs, in which are contained much that is rare and typical. This is, quite evidently, the output of a music-maker for whom the most engaging function of his art is its capacity for emotional and dramatic representation. Yet, for those who know him, it will seem otiose to record the fact that, however natural an exemplar of "programmatic" writing he may be, he is anything but a tonal realist, a slave to delineation. It has been made evident enough in the foregoing pages, I think, that he is, in the purest sense of that outworn and misdirected term, an impressionist: a sensitive recorder, to use his own apt phrase, of "impressions and special lights."

His doctrines and prepossessions are contained *in esse*—have come, as it were, to a focus—in "Pelléas et Mélisande." He has revealed in this, as in no other work, his distinguishing traits. Nowhere else is he so completely and disarmingly himself, so happy in his medium. One would have said, in advance of the event, that he, of all living composers, was best fitted to write music for Maeterlinck's beautiful and exacting play. He was not only best fitted, he was ideally fitted; in listening to his music one catches oneself imagining that it and the drama issued from the

same brain. Not only is it impossible to conceive of the play wedded to any other music; it is difficult, after hearing the work in its lyric form, to think of it apart from its tonal commentary. For Debussy has caught and reuttered, with almost incredible similitude, the precise poetic accent of the dramatist. He has made definitely and poignantly articulate the heart-shaking sadness and beauty of this "vieille et triste légende de la forêt." Its indescribable glamour, its veiled and shadowy loveliness, the magical and fate-burdened atmosphere in which it is steeped—these things have found voice and tangibility in Debussy's score.

He has subjected the play to anything but a conventionally operatic treatment. The voices sing in a constant chant—technically, an unbroken recitative; there is no vocal melody whatever, none of the contrasted declamation and *cantabile* that Wagner employs with so brilliant an effectiveness. It was this feature of "Pelléas" that, more than anything else, brought down upon its composer's head the wrath of the rear-guard when the work was produced at the Opéra Comique in April, 1902. To the dissenters, his musical personages were mere "stammering phantoms"; he was regaled with the age-worn charge of having "ignored melody altogether"; and Maeterlinck himself (whose musical perceptions are not, conceivably, unlimited) called the work an "incomprehensible version." Debussy has defended his practice with point and directness: "I have been reproached," he says, "because in my score the melodic phrase is always found in the orchestra, never in the voice. I wished,—intended, in fact,—that the action should never be arrested; that it should be continuous, uninterrupted. I wanted to dispense with parasitic musical phrases. Melody is, if I may say so, almost anti-lyric, and powerless to express the constant change of emotion or life. Melody is suitable only for the song *(chanson)*, which confirms a fixed sentiment. I have never been willing that my music should hinder, through technical exigencies, the changes of sentiment and passion felt by my characters. It is effaced as soon as it is necessary that these should have perfect liberty in their gestures as in their cries, in their joy as in their sorrow." However much one may hesitate to subscribe to Debussy's generalities, the final justification for his procedure is in the fact that it is ideally suited to its purpose—the tonal utterance of Maeterlinck's rhymeless, metreless, and broken phrases. To have set them in

the sustained *arioso* style of "Tristan und Isolde" would have been as impossible as it would have been inept. As it is, the writing for the voices in "Pelléas" never, as one might reasonably suppose, becomes monotonous. The achievement—an astonishing *tour de force,* at the least—is as artistically successful as it is unprecedented in modern music. It is pleasant to speculate upon what Rossini or Verdi or Gounod—or, indeed, Wagner—would have said to the idea of an opera written, from beginning to end, in recitative; yet the effect of the thing is spontaneous, unforced, inevitable.

In his treatment of the orchestra, Debussy makes scarcely less resolute a departure from tradition. There is little symphonic development, in the Wagnerian sense. There are a number of representative phrases, of singular beauty and character, but they are employed more sparingly and simply than modern precedent would have led one to expect. They are seldom set in sharp and vividly dramatic contrast, as with Wagner; nor does Debussy contrive the fabric of his accompaniment as a polyphonic interweaving of significant themes. His orchestra reflects the emotional implications of the text and action with scrupulous fidelity, but suggestively rather than with detailed emphasis. The drama is far less heavily underscored than with Wagner; the note of passion or of conflict or of tragedy is never forced. His personages love and desire, exult and hate and die with a surprising economy of vehemence and insistence; there are scarcely more than a dozen *fortissimo* marks in the entire score. Yet, unrhetorical as the music is, it is never pallid; and in such truly climactic moments as that of Goloud's agonized outbreak in the scene with Mélisande, in the fourth act, and the ecstatic culmination of the final love scene, the music supports the dramatic and emotional crisis with superb competency.

Throughout, the effect is of the enclosure of the play in an atmosphere of ambient and suffusing tone: it is this perfect adjustment of exalted speech, action, music, and scenery, that makes the work in its lyric form the unparalleled and insinuating thing it is. Many passages are of an hypnotic and abiding fascination. There is something necromantic in the art which can so swiftly and so surely cast an ineluctable spell upon the heart and the imagination—such a spell as is cast in the scene at the "Fontaine des Aveugles," in the second act; or

when, upon the staircase under the castle tower, Mélisande's unbound hair falls and envelops Pelléas—an unforgettable page; or when the lovers meet for the last time at the Fountain of the Blind; or in the scene of Mélisande's death—one of the most pathetic and affecting pages in all music. With what simplicity, concentration, and delicate precision Debussy has accomplished his results only those who care to understand the structural organization of a score can quite appreciate. These will wonder at the elasticity and richness of the harmonic texture—which, while it is incurably "irregular," is never crude nor inchoate; at the suppleness and refinement of the melodic line; at the rhythmical variety and expressiveness; at the masterly and individual orchestration. But it need require no faculty of trained perception justly to value the excellences of Debussy's score. There is great beauty, great eloquence, in this music. It has sincerity, dignity, and reserve, yet it is charged to the brim with ardor, with tenderness, with sensibility.

It is less with the thought of marking its deficiencies than of defining the limit of what it attempts, that one notes of Debussy's art, as a whole, that it has more of ecstasy than of vigor, that it excels in subtlety rather than in breadth. Yet it is neither frail nor slight. It is always, in its graver moments, at close quarters with human and sincere emotion; but Debussy, one must say again, envisages his world through a psychic veil that magicalizes without distorting—a veil that, while it may lessen the impression of actuality, yet has the curious and compensating property of revealing unsuspected and secret aspects, unnoticed lights and surfaces and contours. Here is a musician who walks with those eager and quickened beings for whom, behind every concrete manifestation of human life, hovers a shape of fire and air—for whom the dreaming spirit of the world has a far greater authenticity and a nearer presence than the shifting substances that are its shadow. It is this remote, this astral life that profoundly and exclusively concerns him. Of the manner in which his art reflects it, one may not inaptly say that it has pervadingly that beauty defined by Pater—"a beauty wrought from within . . . the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE RESTRICTION OF OUTPUT.

BY CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

DURING the last twelve or fifteen years much has been heard of the efforts of both employers and trades-unions to restrict or limit the output of manufacturing establishments. It is comparatively a new economical subject, so far as discussion is concerned; and little has been written about it. Attempts to limit output both by employers and employees are quite old, but it is only with the recent development of machinery that such attempts have been in large degree effective.

The word "restriction" is not quite the correct one. "Regulation" may represent the truth more clearly, although any regulations which limit the product of the works or of the men are essentially restrictions.

Trades-unionists allege that employers do not hesitate to limit the output of their works when the goods they produce are overstocked. Such limitation or restriction is to affect the price, but the employer, while desiring to keep the price up, must also, while his works are running, run at a speed that will not increase the cost of production per unit. The employee does not have this complication when he attempts, by any regulation of the union or other organization, to limit the production of the individual. The effect of the employer's effort is to limit the aggregate output. The effect of the working-men's effort is to limit or regulate the output per man in a given time. The public is not generally familiar with this feature, as it is with that of rebates on railroads, and yet it is quite as important—even more so, from the consumer's point of view.

There have been some rather aggravated attempts during the past few years, like that of the cotton-growers of the South, who met in a convention a few years ago when the price of cot-

ton was very low and passed resolutions to the effect that there should be a decrease in the area planted, thus hoping by regulating the amount of cotton grown to keep the price where they thought it ought to be kept. The result was somewhat comical, for many went home from the convention feeling that, as most planters would limit their areas, they individually could increase theirs and thus profit by the operation. All such attempts are of course uneconomic, impolitic, and they result in much demoralization in the market.

Four or five years ago there was a glut of Christmas trees in the New York market, and prices were lowered very materially. The holders of the trees deliberately destroyed a large quantity, so that the supply might be lessened and thus the prices enhanced. Such things are open to public observation; but where, in a line of mechanical industry, there is an overstock of goods, the public does not recognize the process by which the stock is limited until the supply and demand are fairly equalized. It has not been rare that under such conditions the managements of establishments involved, not wishing to suspend their works and thus decrease the output, have ingeniously engineered a strike, resulting in a shut-down of the works, when the managers could stand before the public as being the victims of a strike, and not as having suspended for the sake of decreasing the supply.

So, too, agreements are sometimes made between employers and employees for the very purpose of limiting the output, the employees receiving a higher wage meantime and the producer a higher price. Some years ago, this method worked very successfully for quite a period in the glass-blowing trade. This method has also prevailed to some extent in the ship-building industry in England, in the pottery industry in this country, in the machine industry, in the production of lamp chimneys and in various other lines of productive industry. This method seems to be the favorite one where the unions and employers work in fair harmony; but if such agreements result in higher prices, or in preventing reasonable competition, the consumer pays the bills.

But the restriction or regulation of output about which most is said relates to the attitude of trades-unions; a careful study of the subject leads to the conclusion that there is not any very severe restriction on the part of trades-unions, but rather an at-

tempt to regulate output, so that justice may be done in the various complicated conditions of mechanical industry, and that in this matter of regulation is to be found the most subtle relation of employer and employee, a relation not very well understood by the public or by economic writers.

The bald charge of restriction seems to be the limit of discussion, of course with details as to the quantity and value of the restriction. That such regulations on the part of trades-unions result oftentimes in a very marked increase in cost, cannot be denied. Trades-unionists in America do not hesitate to admit that they indulge in regulations so far as their members are concerned, but justify them on various grounds. The English trades-unionists have flatly denied the existence of any rules limiting output.

Mr. Mosely's delegation of working-men, when in this country, stated to the writer, in the most emphatic manner, that the trades-unionists of England did not indulge in any limitation of output; yet the facts show that they do so regulate their work as to effect restriction and to increase cost of production. One of the most distinguished builders of London told me recently that the public in America was not aware of the fact that it cost more to erect buildings in London than in New York, because the bricklayers' union, for instance, would not allow bricklayers to lay more than 450 or 500 bricks per day, while in this country from 1,500 to 2,000 bricks are laid per day in the same line of work, that is, straight-wall work.

Some will remember, although it was not generally known, that four or five years ago employees in the Chicago building trades attempted some very severe regulations as to the quantity of work which should constitute a day's work, their theory being that quantity and not time should be the measure of work, for which a certain wage was to be paid. The lathers, for instance, reduced the number of laths which should be laid in one day as against the number which a fairly skilled workman could lay, and the plumbers instituted a rule that three wiped joints should be considered a day's work, although a plumber of ordinary skill could make such a joint in thirty minutes. The limitations which it was attempted to put in force at that time were absurd in great degree, and employers retaliated in their way, so that finally some of the most extravagant claims of the amount of

work which should be paid for as "a day's work" were regulated by agreement. The limitation of work in the ship-building trades in New York and vicinity has resulted most disastrously in the transference of repairs, etc., to neighboring ports. The same principles prevail or apply in these matters as in all others where there is an attempt arbitrarily to fix economic conditions.

There is probably as much complication growing out of attempts to regulate output in the printing and publishing business as in any other. The introduction of linotype machines aroused the compositors to such a degree that they feared their trade was to be demoralized and work taken from them. They therefore undertook, when such machines came into use, to regulate rates and amounts, so that fair justice should be done. At present this contest does not exist, because, while there was a temporary loss on the part of compositors, it has been more than made up by increased work and otherwise. Here, as in other industries, what is known economically as the "dead line" is brought forward as a reason for regulation. The "dead line" means the minimum quantity of product per day which entitles an employee to employment. In some cities employees and employers are quite averse to the employment of men who fall below that line. This dead-line idea applies only to machine composition, where it applies at all, in the printing industry. Where an operator falls below the prescribed quantity, he is considered as falling below the "dead line," and thus there is a restriction in this direction.

Other restrictions relate to the number of persons employed and the kind of composition and other matters pertaining to the trade.

Of course the unionists justify limitation on account of nervous exhaustion in the use of machines, technicalities of the machine, the insistence of publishers that steady, moderate speed should be used.

There are many agreements between employers and employees in the manufacture of hardware. A large proportion of the product is controlled by pools that restrict, regulate or apportion the output, and there are in some cases formal compacts which affect prices. The men sometimes know all these things and retaliate by making limitations of their own. They insist upon certain conditions, one of which has been the cause of a great

deal of antagonism, that relating to the number of men in proportion to the number of machines. Employers oppose the one-man-one-machine rule, and in some cases this rule does not amount to a limitation of the output, but is a regulation in the interest of health and proper conduct.

The union also adopts some rules or regulations relative to the introduction of cutting-tools. One of their chief contentions relates to piece-work. If piece-work could be carried on by allowing a man to do his best, there might not be so much friction, but machinists' organizations do not like this work and discontinue it whenever they get the power, even when the result is a reduced earning capacity. Employees complain that, when the piece-work system is established, at first the price is high and they can make more money than on any other basis, but that the piece rate is reduced as time goes on, so that as day wages go up piece prices are apt to go down, the piece rate being cut so that at a new rate of speed the workman earns no more than under the day-wage system. It is seen that in this industry, therefore, there are reasons for the attempted regulations beyond the simple restriction of output which is alleged.

Union men oppose the idea of the employer's obtaining a large or increased percentage of product without a corresponding increase of wages to the workmen; hence they attempt some form of regulation. So the unions in the machine industry quite generally claim that they have no specific restrictions on output, but regulations looking to juster conditions and more impartial operation of the works.

What has been said relative to the machinery industry applies in large degree, although not in detail, to the iron and steel industry. Complications in these are great indeed, and all the processes involving double turns and single turns and even three-turn systems, different shifts, the charging of furnaces and all the processes of production, must be the subject of minute regulation, or injustice would be done in many cases.

In coal-mining, especially the bituminous industry, there is really abundant occasion for proper regulations, even though such regulations result in a limitation of output. The operators must conduct their business so as to secure a fair profit, the miners must work in such a way as to enable them, by a reasonable day's work, to secure a fair day's pay. The use of machines

enters into this matter largely, and very many other conditions demand regulation. In the anthracite-coal industry the operators have claimed for a long time that the miners' union restricts output, and yet they themselves must regulate their industry in such ways as in many cases to lead to such limitation. Both parties occupy peculiar relations to this matter of restriction. The operators, when they endeavor to maintain an output ample to meet current demand, do not permit a surplus that might unsettle prices and affect the earnings of those engaged in the industry; while, if they press the mines for greatest output and there is slight demand for the product, prices must decline to such a low point that a material reduction in wages would be absolutely necessary.

It would therefore seem quite necessary, in the interest of both miners and operators, that there should be some regulation relative to the quantity of coal mined; yet, when such things are attempted, the public feels that it is the victim of unlawful combination in some way, although it is not easily ascertained in what way the combination is illegal. Yet it is certain that the railroad companies to some extent limit the total output of coal to conform to that quantity which the market will take at prices which are uniform for the different companies operating. The union attempts to distribute work in such a way that all shall be fairly treated, as by the regulation as to the number of cars —mine cars—which shall be loaded per day, or the number of hours of a shift from one period to another and at different times of the year. All the restriction, all apparent restriction, really occurs in regulating the total output. All other items are simply the result of distributing the output equitably among the railroads, collieries and miners.

So there are certain rules which might be called restrictive in the ready-made clothing trade, whereby the union secures what it considers certain advantages. They attempt to substitute for piece-work a system of week-work to make uniform the conditions of labor in the trade, and to reduce the hours of labor gradually to eight per day. They also institute regulations relative to cutting with the electric knife and with the band knife. The unions have rarely adopted any rules limiting the amount of work or earnings, unless their attempt to limit the hours of work per week be restriction.

The Cigar-makers' Union of America has indulged in rules and regulations very largely by agreements between them and employers, by which the conditions of the industry have been made more agreeable and at the same time more profitable.

The boot-and-shoe industry has been subject to many rules and regulations for a long time, with a view, however, to adjusting conditions rather than to limiting output.

In slaughtering and meat-packing it is charged by employers that there is a general decrease in output in all departments, resulting from the actions of the unions; while the unionists charge that employers resort to various means for keeping the product within certain lines for the purpose of affecting prices. On the part of the workmen, there has doubtless been a slowing down in the speed, and union representatives agree that this has been so, but they allege that it is an unconscious slowing up in prosperous times following the speeding up that occurs during periods of stress. These are natural processes rather than forced ones. Officials of the Chicago Packing Trades Council state that there are no restrictions in the general work of the packing-houses outside of the cattle and sheep killing, and there it is not restriction but an agreed limit which has been admitted to be a reasonable hour's work by the employers.

It is in only a few trades of the United States that the subject of restriction is of any importance. There are of course very many trades or industries in America, but probably not more than thirty-five or forty are alleged to have any restrictions or regulations affecting the quantity of output. The information for thirty of such trades, that is nearly all, has been collected in an official report by the United States Commissioner of Labor. This report also embraces some features of alleged restriction in Great Britain, although information relative to the subject is very difficult to obtain. The real discussion of the restriction of output as a policy in Great Britain arose with the issue, by the International Federation of Ship, Dock and River Workers, of what is known as "the ca'canny circular." "Ca'canny" is a simple and handy phrase which is used to describe a new instrument or policy which may be used by the workers in place of a strike. This gave rise to a movement in England under that name when the workmen proposed regulations for the work. This circular insisted that workmen paid good wages could give their

best labor and their best skill; and, as "ca'canny" means "go easy," the union named instituted the "go-easy" policy until the operators and employers were willing to meet and confer with the men's representatives, thus hoping to avoid a strike; so after the appearance of the circular, October 10th, 1896, the shipworkers urged the adoption of the "ca'canny" policy as a regular method on their part when the wages, in the opinion of the workers, were unfairly low. Specifically the "ca'canny" system meant that, if a man could get only four shillings for five shillings' worth of work he did in a day, he should do only the four shillings' worth, and that he was a fool to do otherwise. Here was a rule which meant restriction in a certain sense, although not a direct restriction on output. The policy caused a great deal of discussion, and the unions were accused by "The Times" and other periodicals of adopting a policy of restriction; but the federation of trades-unions repudiated the idea that they were indulging in any such policy. The discussion and agitation continued, and its development is likely to affect different classes of workmen.

Certainly in the ship-building trade there has been more or less restriction, and it is the result of persistent organized effort, for in the ship-building trades the foremen themselves are practically members of the union. Piece-work, the employment of machinery and other conditions have led to these regulations.

The printing and publishing industry of England has come under rules regulating output, and to such an extent as to result in some limitation. This is true also of the boot-and-shoe industry, and certainly in the building trades, as has been stated, especially in bricklaying. Cabinet-making has been subjected to the rules of the union, especially to resist united pressure of employers. Even in street-paving, it is found that there is some limitation. Employers insist that there is much of this, but their position is combated by the employees, who insist that their limitations are only indirect results of proper regulations.

The textile industry, one subject of competition especially from abroad, offers an opportunity in Great Britain for various rules resulting in more or less regulation of the output of establishments. There are industries in Great Britain that are subject to the prevailing methods. There is, of course, a great deal of ill adjustment of the relations of capital and labor in Great

Britain as well as in this country, and it is to overcome these ill adjustments that the trades-unionists claim they are instituting their regulations. What Professor John H. Gray, who has studied the subject in Great Britain, says of that country is quite true of this. He says:

"Formal restriction, therefore, is likely to be, as it doubtless has been in the past, a matter of general understanding among the workmen in certain shops or districts, carried on perhaps against the judgment of the national union leaders and ofttimes without those leaders having any knowledge of the fact.

"When it comes to the indirect action of the unions which really may affect the output in a serious way the matter is somewhat clearer; for, in the attempt to bring about the changed relations between employer and employed, the question of manning and rating machines, of apprentices, of standard rates and numerous other things constitute the weapons of the laborers."

But everywhere, whether in Great Britain or on the Continent or in this country, there are very many points which can be adjusted by joint agreements, which, though indirectly affecting the amount of output, must and will result in better relations, in more just conditions, in more uniform wages, a more reasonable length of day for work. These subjects relate to the intensity of exertion, a very important matter, subtle, elusive, hard to reach by any regulation or any dogmatic or arbitrary rule. A restriction of speed may make possible a larger number of hours of work during the day, or may enable the workman to continue at work with greater regularity through the year, and therefore with a reduced number of idle days for rest and recuperation, and it may make possible a longer period of trade life. The workman is therefore directly and peculiarly interested in any regulation which shall relieve him of annoyance and severe strain resulting from the exertion required to produce a certain amount of goods in a certain length of time. But every attempt to restrict speed is certainly a restriction of output. The consumer meets the result by increased cost, it may be, although increased speed ought to decrease cost; but, should it not do so, must not the consumer be content to contribute some share of the expense necessary to relieve the workman of the great strain of increased exertion under modern industrial methods?

So, too, in the question of machinery. All students of the

subject must admit that there can still be better, more healthful and saner rules relative to the working of machines and the application of improved tools. The consumer gets any general benefit from the introduction of any machine. He should therefore be willing to meet part of the cost. Society owes something to the workman in this respect. The writer has heard great employers claim that all benefits from the introduction of speeded machinery should belong to the workmen. It is probable, however, that ethical and economic law would not approve of the statement. The workman should receive a large share, and does receive a large share, of the benefits resulting from the introduction of machinery. Society, however, is the chief beneficiary.

Another matter which must come under regulation is the division of labor. So, too, the question of administration, by which the greatest economy is secured, can be the subject, as it already is to some extent, of regulation. Hours of labor and wages and methods of payment can be regulated by joint agreements, but indirectly they must be considered as restrictions. Also the matter of employing and discharging workmen is a subject of regulation. There must be a sane and just method of regulating this difficult question. All the unions enforce restrictions in this respect, if possible. The employer's freedom is at stake; while, on the part of the public, the general rule that the employer has a right to employ and discharge without let or hindrance is accepted and is recognized by the courts everywhere.

Both employers and employees are becoming more and more sensitive as to what they call their rights, and at the same time are willing to indulge in joint rules which shall relieve industry of strained relations, which are worse for the public than any reasonable restriction of output.

Certainly, the public can stand all possible regulations which employers and employees will mutually accept or adopt, that are aimed at securing steady, fairly paid employment, healthy conditions for work, and as much justice in all the delicate and ever-subtle relations of employer and employee as is possible with human nature and ethical and economic law.

CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

And the Contest in New York State.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

The contest for the office of Governor of New York State is being followed with quite unwonted sincerity and depth of interest. And quite rightly, it would seem. For far more is involved than the personalities of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hearst. The present conflict brings us back to the principles on which the life of states and nations is built. The decision now reached will be remembered as a turning-point, perhaps, in our national history.

It is not merely that the present contest will have great influence on the next Presidential election; that success for the candidate of the Democratic party now will mean a flush of hope for his success in 1908; that the election of the present candidate is more than likely to determine the choice of that candidate for the greater struggle two years hence. In reality, far more is involved.

The real importance of the conflict seems to be this: The last few years have seen an extraordinary development of our national life. New forces have come into being, new forms of force and energy have been developed, new groupings of the very elements of humanity have been reached; and conditions have arisen, full of vitality and full of fate, such as we have never seen before, and such as no nation has ever seen before. The direction of these momentous forces will determine our entire future as a nation, and will greatly influence the life and destiny of other nations. The two candidates for the office of Governor of New York State are representative men. Each embodies a certain principle of action. Each stands for a method of dealing with

the great forces of our modern life. Each comes with clear proposals and a clear policy. And the present choice is likely to determine which of these policies will be followed in our national life for years to come.

If we ask what the new and unprecedented forces in our national life are, we can easily get the answer from the letters of acceptance of the two candidates. To begin with, we find Mr. Hughes declaring against "boss" rule, and affirming that he will accept no dictation but that of his own conscience. This may provoke little wonder; so used are we to the influence of the "boss" in politics that we hardly give the matter a thought. Yet it merits most careful thought, for the system involved is not only vicious; it is also disintegrating, and cuts at the root of liberty and free government.

Let us make this clear. The following would, perhaps, not be an unfair description of the "boss" system, as it exists in most of our cities and States. The "boss" is a man of great natural force. He is often a born leader. He has the personal magnetism which induces willing obedience. He is astute and able in his plans. Like a good leader, he chooses able lieutenants. They must have, in their degree, personal magnetism and astuteness. They must be ably seconded by lesser men, whose business it is to know practically every voter, almost every man, woman and child, in the district committed to their care.

In practice, the "boss" and his satellites do a great deal for their adherents. They have influence with employers of labor, with State or city officials, with heads of departments. By a word in season, they can get work for those out of employment, or better pay for their friends. And under the "boss" system there is always some one who can "put things through" with ease and despatch. If one has a new undertaking in hand which requires the assent of the State or city, the influential personage will "see it through." Somebody must be "seen," and, if the interview is satisfactory, things will presently begin to move smoothly in the desired direction.

What is true of private enterprises is true of public offices. The word of the "boss" is decisive. The friend of the "boss" gets the nomination. And when election day comes, the "boss" can "make good." His lieutenants can "swing the voters into line," and secure victory at the polls. We presently have a

corporate government made up of "friends of the boss," and there is little reason to expect that the stimulus of self-interest which has moved matters up to this point will cease to determine the further course of events.

In fact, we presently find a parasite life developed and grown strong within the body politic of State or city; a second State within the State, absolutely selfish, absolutely mercenary, wholly unscrupulous, avowedly after money, "first, last and all the time." When we read of the condition of Spain, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, where a web of religious houses and organizations had spread over the land, drawing from the people a larger revenue than the national revenue of Spain, and exempt from taxation, we throw up our hands in horror, and very justly. Yet we have something very much worse in the "boss" system which permeates our States and cities to-day. For the essence of the whole system is injustice. It aims, and successfully aims, at obtaining for its adherents some advantage at every point above what they are entitled to, in strict justice to their fellow citizens. It aims at securing them from due punishment for evil-doing, in return for corrupt consideration. It aims at building up within the State an organization whose members shall at all points be favored, protected, defended, beyond the measure of strict justice, and to the detriment of every one outside the organization.

When we read of some strong wrongdoer of the Middle Ages, who was able to build up for himself an almost regal power within the State, securing for his armed "*bravi*" unlimited plunder, immunity in evil, license in all kinds of violence, we can see at once what an evil and injustice we are dealing with. We are far slower to realize that the "boss" of to-day, with his organized adherents, represents exactly the same evil principle, and is working exactly the same wrong to the body politic, is inflicting exactly the same injustice on the whole body of citizens. Justice should secure absolutely fair dealing for every member of the State; justice should establish and maintain an absolutely fair relation among all members of the State; and Law, the most sacred thing in human life, should be an expression of this even-handed justice. The "boss" system, with its organized scheme of favoritism, of immunities, absolutely defeats justice, and cuts at the root of law. It attacks, and must ultimately destroy, the very foundation on which the life of a nation rests.

We need not suppose that the "boss" and his followers are more depraved than the great mass of their fellow citizens. They are ambitious and eager for money. But then, as a nation, we are eager for money and ambitious. The "boss" and his *bravi* have simply applied in a special field the wonderful American gift for organization; and they have chosen the field of government to exercise their faculty in, because they have a low sense of obligation to justice and Law. Their power is made possible by a wide-spread failure to esteem Law and obedience to Law at their high and sacred value; by the general unwillingness of "people of the better sort" to make the sacrifices of personal comfort and gain which would make a thorough reform possible.

We have, therefore, in the "boss" system an immense force, practically a new development of life, due to the conditions of our national growth, and calling for vigorous and incisive action. And we have, in their relation toward this question, the first touchstone of the two candidates for the office of Governor of New York State. It is a question, not of words, but of deeds. We find one candidate explicitly declaring his independence of "boss" rule. We have the other candidate in close alliance to the "boss" system, and seeking to profit by it.

Again, in Mr. Hearst's letter of acceptance this time, we have much said of corporations, "the trusts that rob the people," as they are eloquently styled. And here, it seems to me, we have a second touchstone. For both candidates have a defined and clear-cut policy toward corporations, and Mr. Hughes at least has given us admirable object-lessons in the application of his policy.

It is, perhaps, a defect in our national character, that we are too completely absorbed in practical life to think our way to the root and principle of things; just as, in science, we are far more apt at applied mechanics than at large and universal discoveries. So it happens that we have reached an immense development of corporations, without any clear idea of what they imply; and so it becomes possible for certain types of people to spend their days and nights denouncing corporations, trusts and combinations of every kind, without there being at hand any very ready answer to their attacks. How many of us are clear in our minds as to the necessity and rightness of trusts and corporations? How many can give a reason for the faith that is in us?

We shall proceed most safely by the historic method. Corporations, combinations of resources, have grown up by natural stages, to meet actual wants and conditions. There are undertakings without number which no individual could carry out; and the principle of the division of labor is the germ of all corporate enterprises. The truth is that combinations of effort are absolutely right and necessary; that they belong to the stage of life on which humanity has entered; that their application to all productive undertakings is a necessity, an inevitable development of forces inherent in humanity.

In the last great epoch, the main activity of humanity was political. Families were welded into tribes. Tribes were welded into states. States were welded into nations. Whether it be the coalescence of the kingdoms of Mercia, Anglia, Northumbria and the rest into the one realm of England; or the formation of modern France from the great feudal principalities; or the making of United Italy; or the union of the kingdoms of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony and the rest in the German Empire, we have everywhere the principle of combination, of a wider and wider corporate life. And we have everywhere, as the result, a wider growth of human consciousness, so that each individual feels for England or France or Germany or Italy, holding the whole nation within his conscious life. In the process of welding there was much suffering, much injustice. War and bloodshed were rife throughout the whole epoch. Nevertheless, the outcome is great and lasting human good, a good which is purely moral and spiritual in the last analysis.

The same principle of combination, of corporate life, is now being applied to production, as it was formerly applied to individual lives. And in the long run its fruit will be as beneficial. Internal competition in any productive industry is exactly the same thing as internal friction in a machine; a definite loss, which is not compensated in any way. It is so much sheer detriment. And the abolition of internal friction, which is brought about by the formation of corporations or trusts, or whatever they may be called, is such an immense advantage that it has made great fortunes in numbers hitherto unknown in human history. We all profit in ways innumerable by undertakings which embody this principle of combination. We are served by them in endless directions; and without them almost everything which

characterizes our civilization would be impossible. More than that, these undertakings bring distinct moral and spiritual gain, as surely as does the principle of combination in national life. For, through vast enterprises like our telegraph and steamship lines, our railroads and telephones, all mankind is brought into a common consciousness; so that nowadays we think for more than England or France, Italy or Germany. We think for the whole human race. Every morning, as we read our newspapers, we are taking a survey of no less than the whole of humanity, and the moral gain involved in that is incalculable. Therefore a moment's sane thought will convince any one that combinations, whether we call them trusts or corporations or whatever it be, are right and just, an essential factor in human progress.

The truth is that, by confusion, accidental or deliberate, this question of combined energies is involved with another, of wholly different nature: the question of prices. In former days, prices were determined by competition, and one competitor sought to gain business by underbidding his neighbors. Yet in this struggle there was an immense loss, through internal friction, and the total level of prices was raised to make good this loss. Competition determined prices, but prices can be determined without competition. For example, the price which railroads may charge for carrying passengers was determined long ago in England, by Parliamentary enactment; so that, even now, many of the railroads quote three fares: First, Second and "Parliamentary," the last being equivalent to two cents a mile. This is one instance of a method which has already very wide application, and which is capable of indefinite extension; and just as it is vastly easier and more economical to travel, say, from London to Edinburgh in a "parliamentary" train, the fruit of a combination whose price is regulated by law, than to travel over the same distance in a carriage, so, in general, production through properly regulated combinations will be much more economical in every direction.

Here, once more, we have a vast new force, which in our own country has had and is having an unprecedented development, and which is without doubt one of the forces which will determine our future as a nation. It contains great elements of good. It contains dangers and seeds of evil. Once again, we may use this condition of things as a touchstone, to try Mr. Hughes and

Mr. Hearst. In the one, we have a sane and balanced recognition of the part which is played, and which must be played, by the great combinations of resources which are called trusts and corporations. And we have, besides, an admirable, well-judged and temperate policy of control, which Mr. Hughes has shown himself able to devise and apply to two immense and powerful combinations: the gas trust and the insurance societies. The method of Mr. Hughes, in dealing with the gas trust, was simplicity itself. He first ascertained the actual value of the plant, property and rights owned by the trust, and then determined what would be a fair and equitable price for gas, which would secure a fair profit for the trust, while supplying the public at a fair and moderate cost. It is exactly what was done in the case of the "parliamentary" trains, and the principle is capable of wide application. It may be noted, in passing, that the very fact that all the gas plants were combined in one corporation made it greatly easier to determine the question of price, so that here also the principle of combination proved itself to be an economic advantage. Mr. Hughes's work in providing for the proper control of the insurance companies is too recent and too well known to need any description. It is enough to point out that it illustrates the true way of dealing with great trusts and corporations.

On the other hand, in Mr. Hearst we have a policy of denunciation. We have sentences concerning "the trusts that rob the People," "corrupt corporations," and so on, in endless variety of phrase, but with dull monotony of thought. We have indiscriminate abuse, without any penetrating understanding of the true principles involved, or the part played by the principle of combination in the past, and destined to be played by that principle in the future. We have a total failure to understand, covered up under an unceasing flow of condemnation.

A third great element in our life, and one which we may well call unprecedented, is the almost universal spread of the elements of education. Nearly every man, woman and child, in our vast population of eighty millions, knows how to read, and does read. Here are great possibilities of good, and also great dangers.

We have an immense multitude able to read, yet with very little knowledge, wholly deficient in the historical sense, knowing almost nothing of the long epic of man, very short-sighted, and almost exclusively occupied with questions of personal well-

being. Here is a wide field for the sowing of good seed, or the sowing of evil. If there be among us men ambitious of power and profit, with a flow of words, with no high sense of justice and responsibility, they have a wide field ready to hand. They may come before this multitude, which is able to read without being able to judge, and they may fill its ears with condemnations, with denunciations, with tales of robbery and fraud. They may appeal persistently to self-interest and selfishness. They may do this in season and out of season, fanning the flame of envy and discontent, telling the multitude that they are being robbed, tyrannized over, maltreated. In this way they may gain countless followers. They may become a power, with which the older parties may have to reckon, either as opponents or as allies. They may gain the highest offices in the nation. Yet who can doubt the unwisdom and injustice of all this, the wide evil produced, the ultimate disaster invited?

The danger of a policy of denunciation has always been that the denouncer will presently be outstripped by others, who have less scruple, who find even more to denounce, in fiercer words. There is the growing force of the avalanche. Envy, hatred and malice are strong forces. Who stirs them up is kindling a fire which will presently become a conflagration. They are forces of destruction, of disintegration. And for this disintegration, history knows only one remedy: military despotism.

The application of all this to the present contest in New York State is evident. We are already face to face with dangers of this kind. Strong appeals are made to envy, jealousy, class hatred in every form. Grave responsibility is incurred by every one who seeks to turn these forces to personal profit, or who gives cause for these sermons of denunciation. Yet even were just cause wholly lacking, the danger would not be absent, the possibility of evil would hardly be less.

In the present contest, the forces of denunciation are directed against trusts, corporations and all forms of combined effort and resource. Yet we have seen that the formation of such combinations is eminently necessary and right; that they are one of the greatest factors in modern progress, one of the greatest discoveries of modern times, and, further, that they are simply a new application of the older forces that built up nations and national life. These combinations are indiscriminately denounced as "the

trusts that rob the People," though in sober truth the great fortunes made through the trusts are due primarily to the immense economic advantage of the principle of combination, which eliminates internal friction, and not to robbery of the people at all. We have all profited largely by the vast economies thus made possible, and we are destined to profit even more largely, as the principle of control further supplements the principle of combination. For, as we have seen, it is absolutely possible to fix prices equitably and justly by law, so that both parties to the bargain shall be fairly treated. This has been done in the case of railways in England, and of land rents in Ireland, to mention only two typical cases; and it can be done in every field of human production. Yet we have that perpetual torrent of abuse, of condemnation, appealing to envy, hatred and class jealousy, and sowing the seeds of evil, which may presently spring up in a disastrous harvest.

We need, at the present time, fairness, moderation, justice. We need clear vision, evenly balanced judgment, the ability to see far, and rightly to estimate the gigantic and novel forces which are shaping the destiny of our country, and influencing the fate of the whole world. We emphatically do not need an increase in the forces of hatred, of malice, of discontent, of unjust and indiscriminate condemnation, directed against the new creative forces which, as yet, have only begun their mighty work.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

OXFORD AND OTHER WORLD-UNIVERSITIES.

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It has been said that French history could be written in epigrams. An interpretation of Oxford could be written not only in epigrams but also in paradoxes. Oxford is a University, and is ever to be so interpreted, but the College is the unit and the soul. It is a union of immortal youth and of immemorial age. It stands for the highest social classes of a nation in which social distinctions are cut wide and deep, but it is also the source and origin of the most popular movement in religion since the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century. It is conservative, fighting for the retention of Greek as a compulsory study; but it is also alert, inquisitive, responsive to a degree to the day and the hour. It represents tolerance; but the typical Oxford man is supposed to be arrogant, cocky and remote. It has been and still is the buttress and support of the Church, but the late Bishop Creighton, most competent interpreter, said that it lacked "moral spring." Oxford is indeed a paradox, or rather a series of paradoxes.

Among these paradoxes is the fact that the worth of Oxford's education goes far to prove the worthlessness of the ordinary means of education, known as learning or knowledge. Oxford is the best illustration of the value of the remark not uncommon in American colleges, "Don't let your education interfere with your college life." Its methods go far to avoid the peril which the most famous of recent masters, Jowett, intimated in saying that "Education may be the grave of the mind." Oxford does use learning and knowledge in giving an education, although its primary atmosphere is not scholastic; but it uses also and far

more the person. Its purpose is not so much to push out the boundaries of science as to form character. Its aim is rather human than humanistic. It seeks to be the mother of men. It aims not so much to teach as to develop. Teaching it uses as a means, and upon that it lays emphasis, but not emphasis at all so heavy as it puts upon the end of character itself.

In seeking this purpose Oxford uses scholarship, but scholarship more as a condition than as a cause. The cause is the man, the teacher, the tutor, the person, the friend. It adopts the homœopathic principle; it seeks to make men through men. The personal force is not the formal professor. The formal professor is in peril of being simply "ornamental," as an Oxford tutor said to me, although the peril is in many cases happily avoided. The personal force is the tutor; he comes into close intellectual grip and grapple with the students. He it is who embodies the essential of good teaching, declared in the remark, "He calleth his own sheep by name and leadeth them out."

The force which the University and the College thus use is not only the tutor, mature in character; but also the equal, the contemporary, the fellow student of the student himself. Student makes student, man man. The attrition of pebbles of equal size wears each into smoothness. The talk of the common room, the intimacies of breakfast and of luncheon, the pulling of oars in the same boat, constant and intimate association, represent forces and conditions which help to make men. The club of any good sort has value in terms of character.

In this mutual creativeness of manhood, criticism is a constantly used tool. The Englishman is a hard hitter. He both gives and receives good blows. He respects a worthy antagonist; he despises a weak one. What we in America would call rather hard criticism appears, for instance, in the Oxford Magazine regarding the debates of the Union Society. I copy these comments from several numbers of that review: "—— has a confidence in himself which is remarkable; we wish that we could have put an equal confidence in all his arguments." "—— gave us a lecture when we wanted a debate." "—— needs to unlearn his fatal fluency, if he is to become a really good speaker." "—— is at present overburdened with confidence. With a little more humility he should make a good speaker." "When the bell rang he remarked that he had better sit down. Perhaps he

was right. He wants more experience." "—— should remember, however, that the Debating Hall is small in size, and that the voice need not be raised so loud as it has to be when addressing five thousand Irishmen." "—— was perhaps lacking in maiden modesty. He should simulate a little bashfulness and drop a tendency to pulpit methods." These remarks, however, are not to be taken too seriously, and, furthermore, they were accompanied by remarks quite as complimentary respecting other speakers. The criticisms, moreover, are on the whole a part of the critical mood and attitude of Oxford. The talk of the common room is critical of men as well as of movements. The advice which Jowett gave to Matthew Arnold when he was beginning his service as Professor of Poetry, "Teach us not to criticise but to admire," has not received general adoption.

In this personal development is seen an instance of the application of the elective system of studies. The elective system I now use, not in the sense in which it is used in the American college, of a choice between different studies, but rather in the sense of a choice between studying and not studying. The advice which a private tutor gave in "Punch" to a pupil whom he was fitting for the University, "Work well with me for six months, and I promise you a long three years' holiday when you go up to Oxford," is supported by altogether too much evidence. Some men read at Oxford and read hard; many certainly do not. In the year 1860, Walter Bagehot, writing of Gladstone, said that the education given at Oxford acts as a "narcotic rather than as a stimulant"; but the remark was made almost half a century ago, and in that period Oxford has certainly awakened, at least somewhat, from its "sacred torpidity." The Oxford of to-day is not the Oxford of Froude, yet what Herbert Paul says of Froude would be true of many men to-day: "He lived with the idle set in college; riding, boating and playing tennis, frequenting wines and suppers. From vicious excess his intellect and temperament preserved him. Deep down in his nature there was a strong Puritan element, to which his senses were subdued. Nevertheless, for two years he lived at Oxford in contented idleness, saying with Isaiah, and more literally than the prophet, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die.'"* A son of Merton published some few years ago a magazine paper, which

* Paul's Life of Froude, pp. 20, 21.

received much comment, entitled "Lazy Oxford"; but it would also be fair to substitute "reading" for "lazy," for not a few men are laborious.

But such indolence is not so disintegrating or dissipating to power as is sometimes believed. For it is often a "waiting" and a consequent "growing," to which Robert Browning refers. It is an "inviting of the soul," of which Walt Whitman writes. For loafing may be an intellectual fallowness, a preparation for efficiency, or it may be animal laziness. Oxford loafing is on the whole pretty effective; for it helps a man to find himself. To many a thoughtful mind it means what the reverent reading of Plato means — a quiet self-reflection, reverent curiosity, a rich and fine contentment with the universe.

The finding oneself—the noblest result of education or of any experience—represents, both as cause and consequence, individuality. The English people is more individualistic than any other; and its oldest University is a microcosm of such development. At a Harvard celebration some years ago, James Russell Lowell and Francis Bowen were seated on the platform. Professor Bowen, as his students easily and happily recall, was specially sensitive to draughts. In the midst of the dignified proceedings, Professor Bowen drew out his red handkerchief and spread it over his bald head. The effect was at least diverting. Mr. Lowell said to a neighbor: "Universities exist to make that possible and natural." Oxford exists to train individualities, and trained them it has. They are now, if not less numerous, at least less conspicuous than in the time of Dean Burgon; but they can still be seen in Brasenose Lane and High Street. The whole atmosphere promotes self-development to the highest degrees.

This development of individuality goes along with a broad sense of toleration. This toleration applies to all subjects, social, political, academic, intellectual. Each man recognizes the right of every other to think as he pleases to think, to vote as he prefers to vote, and to act as he wishes to act. This right he is inclined to interpret in a large way. The political liberty which England early won has found its way into all forms of interpretation and of service.

Regarding the morals of Oxford men it would be easy, perhaps too easy, to write. The morals of the College men in the United States have vastly improved in the last generation. Sins

of appetite are far less common than they used to be. In the making of this improvement, be it said, athletics have greatly helped. There is some reason to believe that Oxford has not had the advantage of a similar improvement. Upon such a point I should not trust myself to write. I even should not be inclined to give full credence to the denunciations which the vigorous Bishop of London a few months ago hurled against the University, but it may be fair and just for me to quote from the Oxford Magazine (of March 15th, 1905), in which an editorial note declares: "It seems undeniable that young men in residence at the Universities get drunk far more frequently and violently than those who, on leaving school, live either at home or in lodgings in London or some other town. . . . The evil has increased in the last half-century. . . . A 'wine' is a comparatively rare occurrence and is commonly called a 'drunk.' No one can deny the appropriateness of the name. . . . At present, public opinion condones and even approves in Oxford conduct for which a man would be immediately expelled from a London Club."

Yet, when one has said all, it is to be affirmed, and with emphasis, that there is at Oxford a very great and vital interest in education. There never was a time when, in both England and the United States, there existed so vital and wide-spread regard for education as the most comprehensive and progressive force in modern civilization. There is at Oxford a feeling of discontent regarding herself, her methods, her forces, her conditions. A spirit of inquiry regarding University and College administration prevails. Conservative as she is, conscious of the last enchantment of the Middle Ages as resting upon her, she yet knows that she is not living for the sixteenth century. Improvements are slowly effected, but they are effected. Reforms are like repairs to her buildings—not usually made except as a condition of preserving the essential good of the old. Yet reforms are made, and standing "at the cross-roads," to use Percy Gardiner's phrase, she is taking that road which leads towards the East more frequently than any other. Matthew Arnold's "voices" are still heard; but the voice of the future calls with notes as strong as Carlyle's and as sweet as Emerson's.

Oxford is a University representing the English system of what in the New World is called the Higher Education. But at once comparison is invited with the other University on the banks

of the Cam. Oxford and Cambridge are so alike and also so unlike! The ordinary remark, more common in America than in England, that "Cambridge is the mother of great men and Oxford of great movements" is only half a truth. Oxford is, indeed, the mother of great movements, the Wesleyan, the Tractarian, the Social; but is Oxford not also the mother of great men? A larger share of the eminent men of England, as they appear in a biographical dictionary, have been educated at Oxford than at Cambridge. Each, however, has its proper share. To the ordinary beholder they,—the two Universities,—are so alike: the same architecture over which time and nature cast infinite enchantments, the same sequestered and satisfying quadrangles, the same gray spires and towers lifting themselves against a gray sky, the same "happy barbarians" at play; but, when one penetrates a bit beneath the surface, great differences are revealed. Oxford says that Cambridge is democratic, and uses the epithet with perhaps a certain sense of depreciation, but Cambridge accepts it as a compliment. Cambridge says that Oxford is ineffective, and also employs the epithet with an accent of depreciation, but Oxford accepts it with a smile and a shrug, and on the whole interprets the remark as a compliment. What is the use of being effective? Is not beauty sufficient unto itself? Oxford, too, hugs the Greek Grammar with a firmness a bit firmer than does Cambridge; and Cambridge points with modest pride to the Cavendish Laboratory, the most significant place of scientific research in Britain and some would say in the world. Be it also added, to these differences, that the Oxford Colleges are governed more by their heads, who are called by various names, Rector, Provost, President, and the Cambridge more by their Fellows.

In the recent years have sprung up in the Midlands several Universities,—Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield and Liverpool. In some cases they are enlargements of local and non-degree-conferring institutions, the University of Birmingham, for instance, being the enlargement of Mason College. The relation between them and Oxford is of a contrast yet deeper than that which emerges between Oxford and Cambridge. In a way which, perhaps, is not wholly fair, an Oxford journal has referred to the differences between the ancient foundations and the recent institutions. Oxford and Cambridge, it says, have

been called expensive clubs, Manchester and Birmingham cheap restaurants. The food at each is good. The difference is not one of content of education, but of class. Oxford and Cambridge are supported by those who are devoted to amusement; Manchester and Birmingham by those to whom life is efficiency. These distinctions do contain a truth, but they are not absolutely truthful. Oxford and Cambridge are not supported by those who are wholly devoted to amusement, and the element of a liberal education which some of the Midland Universities represent should receive greater emphasis in an interpretation. Yet of no one of the newer schools could the beholder say, as a son of Oxford has said of Oxford, "Kindly mother, dear and delightful, with a charm beyond all praise, greatly beautiful, and rather foolish." For they are technical schools; and what some would call "nonsense" is excluded.

As between the German University and Oxford the note of contrast is still to be continued. The primary purpose of the German university is to learn and to declare the truth; the primary purpose of Oxford is to train men. One might add that a tertiary—not even a secondary—purpose of the German is the training of men; and also, by a parity of interpretation, the tertiary purpose of the Oxford system is the discovery and exposition of truth. The head of one of the oldest and most famous colleges of Oxford has told me of the revelation and satisfaction which were his, on going to a German University, after taking a degree at Oxford, to find a professor lecturing with the single purpose of making a subject known in all relations to his hearers, without any regard to a forthcoming examination or to the effect of that examination on a man's future career. After the close confinement of a great course at Oxford, he found the freedom of inquiry for the truth, and for truth alone, a mighty relief. Indeed, the constant contrast between the scholastic method and purpose of Berlin and of Munich and the human purpose and method of Oxford is hardly less marked than the contrast between the conventual and monastic life of a College quad on the Isis and the Cherwell and the free metropolitan life of the students of Munich, of Leipsic and of Berlin.

There is also a further difference between Oxford, standing for the University education of England, and the German University. The philosophical and scientific interests of the Con-

tinental nation have been committed to the University. The corresponding interests of the island nation have been committed to the individual investigator. Spencer, Darwin, John Stuart Mill, the son as well as his father, represent great scholastic achievements made outside of University walls. The same condition obtained, too, in the earlier time. The name of Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Ricardo do not suggest academic cloister. The result has been that German philosophy has been characterized as being systematic and English philosophy as being individualistic. The one represents a continuous orderliness of development, moving on like a river; the other, as embodying the personal equation of each student and thinker, philosophic or scientific.

As one approaches the discussion of the relation of Oxford to the great Universities of America — Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Yale and Columbia—one finds that the element of contrast passes over in part to one of likeness, but only in part. The American University and College are ordained to train men; but that is not their single primary purpose. Their primary purpose is a double one: both to train men and to find truth. The Harvard shield bears the word "*Veritas*" written across the pages of an open book; but it also intimates a human purpose in the further inscription of devotion to the Church and to Christ.

There is, however, one point of contrast, which, though in one sense narrow, yet possesses much significance. Oxford has no special chair devoted to the training of students in the art of English composition. For thirty years and more, the American College has been emphasizing this department and form of instruction. The Oxford system presupposes that the writing of English is an art and a science in which it is a duty of every instructor to give tuition. The department is not a department. It does not represent segregations. It must be confessed that the results of the two systems seem to favor the Oxford interpretation and method. One comprehensive deficiency of the American system is found in the lack of a sense of style which most of the writing done by American students shows. The writing is, if clear, common; and, if forceful, as it usually is not, it is yet commonplace. The writing of Oxford men may be somewhat slovenly, but it has flavor, balance, picturesqueness, good taste, allusiveness. The writing, on the whole, of the better Oxford

graduate is quite as much superior to the writing of the better American graduate as the editorials of the London "Times" are superior to the editorials of the abler American daily newspaper. The reason of the Oxford superiority lies, in my judgment, in two causes. First, there is the greater attention paid to securing good English in the study of every subject. The marks given in the examination paper upon any subject depend to no small extent upon the use of English. The Senior Fellow in an Oxford College said to me, in speaking of a certain examination paper, that he could not give it a good mark because the man did not understand English. The second reason lies in the dominance of the classical tradition. A professor of English at Harvard, Barrett Wendell, says the best method of teaching men to write good English is to write Latin verses. Another professor of English at Harvard College has said that a good method of training in writing good English prose is to write any kind of English verse. It is certainly true that a knowledge of Latin and Greek has made, or helped to make, English literature. It still contains such possibilities!

In comparisons of Oxford and the American University it is often asserted that the Oxford system of different Colleges could be transplanted into the large institutions like Harvard and Yale. I may be suffered to say at once that, in my judgment, any such transplanting is inexpedient and essentially impossible. There are various reasons for such a judgment. First, the Oxford system is a growth. It is a growth in and out of English soil. It is a part of English life. It is a delicate and highly developed plant. To cause it to grow and to flourish in other academic soil would be as hard as to make the Scotch heather grow in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. But this reason has small value in comparison with the consideration, secondly, that the Oxford system is very expensive in money. It represents duplication of laboratories, chapels, libraries, and scientific apparatus, although be it said that Cambridge, as a University, is giving instruction in the sciences. It also represents duplication of offices and officers. Oxford has more than a score of College presidents for about three thousand students. The system takes small account of economical efficiency or of efficient economies. One cause, indeed, why Oxford is receiving so little money from the wealthy men of England is the lack of economy or of efficiency

in its organic methods and governments. A third reason against the possibility of carrying the Oxford system over the seas lies in the fact that the worth of the system arises, in part at least, from the presence of a class of students and of tutors who are willing to wait for conditions of culture to work their way in a human character rather as conditions than as efficient causes. What Matthew Arnold would call the charm of social intercourse or good society represents a condition necessary for the proper working of the Oxford system. The College system represents men living together in intimate relationships. For such a system to have special worth there must obtain a certain tone, or atmosphere, which it is difficult to secure in any society; but which it is less difficult to secure in a staid and conservative society of fine traditions than in a new and changing community.

But there *is* an element of the Oxford system, and an element far more important than the College methods just referred to, which can be introduced into our American Colleges. It is the whole essential element in the tutorial system. The tutorial system represents Oxford more adequately than anything else. The tutorial system, let me say in passing, though good, very good for the students, is equally bad for the tutor. No man in Oxford is more faithful, more laborious, more conscientious, than the tutor; but, in his faithfulness and laboriousness, he is in peril either of killing himself in body or of producing mental atrophy. To teach five hours a day, year after year, to teach as one should teach, giving oneself as well as one's knowledge, is liable to result in mental disintegration, destruction or death or other damnable things. From such catastrophes tutors are saved only by frequent or long vacations. For them it is necessary that one-half of the calendar year should be a College vacation.

The great worth of the essential part of the tutorial system consists of two elements: first, the individual impartation of knowledge, and, second, the impression of personal character and the conveying of personal influence. The teaching is given to men in very small groups. Such teaching allows closeness of relationship between the teacher and the student. Such relationship represents the giving and receiving of knowledge in best form, and the giving and receiving also of personal influence unto highest relationships. These primary and fundamental elements of the Oxford system can be introduced into the large

American Colleges. The simple and single fact is that the number of teachers in the large College of the United States should be vastly increased, or the large College should cease to be large. "More teachers, smaller classes," should be made our College cry. Such teaching under such conditions would give us the best and the essential part of Oxford; and such teaching it is possible to introduce into the Colleges of America.

It is thus that there may be increased in our Colleges that supreme and signal quality which Oxford represents,—the quality of reverence. To the development of this quality much of Oxford ministers: the immemorial past, the quiet restfulness of noble architecture, the humanized landscapes; but this quality is also nurtured, and more, through wise and great souls bearing themselves in fitting intellectual sympathies, and of the heart, too, unto other souls less mature. Such is the Oxford method. Such a method would help to make the American College, and so American life, full of the dignities, the gentle reasonableness and sympathetic interpretativeness which constitute the comprehensive intellectual and moral virtue of reverence.

Oxford is the best England raised to the highest power. It represents the conservativeness, the thoroughness and the solidity of English life, character, institutions. In the shocks which our civilization is sure of meeting in the course of the forthcoming centuries, those qualities and elements which centre in and radiate forth from Oxford can be rested back upon as forces which shall help to maintain civilization in a state of stable equilibrium. Such solidity is of far greater worth than the loveliness and reposefulness which are so manifest to the ordinary observer.

CHARLES F. THWING.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY PAUL HARBOE, H. ADDINGTON BRUCE, EDITH BAKER BROWN AND ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

GEORG BRANDES'S REMINISCENCES.*

THE personal record of the early life of Scandinavia's foremost critic, now accessible in English, was first published in serial form in *"Det ny Aarhundrede"* ("The New Century"), a Danish fortnightly. Subsequently, about twelve months ago, it was issued from the press of the Gyldendal house at Copenhagen, Brandes's loyal publishers for a generation.

The author of "William Shakespeare," that unique attempt at literary portraiture, grew up in the light of a spirit infinitely curious, ardent, strong. In his composition there was likewise the quality of defiance, which time, as we have seen, never tempered but rather intensified. Fascinated, even in childhood, with love of knowledge, he found himself wrestling, almost at every hour, with some new riddle; and it is particularly characteristic of Georg Brandes, as we now know him, that the first great mystery he was to solve, to his own satisfaction, should be that of God.

The book before us possesses all the interest and value of a rare human document, crowded as it is with things that reflect the emotional, no less than the purely intellectual, life of the man whose destiny it was, while still in his twenties, to shake Denmark to the roots of her being. In that feat, accomplished on November the 3rd, 1871, and repeatedly thereafter, may be found the explanation of the famous critic's unpopularity in the land of his birth. For it was Brandes's ambition to be—more than a man of letters—a leader, the absolute head of a movement launched by himself and whose basic aim it was to alter the general point of

* "Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth." By Georg Brandes. New York: Duffield & Company.

view of the entire nation. This stupendous purpose enjoyed but a short season of effective activity—a season, though, that saw the aureate dawn of Realism upon the Danish sky. But in their attempt to undermine the influence of the Church, or overthrow orthodox Christianity completely, the "leader" and his followers encountered disastrous failure. Practically all that now remains of what was dubbed "Brandesianism" thirty-three or thirty-four years ago is Georg Brandes himself—gray, furrowed, nearly sixty-five, yet as plastic and inflammable and determinable as of old.

It is impossible not to admire the courage, energy and independence of so extraordinary a nature. A mere boy, he fairly flew from discovery to discovery, from vision to vision, guided only by the sway of his own vibrative instincts. The world was such a gorgeous realm to visit, floating swiftly with the tides of life! The faster you moved the more you saw, the more clearly you heard, and the more intensely you felt! Note this altogether tangible manifestation of temperament in the five-year-old child:

"And at last I obtained permission [to go out into the town]. Happy, happy day! I flew off like an arrow. I could not possibly have walked. And I ran home again at full gallop. From that day forth I always ran when I had to go out alone. Yes, and I could not understand how grown-up people and other boys could walk. I tried a few steps to see, but impatience got the better of me and off I flew. It was fine fun to run till you positively felt the hurry you were in, because you hit your back with your heels at every step."

For the presence of the phenomenon we call "consciousness of powers," Brandes had not long to wait. Conclusions, sentiments, convictions—the fruit of passionate study and enthusiastic observation—were quick to mould in him a fixed attitude toward the prevailing state of things. That attitude was obviously one of protest. Two or three years prior to the date of his entering the University at Copenhagen (to which he was admitted when seventeen years of age), he could distinguish a personal goal, though this was yet "very indefinite," but "to the general effect that I intended to make myself strongly felt, and bring about great changes in the intellectual world."

These autobiographical accounts carry us up to the very threshold of Brandes's career. They tell with amazing frankness the story of his elaborate training for the event, the achievement that made him, instantly, so glaring a figure in Danish public life.

For who had dared, before him, to attack the established institutions, the hallowed traditions, the exalted ideals of his country, with such almost vicious aggressiveness?

Few things were vital in Denmark in the sixties and early seventies. After the overwhelming defeat by Germany in the war of 1864, there came a period of impoverishing pusillanimity for the Danes. The poets sang songs of sorrow only, the thinkers steeped themselves deeper than ever in the stuff of the past, and he was a rare spirit who could hopefully face the future. Grundt, builder of a new sect, founder of the *Hojskole* system of education, teacher of Saga,—was at the brink of the grave. Dead were such efficient men as Sören Kierkegaard (the most luminous mind that ever waged war on ignorance and hypocrisy in the north) and Johan Ludvig Heiberg. Indeed, for half a decade the founts of inspiration seemed to have run dry. And, when the awakening finally occurred, its incessant question was: What will become of us?

Only a few months before Brandes's spectacular plunge, he makes this entry in his journal:

"What do we mean by *our national future*, which we talk so much about? We are in a false position regarding Germany, the centripetal force that draws the individual members of one nationality together, and which we in Denmark call '*Danishness*'; that which, further, draws nationalities of the same family together, and which in Denmark is called '*Scandinavianism*,' must logically lead to a sympathy for the merging of the entire race, a kind of *Gothogermanism*. . . . How characteristic it is of our poor little country that we always hear and read of it as 'one of the oldest kingdoms in the world.' That is just the pity of it. If we were only a young country! There is only one way by which we can rejuvenate ourselves. First to merge ourselves into a Scandinavia; then, when this is well done and well secured, to approach the Anglo-Saxon race to which we are akin. Moral: Become an Anglo-Saxon and study John Stuart Mill!"

Brandes has had to pay dearly for his agitative propensity. So violent was the indignation of his countrymen toward him in 1873, that he felt himself in the position of an outlaw, and made Berlin his home for the next five years. Even now, especially in the rural districts of Denmark, his name is hated and despised like no other. Renan was never treated with more contempt in France.

There is not a dull paragraph, not a single dry-as-dust element in this highly instructive autobiography, for which I earnestly

wish many readers in this country. The fire of the author's restless, sentient nature glows upon almost every page. I do not recall having read anything so intelligently charming as the chapters entitled "Discovering the World" and "Boyhood's Years."

The making of a considerable, even a great, man,—what secret, after all, could be more "interesting" than that?

PAUL HARBOE.

"THE PURCHASE OF FLORIDA."*

HUBERT BRUCE FULLER'S monograph on the second step in the territorial expansion of the United States will, in all probability, arouse considerable interest among the historians by reason of its boldness and its breadth; but to the critic it is chiefly significant as illustrating to an extreme degree what are, perhaps, the two most distinctive tendencies in modern American historical writing. The first, which is deserving of warm praise, relates to point of view; the second, to treatment. Time was, and not so long ago, when there was reasonable ground for the complaint that American historians were wont to write as Americans first and as historians afterwards. To-day, on the contrary, it may safely be affirmed that, in respect to the fundamental requisite of freedom from the passions and prejudices of patriotism, the American historian compares favorably with the historian of any other nationality.

Indeed, in his earnest desire to deal fairly with all, he occasionally falls into the opposite error of doing something less than justice to his own country. This was the case, for example, with Captain Mahan's recent monumental study of the second war with Great Britain, and it is the case with Mr. Fuller's work, which assails generally entertained beliefs almost as harshly as did "Sea Power in its Relations to the War of 1812." His presentation of the events leading up to, and the circumstances attending, the purchase of Florida may be conveniently and sufficiently summarized in a few sentences. Noting how the seeds of future controversy were sown during the Revolution by the terms Spain demanded as the price of an American alliance, he definitely locates the origin of dispute in the boundary

* "The Purchase of Florida." By Hubert Bruce Fuller. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Company.

clauses of the Treaty of Paris. He then dwells on the clashes between the American and Spanish settlers along the southern and western boundaries, and on the efforts of Spain to disrupt the Republic, making it very evident that Spanish intriguing was doomed from the moment of the adoption of the Constitution. Now the scene shifts to Washington, Paris, and Madrid, an elaborate account being given of the negotiations which were consummated in the futile Treaty of 1795 and in the Louisiana Purchase, which is denounced as the cession of territory to which France had no title. Louisiana secured, the argument proceeds, a deliberate and systematic campaign was begun by the United States to compel Spain to part with the two Floridas, the campaign comprising the presenting of enormous and unwarranted bills for war-time damages, the advancing of an untenable claim to West Florida, the fomenting of insurrections in Spanish territory, the rendering material assistance as well as moral support to the South-American revolutionists, and the actual seizing and occupying of Spanish forts and towns. In a word, Mr. Fuller regards the Florida acquisition as the result of methods fully as unscrupulous and shameless as those which, later, brought about the despoiling of Mexico.

In this there can be little question that he goes too far. Conceding the illegality and indefensibility of much of the Florida policy of the American Government, it must be remembered that all the right was not on the side of Spain, and that the irritating attitude maintained by Spain during the years when the fate of the Republic was trembling in the balance, was largely responsible for the enduring animosity of, and the overt acts of hostility committed by, the men of the border. More than this, the Mexican affair differed from the Floridian in lacking the element of inevitability, which, argue as Mr. Fuller may, is plainly apparent even in his own pages. But, if we cannot accept his final conclusion, and if we must feel that his indictment is unduly severe, it is none the less true that his researches among the documents have brought to light many facts assisting to a better understanding of the specific problems under issue, and of early American diplomacy in general. For which reason his treatise will undoubtedly find a place in the working library of the historical student.

It will not make an equally successful appeal to the historical

reader, laboring as it does under the burden of the second of the two tendencies mentioned above. This is the tendency to underestimate, even completely to ignore, the importance of style and narrative skill. Possibly, as Goldwin Smith has suggested, this is but the natural consequence of carrying to an extreme the passion for research. Possibly, at least in part, it is due to the circumstance that, as a rule, American historians are primarily teachers, rather than writers, of history. Whatever its cause, it is a fact to be reckoned with and deplored. No more than fiction may history hope to fulfil its mission unless it be cast in a form that will grip the interest and arouse the imagination. In the words of Hilaire Belloc, history is essentially the telling of a story, of a great story and of a true story. Appreciating this, and writing before the days when investigation was made a fetich, Parkman and Prescott and Fiske, to name only Americans, wrote in a vein that still holds a vast audience despite the criticisms of latter-day research—criticisms which, by the way, seldom reach the readers of this trio's works.

Of course, not every historian can be a Parkman, a Prescott or a Fiske, but every historian should be at least readable, and it is precisely this quality that is most lacking in the American historians of to-day, whose concern seems to be for detail, accuracy, and accumulation. There are a few exceptions, but exceedingly few, and Mr. Fuller, notwithstanding his manifest opportunity for a vivid, moving, dramatic narrative, is not among them. Consider the possibilities of his theme—the early conflicts and intrigues, with the Revolution as a background; the southern and western migration; the struggles with the Indians; the rage of the hardy pioneers at the closure of the Mississippi; the visionary empire-builders who labored to press on and wrest both Florida and Mexico from Spain; the plotters, Spanish and American, who conspired to sever the Union; the diplomats, seeking to turn to their advantage the troubles of America; the statesmen, trying to save the republic and make provision for the morrow; the dramatic consummation of the Louisiana Purchase; the plight of Spain at the mercy of Napoleon; the contest, diplomatic and military, over the ownership of West Florida; the occupation of, and operations in, both Floridas during the War of 1812; the filibustering expeditions to aid the revolutionists of South America; the romantic, if high-handed and murder-

cus, career of Jackson in the Seminole War; the storm raised by his conduct; and, finally, the yielding of Spain to the inevitable, and her departure from the Peninsula that had seen so much torture and rapine and bloodshed since first Pedro Menéndez seized it for King Philip in the long-gone days of the sixteenth century.

Surely, here is material for a narrative that shall stir and fascinate, and still be true. But this narrative Mr. Fuller has not written. Instead, he has elected to give us a "state-paper" history, a monument, it is true, to tireless industry and painstaking analysis, but nevertheless a "state-paper" history, and as such destined to gain only a limited circle of readers.

H. Addington Bruce.

"THE CALL OF THE BLOOD."*

If "The Call of the Blood" is not a second "Garden of Allah," it is at least a story written along the same spiritual and artistic lines, and very naturally so; there is more than the popular success of "The Garden of Allah" to account for it. Never had an author come more conspicuously into his own than Mr. Hichens when he gave us that really wonderful rendering of the desert and the story of passion which dramatized the desert life. He began his writing career as the clever and sophisticated parodist of an ultra-decadent social type; to-day it is hard to think of him as the author of "The Green Carnation." To be sure, "The Garden of Allah" has all the modern's subtle intellectual and æsthetic sense; but it deals with an elemental experience and in the simplicity of spiritual mood which comes to the man who is mastered by the emotion of his subject. Evidently, the experience behind "The Garden of Allah" would serve the author again; one doubts whether he will soon escape from it as an artist. In the new story, he has deliberately pursued the same means to the same end. Although the scene is shifted from the Desert of Sahara to Sicily, the motive is still the call of the sun to natures restricted by the Northern civilization. There is the same effort to present the genius of a locality, to body it forth dramatically in the love-story. What was per-

* "The Call of the Blood." By Robert Hichens. New York: Harper & Brothers.

haps even more inevitable, the heroines of the two stories have most obviously the same prototype, and their spiritual love-stories are essentially the same. That the childlike woman shall appeal to the intellectually mature man is one of the platitudes of life and fiction. It takes the more unconventional imagination to perceive a no less vital attraction between the spiritually self-conscious woman and the man of primitive and impulsive type. But it is this fact, buried deep in a woman's maternity, that has taken hold of Mr. Hichens's imagination. We are reminded, in passing, of Hawthorne's unerring genius in uniting Miriam and Donatello.

One has only to read the opening chapters of the present story to realize how intuitive is Mr. Hichens's grasp of motive. We have the heroine, Hermione, in the beginning of her mature womanhood, intensely alive and buoyant physically and mentally, without beauty, but with the personal attraction of her vivid sympathies to draw others to her; and we have her friend, Artois, the bond between them being their intellectual comradeship, and also the generous nature of the woman which feeds the heart in the man who is accustomed to suppress his heart in favor of his very critical intelligence. This friendship between a man and a woman, almost spiritually perfect and very tender, but without the element of physical passion, is described with the most delicate truth and is set over against the relation of Hermione and her lover, a relation also perfectly intelligible and entirely real. Maurice Delarey is far younger than Hermione, both in years and in mind—one might also say in temperament. He has beauty to attract Hermione's imaginative gift, but it is characteristic of Mr. Hichens that he does not stop here in setting forth the secret of his charm for the woman. "Delarey had a rare charm of manner whose source was a happy, but not foolishly shy, modesty, which made him eager to please, and convinced that in order to do so he must bestir himself and make an effort. But in this effort there was no labor. It was like the spirit of a willing horse, a fine racing pace of the nature that woke pleasure and admiration in those who watched it." A touch of nature later in the same scene tells Artois a good deal about Hermione's feeling for Delarey. Hermione is seated with the two men at table and becomes absorbed in an intellectual discussion with Artois, in which Delarey takes no part. Presently, Delarey

touches her: "Hermione, your food, it is getting cold," he says gently; and Hermione responds with the "happy submission" of the woman. Nothing better proves how vital the author's conception of Delarey is than the way he later develops this character under a new environment, and yet makes us feel the same personality at work in the changeling of pagan Sicily. There is the deep unconsciousness in Delarey of the boy and the primitive man. We feel it underneath his simplicity and modesty in the first chapters. Later, it is the secret of his recklessness when the tide of passion rises. It is such hold upon essential motives that makes the truth of portraiture.

And yet it is precisely in his development of character that Mr. Hichens disappoints us in the course of the story. If his aim in "The Call of the Blood" is simply to dramatize the brilliant genius of Sicily, the beauty and physical rapture of that land of the sun, and the terror that underlies the simplicity of its pagan passions, he has done this with the skill of the accomplished artist, embodied it in a dramatic action, swift, complete, and absorbing. But one feels that the novelist has really proposed a different aim to himself in his opening chapters, one that centres more distinctly in character. There our interest is in a moral and personal situation. The question of jealousy is raised between Hermione and the two men, and Hermione confesses herself ignorant of jealousy and believes that even in love, if she should feel love withdrawn from her, her affection would die. Here we certainly have a right to feel that we have a clue to our author's intention. What will be the effect upon Hermione when she is confronted by her husband's infidelity, as these first chapters of the story plainly tell us will be the case? We can imagine. Both the maternity and faith of the woman have a conquering quality; but the story shirks the issue. The romantic episode of Delarey's death leaves Hermione ignorant of his infidelity; it also leaves the reader ignorant of all the forces in Delarey's soul. There are two men there—the pagan man, called to being by the pagan Sicilian sun, and also the spiritual man, hardly yet conscious, yet faithful at heart to Hermione. We are interested in the struggle between the two; but the story is cut short almost before it is begun. Again the relation between Artois and Maurice is most interesting to the student of character. That these two men, secretly jealous of each other,

and temperamentally antagonistic, shall be brought near by the man's understanding of the man's temptation, is the situation proposed and almost neglected. Delarey's death completes the drama of action with a neat artistic effect, but it leaves our deepest interest in the problem of character suspended.

On the whole, we think that in "The Call of the Blood" Mr. Hichens's aim as a romancer and his aim as a novelist were at odds. He found in the genius of the desert all the spiritual elements essential to his personal drama, and "The Garden of Allah" is complete both as a story of description and as a spiritual history. But Sicily was not a large enough field for the human drama which he set himself to work out there; and personally we are sorry that the human story was of less importance to him than the *genius loci.*

Mr. Hichens has a distinct philosophy of life which we are eager to see him work out in other novels, as he has worked it out in "The Garden of Allah." It is based on a perception equally acute for the physical and spiritual facts of life, a perception to which he owes the emotional realism of his art. It is of course easy to say that the body is the material out of which the soul is wrought; this is the bottom fact of our modern consciousness. But to realize this imaginatively is harder. As to the things of the body, the Anglo-Saxon has an instinctive reserve, and no matter how quick his intellectual perception of the facts may be, he can hardly speak without shame of those motives which are the substratum of our consciousness. Mr. Hichens's distinction lies in the fact that, while the physical world is intensely real to his imagination, he feels the physical facts of life always in their proper place, significant for what they mean in the human world of personality. They are the mysterious origin of something that is both beyond them and which masters them in the world of our sympathies and of our faith. We somehow feel that both his mysticism and his morality have a deep place in nature.

EDITH BAKER BROWN.

"PUCK OF POOK'S HILL."*

THE best books in the world for children are the books that their elders can read. A very different opinion is held by many

* "Puck of Pook's Hill." By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham, A.R.W.S. New York: Doubleday, Page, & Co.

makers of *juvenilia*. They proceed on the hypothesis that certain entirely arbitrary rules must be observed in writing for the young; the story must be framed with absolute simplicity, the domestic affections must, in one way or another, be introduced, and the heroics must be of the sort to persuade the reader that he himself might, in the same circumstances, achieve the same flamboyant triumph. The young football hero is perhaps the representative type in this field of literature. He is unendurable to the mature mind, and I wonder sometimes if he does not weary the small boy. But no really human small boy ever wearied of Andersen or Grimm, who also have their charm for every really human grown-up. There is no age at which it ceases to be a joy to read "The Rose and the Ring." Thackeray brought to the making of that little piece of enchantment the same genius, the same art, that he brought to the making of "Esmond" or "Barry Lyndon." If "Puck of Pook's Hill" is a delightful book, both for young readers and for old ones, it is because it is unmistakably the work of the author of "The Man Who Was" or "My Lord the Elephant." Mr. Kipling is as much the artist on this occasion as he has ever been; he gives as freely of his best in these tales, calculated to enrapture the nursery, as he has given in stories meant for men and women. This is to say that he has done what he has always done when he has been in the vein; he has made the figures in this book interesting, he has made them live.

There is nothing cleverer about "Puck of Pook's Hill" than its blending of what, in the absence of a better word, one must call instruction with sheer beguilement. To preach in a book for children is to do, from the standpoint of art, the unforgivable thing. *Juvenilia* with a purpose would be monstrous. In the last few years Mr. Kipling has preached, in verse and in prose, to an appalling extent, and I confess that as I first turned the pages of his latest volume I feared, for a moment, that he was going to preach again. The book threatened to have a purpose. But as I went on I saw that if the purpose was in the air at all it was to be left to take care of itself. There is no more effort here to point a moral than you will find in any book that is written for its own sake. The lesson, if it is there, lies in the very substance of the work, in the heart of the theme. Mr. Kipling loves his Britain, and has something like reverence for

the men who have made it. No doubt it would please him if English lads, reading his pages, came to love their country more, and to take a keener interest in its history. But he uses no urgings, realizing that he does not need to, realizing that all that is necessary to make his old England and his old Englishmen lovable and admirable is to let them speak for themselves. He recreates an ancient land, peoples it with human beings, and then, in a sense, stands aside. If he can foster patriotism so much the better, but the main point is to work the story-teller's spell.

The point is well illustrated in a passage, in one of these stories, which has already provoked some criticism. The hero of "A Centurion of the Thirtieth," which deals with Roman days in Britain, is explaining how he joined the army, and speaks as follows:

> "I went to my Father, and said I should like to enter the Dacian Horse (I had seen some at Aquæ Solis); but he said I had better begin service in a regular Legion from Rome. Now, like many of our youngsters, I was not too fond of anything Roman. The Roman-born officers and magistrates looked down on us British-born as though we were barbarians. I told my Father so.
>
> "'I know they do,' he said, 'but remember, after all, we are the people of the Old Stock, and our duty is to the Empire.'"

Separated from the context this suggests that Mr. Kipling is dragging into his romance the party cry which he has adopted in the politics of his own day. But it is important to note that the colloquy, in its proper place, is part and parcel of an old truth. It was natural for such men as Mr. Kipling brings into his story to talk as he makes them talk. It is his good fortune that they happen to feel as he himself feels to-day. In none of these tales are political ideas, or social ideas or any other ideas, incongruously interpolated. In each case the story is all of a piece, a vivid, essentially truthful picture.

Una and Dan, the two children to whom, through Puck's amiable offices, a vision of the past is granted, get their history as it were in the guise of experience. They set out to fish in the brook, and presently an old man in chain-mail comes riding toward them on a great gray horse. He tells them how he came over with William the Conqueror, and how he won his Manor. You might prove his case by the history books, but, as we listen

with Una and Dan, we scarce think of history, the glamour of adventurous romance is strong upon the page. The scene shifts again and again, following the varied inspiration foretold in Puck's song, the set of verses prefixed to the volume, from which I must take the following:

"See you the dimpled track that runs,
All hollow through the wheat?
O that was where they hauled the guns
That smote King Philip's fleet.

"See you our little mill that clacks,
So busy by the brook?
She has ground her corn and paid her tax
Ever since Domesday Book.

"See you our stilly woods of oak,
And the dread ditch beside?
O that was where the Saxons broke,
On the day that Harold died.

"See you the windy levels spread
About the gates of Rye?
O that was where the Northmen fled,
When Alfred's ships came by.

"See you our pastures wide and lone,
Where the red oxen browse?
O there was a City thronged and known,
Ere London boasted a house.

"And see you, after the rain, the trace
Of mound and ditch and wall?
O that was a Legion's camping-place,
When Cæsar sailed from Gaul."

It seems an easy task for Mr. Kipling to invent some new tale through which to make this or that epoch real and sometimes even thrilling. Hard reading has no doubt helped him, but once he has made himself familiar with characteristic traits and manners amongst his early Britons, he puts the latter through their paces as though they were just creatures of his fancy, men ready to do anything that his inventive faculty could suggest. In "The Knights of the Joyous Venture" he sends two valiant men of great William's time off upon a strange emprise into

far seas. In the next tale, "Old Men at Pevensey," the travellers, having returned with a store of gold, are entangled in the war-like politics of their day, and the treasure itself is by and by made the motive for still another fascinating narrative. In the story to which I have already alluded, "A Centurion of the Thirtieth," and two others called "On the Great Wall" and "The Winged Hats," we are taken back to the time of the Roman occupation and shown how the destiny of the land was an affair of the day's work — the work of grim fighting-men, very picturesque, sometimes stately, after an old Roman fashion, but, at bottom, men very like ourselves.

That is where Mr. Kipling makes sure of his reader. A wonder as of fairyland itself is always present, but so is a kind of human sympathy, the note that makes the most fantastic things credible and friendly. "Puck of Pook's Hill" is a book to which you make complete surrender, you lose yourself in the dim world it paints and are happy while you are lost. When, at last, the spell is broken, and you come back to every-day life, you bring with you a precious memory, and you feel, too, a peculiar gratitude for a special grace. Mr. Kipling has apparently passed through that political fever which for so long a time made him almost unreadable. His genius is restored to itself, and he writes as one would always have him write. For this reason alone I would rejoice in the new book. It is a brilliant performance, and it is a golden promise.

Royal Cortissoz.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG.

LONDON, *October, 1906.*

I REMEMBER some time ago venturing, in these communications, upon a fairly easy and obvious prophecy. It was to the effect that if, as many think, the future of English politics is to be divided between a party of Socialists and a party of non-Socialists, the first token of the coming change would be a rupture between the Liberals and their semi-independent allies, the Labor Party. The events of the last few weeks have not shown that forecast to have been wrong. On the contrary, they have converted what was a speculation into a fact. They have made it clear, even to the intelligence of the average newspaper reader, that Liberalism and Labor,—Liberalism as it now is and Labor under its present direction,—are political incompatibles. The rupture that was inevitable all along has now taken place. What its ultimate significance may be, whether it really portends a gradual realignment of all English parties, is a question that a mere month-to-month diarist like myself may safely leave to time to settle. At present, one can only say that such a realignment is ardently desired and worked for by the Socialists, who, for the time being, dominate the Independent Labor Party; that one of the first fruits of their activities in that direction was bound to be a collision with official Liberalism; and that such a collision has actually occurred. Beyond that, it would be unwise to go. It was inevitable that the advocates of Socialism should begin by creating a disturbance in the field of politics. But it does not follow that, because that disturbance has taken place, the vast social transformation to which they look forward is necessarily brought any the nearer. This is a slow-moving country. It will take many years, it may take many generations,

to determine whether English Liberalism is to become imbued with a Socialistic bias. No one who knows the country can for a moment imagine that the English Liberals are going to be overrun as easily as the German Liberals have been overrun by Socialism. Thus the merely political, or rather the merely party, phase of the whole question is still a very long way from settlement. It is even too early to say that the Labor Party is destined, either as a whole or predominantly, to adopt the policy of the Socialists. It is even too early to say that the trades-unions must necessarily become Socialist organizations. Level-headed opinion will not, I think, at this moment venture beyond the bare assertion that the first outbreak of organized Socialism in English politics has had the natural result of leading to a split with the forces of Liberalism, and that the issue of the encounter does not seem likely to favor the Socialists.

Nevertheless, one can well understand the indignant irritation, not wholly free from alarm, with which the Liberals have watched the recent proceedings of Mr. Keir Hardie and his friends. Mr. Keir Hardie is the leader of the Independent Labor Party in the House of Commons. His followers number thirty, and he was chosen their leader by a majority of one. Most of them, it is perfectly safe to say, were elected to Parliament by the help of Liberal votes. As any one who has mixed in party politics will at once understand, that is a fact of capital importance. Another fact, equally pertinent and equally worth noting, is that the narrowness of the majority by which Mr. Hardie was elected to the leadership of the Independent Labor Party indicated a real difference of political opinion between himself and many of his supporters. As the man who had struggled almost single-handed through many dark years for the formation of a Labor Party, every member of which should be pledged to act independently of both Liberals and Conservatives, it would have seemed churlishly ungrateful to refuse to Mr. Keir Hardie the palpable reward of success. But there can be no question that Mr. Hardie's opinions are not at all points the opinions of his supporters. He represents the extreme section of his party. He is a convinced Socialist, and his followers, or many of them, are not. He has the aggressive and unaccommodating temperament that naturally belongs to a pioneer of Socialism in such a country as England, while the majority of his party, I believe, neither

share his views nor approve his tactics. While he is proclaiming with ceaseless stridency that Labor and Liberalism are irreconcilable, and is doing all he can to indoctrinate Labor with Socialism, the general inclination of his party, in my judgment, is to cooperate with the Liberals whenever cooperation is possible, and to keep such Socialistic tendencies as they may be conscious of well in the background. In other words, had any one but Mr. Keir Hardie been the Labor leader, it is very probable that the series of clashes which I have to narrate would have been averted. And there is a third fact which has also to be borne in mind. The Independent Labor Party are not the only representatives of Labor in the House. Outside of their ranks is a body of members directly elected in the interests of the workers in special trades and occupations, miners, for instance, and railway servants. These men at present subscribe neither to the programme nor to the Parliamentary methods of the Independent Labor Party. The presence of these detached members, whose sympathies are nearly as much with Liberalism as with Labor, disqualifies Mr. Hardie, but does not, of course, prevent him from claiming to be the spokesman of Labor as a whole.

Meanwhile, the Liberal Government has done all it could, and more than a good many Liberals relished, to meet the wishes of Mr. Hardie and his party. This was particularly evident in the case of the Trade Disputes Bill, Clause IV of which grants complete immunity to the funds of trade-unions from actions of tort. Taking into account, therefore, that but for Liberal votes at the last election there would now be no Keir Hardie in the House at the head of a party of thirty members; that Mr. Hardie's Socialism does not represent the convictions even of his own immediate followers, and flagrantly misrepresents the convictions of other members who, though outside his organization, are just as fully entitled to speak for Labor as himself; and that the present Government has strained the loyalty of its most devoted followers in attempting to satisfy Labor demands,—taking all this into account, official Liberalism might well have thought that it had purchased security from the Independent Labor Party's open attack. That, however, is very far from being the case. At a recent by-election at Cockermouth, although both local Liberals and Liberal headquarters offered to support a local Labor man, the Independent Labor Party in-

sisted on running a Socialist candidate of their own. The result was that a safe Liberal-Labor seat was handed over to a Tory. Mr. Winston Churchill at once gave strong expression to the bitterness of Liberal feelings. "I am bound to say," he declared, "that I do not think any great party would put up with the treatment they had been receiving at Cockermouth." He was followed in a day or two by the Master of Elibank, the able Scottish Liberal Whip, who roundly announced that he would do everything in his power to prevent Liberal seats in Scotland from being captured by the Socialists. Mr. Hardie was not backward in taking up the challenge. On September 17th, he said:

"The Master of Elibank had proclaimed from the housetops the truth that the Labor party must necessarily be a Socialist party; that between Socialism and Liberalism there was a gulf fixed that could not be bridged; and that the struggle must go on between Labor and both Liberalism and Conservatism until the time came when there would be but two parties in the State, the Socialist and the anti-Socialist. That was their object; they had never disguised it."

Language so vigorous and direct is rarely heard in English politics and it had an immediate effect. There was a sudden awakening of Liberalism to the fact that the Socialism it had petted and kowtowed to was in truth its implacable enemy, and a wide disposition to agree with the Master of Elibank that it might be "necessary in the future for the Liberal Party to embark upon another crusade." The crusade was, indeed, formally opened at the autumn conference of the Scottish Liberal Association on October 5th. That conference resolved by 55 votes to 34 that it is "the primary duty of the Liberal Party to present strenuous opposition to all candidates who are not prepared to dissociate themselves from the Socialist party, the avowed object of which is the complete destruction of those principles of individual liberty for which Liberalism has always contended." The Master of Elibank, who was present at the meeting, declared that Mr. Keir Hardie and his friends "looked in certain respects suspiciously like a body of malignant wreckers"; and another Ministerial Whip, Mr. J. A. Pease, stated that since the opening of Parliament 579 votes had been recorded by the Independent Labor Party against the Government, "and they had kept away and abstained from giving 2,600 votes which they

might have recorded for the Government." Speaking as a Liberal Whip, he was very sure that the Liberal Party intended to give the Socialists "very little quarter." Some of the Liberal journals have criticised the Whips for exceeding their functions in venturing upon such declarations of policy; but, whether the Master of Elibank and Mr. Pease spoke with or without the Prime Minister's authority, there can be no doubt they rightly interpreted the determination of the rank and file of Liberalism both in and out of the House of Commons.

Simultaneously with all this, the Socialists have been making a strong effort to capture such of the trade-unions as still stand apart from their organization. They have been helped in this attempt by the epidemic of strikes which, after and partly, no doubt, because of the rush of prosperity during the past year, seems now to be setting in. In South Wales, 28,000 coal-miners threaten to cease work at the end of the present month, not because they have any quarrel with the mine-owners, but in order to force non-unionists to join their organization, and also—this surely deserves to rank among the curiosities of industry—in order to compel members of the union who are behindhand in their subscriptions to pay up. At the same time, the Scotch coal-miners are demanding an increase of twelve-and-a-half per cent. on their wages, and 67,000 men may be affected. On October 1st, 6,000 boiler-makers employed in the Clyde shipyards struck work, the men asking for a five-per-cent. increase on piece-work rates and for a rise of thirty-seven cents a week on time rates. The strike, if persisted in, will probably be serious. The "black squad" is already out, and the "white squad"—that is, the shipwrights, carpenters, joiners, sawyers and so on—will be bound to follow their example from sheer lack of work. Moreover, the shipyards are the chief consumers of Scotch steel, and the steel-makers, in their turn, are the chief consumers of Scotch coal. A strike on the Clyde has, therefore, a devastating effect on allied industries; and there are those who think that Scotland may be on the eve of one of the greatest industrial struggles in her history. With the example of such a prospect to point to, and with the undoubted ferment that is at work in the mind of Labor to assist them, the Socialists have pursued sound tactics in making a special effort to attract the trade-unions to their side.

How far they have succeeded it is not easy to say. The annual

conference of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants was held a few days ago at Cardiff, and adopted two essentially contradictory resolutions. In the first place, it decided to amalgamate with the Independent Labor Party; and, in the second, it voted down a resolution directing Mr. Bell, the general secretary of the Society and the Labor M. P. for Derby, to join the Independent Labor Party and sign its constitution. This latter resolution might conceivably have passed, had it not been for Mr. Bell himself. He vehemently denounced it as Socialistic persecution of a man who refused to swallow Socialist doctrines. He went on to argue that between trade-unionism and Socialism there could be nothing but an instinctive and irreconcilable antagonism, and he warned his fellow unionists that they would find the power of their organization gone directly they submitted to the dictation of any political faction. Whether this will prove to be the view taken by trade-unions generally is, I conceive, more than doubtful. The Miners' Federation, which closed its annual conference on October 5th, spoke hardly anything but Socialism, and Socialism of the crudest character. Yet its members decided by 101,714 votes to 92,222 to abstain from joining the Independent Labor Party and to maintain their own representation in Parliament. These obviously are the confused and tentative happenings of an unsettled time, and it is difficult to assess how much the Socialists may have lost or gained by them. If they were never more actively belligerent than at this moment, they have never been met with more steadfast obstinacy. A long, stern battle is clearly beginning; and, though one feels, by instinct rather than through any process of reasoning, that the time is far off when the English people will abandon the individualistic social formation, one feels also that the Socialists from now onwards have to be counted as a force in English politics. Their activities during the past few weeks are, at any rate, an interesting prelude to what promises to be an interesting session. When Parliament reassembles on October 23, the eyes of the country will be upon the House of Lords, and speculation will be busy with the action their Lordships will take on the Education Bill and the Trade Disputes Bill. The Liberals may then find that a more or less intangible argument with Socialism will give place to the necessities of a hand-to-hand struggle with the Hereditary Chamber.

ST. PETERSBURG, *October, 1906.*

"FURNISHED lodgings to let, but not to Russians," is the legend on some of the latest notices to be seen hanging up in the windows of cozy-looking houses in Geneva and Lausanne. It marks a change in European public opinion, a noteworthy change in the attitude of liberty-loving peoples towards the Russian revolutionary movement in its latest bomb-throwing phase. And the tone of a portion of the influential European press is also modified correspondingly. A few months ago, every Russian who took part in the struggle against the Autocracy was welcomed, encouraged, extolled in western Europe as though he were a Garibaldi or a Mazzini in embryo. But the "liberationist" methods, having since then been tried in other countries of Europe, failed to find favor in the public eye. The plot, for instance, to wreck a whole train between Coblenz and Treves, because of a Russian personage who was believed to be travelling on it; the attempt made by Russian revolutionists to derail a train in Belgium; the fabrication of bombs in Geneva; the raid undertaken by Finns on the Bank of Stockholm, and the murder of M. Muller at Interlaken by a Russian girl, whose remarks when she learned that she had killed the wrong man smacked of cynicism, have gone far to provoke something like a boycott of Russians abroad.

News from Russia, however circumstantial, should be received critically. For, even when such reports are literally true, the impression they make is often erroneous. Some of the foreigners who now visit the Russian capitals are surprised to find order so well maintained, while others are disappointed at the answer they receive from the hotel porters when they ask to be taken to "the place where the fighting is going on." Even provincial Russians are astonished at the high degree of security enjoyed by the inhabitants of the two capitals as compared with that of the population of other cities. In Warsaw, Odessa, Riga, Mitau, Baku, Tiflis, every man carries his life in his hand. And, as for landowners in the country, those who still reside on their estates are little short of heroes. They know not the day nor the hour chosen by the revolutionary bandits to maltreat, torture or kill them and theirs. Armed raids are sudden, swift, unprovoked. The raiders are mere lads, often truant schoolboys, but the revolvers they carry are genuine death-dealers. To an ac-

quaintance of mine, a widowed lady, living in the heart of the country, one of these "flying columns" of the Revolution appeared one evening. The bandits were attired in sombre garments, their features hidden by black masks, their language was peremptory and laconic. "Hands up!" one of them shouted on catching sight of the lady of the house. She raised her hands and appealed to him with her eyes. In vain. "Out with all the money and valuables you possess. The organization lacks funds." She moved to her table, opened a drawer, took out four bank-notes and handed them to the leader of the gang. "Fifty rubles!" he exclaimed, with a snort. "Give us the rest and be quick about it; do it while I speak. If the revolvers once talk, their sentence cannot be recalled. So hurry up." "I have no more money," the lady mutters, half-dead with fear. "Bosh! Yesterday you received eight hundred." "Yes, but I paid them out last night, the receipts are here." "Show them." Then the black figure bent down over some stamped papers and remarked: "Well, you're in luck, and we're too late; that's all. And now give us your watch." "This watch is the only souvenir I possess of my poor husband, who is dead. I would redeem it from you if I had the money, but—" Sobs broke short the sentence. The men, more soft-hearted than the average revolutionary highwaymen, left her the watch, but took her rings, brooches and other valuables. How did they know that she had received eight hundred roubles the day before? By magic, answer the masses.

The superstitious, ignorant peasant trembles when the flying columns draw near. Not only he, but everybody else, is afraid to offend them, for they quickly resent every act of unfriendliness and their resentment takes the form of robbery, arson or murder. Like the highwaymen of olden times, their deeds are wrapped in a haze of embellishing legend which they are careful to keep up. The simple-minded husbandman, whose notions of the universe are more rudimentary than those of Homer's hearers or Rameses's subjects, is told that the revolutionists have herbs that enable them to see through walls and at long distances, that they possess glass balls which can set stones on fire and that they are endowed with such preternatural powers as the masses ascribe to wizards and witches. Yet it often happens that these legendary heroes are mere idle schoolboys out on strike. In one instance, the raw lads had not the wherewithal to buy revolvers, so

they procured one rusty pistol and a few sardine-boxes, which played the part of bombs. Their cry of "hands up" was none the less promptly obeyed; for the every-day citizen is not given to quick, sharp observation. He takes things for granted.

Again in the south of Russia, the director of a great factory, a Belgian named Potiers, was driving home in the middle of the day. When his carriage was passing a lonely spot, a boy of fifteen ran up, threw a bomb which blew the hinder part of the vehicle into shreds, and wounded Potiers in the head, shoulder, side and abdomen. Then the young hopeful escaped. A mere boy of fifteen! "How could we hang the child?" an official remarked. "It's impossible." And that is why the elder ruffians are always setting on women and children to dabble in blood. The Grammar Schools and Universities having been closed, in consequence of strikes organized by the students and the schoolboys, the latter improve the shining hour by armed attacks upon people and institutions.

This element of the comic opera, however, sometimes terminates in tragedy. A curious instance took place in Shavli, a city in the province of Kovno, a couple of weeks ago. Three Grammar School boys agreed to get some pocket-money by means of an armed raid. They seem not to have realized that they were incurring any serious risks, so smoothly do such expeditions usually work. They felt about it, probably, as mediæval Christians used to feel about magic charms and formulas for evoking Satan, that if you rightly perform the ceremony and utter the traditional formula some higher Power will do the rest. The boys blithely entered a Government liquor-shop, each with his revolver levelled. Then the leader pronounced the magic words, "Hands up!" And up went all hands. "Your money or your life!" was the next order given. But, meanwhile, one of the hands which ought to have been up was perceived to be down and armed with a revolver from which several shots were fired. Two of the boys fell dead; the third told the story of the raid.

Murder by proxy, pillage by proxy, incendiarism by proxy are now making headway in Russia. Some of the most ferocious of the ruffians who slay and burn and torture in the Baltic Provinces have admitted that they were brought thither from other Provinces, and paid weekly about two and a half dollars a head. In Warsaw, according to a statement made by an ex-

perienced administrator, the Social Democrats pay thirty copecks (about fifteen cents) a head for every policeman killed by a volunteer. In St. Petersburg itself a murder was quite recently committed in broad daylight by hired assassins, just as in mediæval Italy. The Government is powerless. No Government in any country could keep order if the bulk of the population were bent on violating it or sympathizing with the law-breakers.

And yet it is easy to exaggerate the extent of the troubles, the number of the crimes, the degree of insecurity. In the two capitals little is really changed, while outwardly almost everything seems normal. The theatres there are not only opened, but are well filled; other places of amusement are nightly frequented; crowds of people amuse themselves at all times; trade is brisk, industry is progressing, there are no strikes to speak of, and one might live in Moscow or St. Petersburg for months and not witness any firing or stabbing or fighting in the streets. Space in Russia is vast, beyond the average man's power of realization; and, when all the deeds of blood are spread over one-sixth of the terrestrial globe and divided among 140,000,000 people, the effect is not nearly so striking as it first seemed.

Moreover, there is an overwhelming proportion of the people in the country who never upheld the insurrection or indeed any other political movement, horny-handed toilers who live for work and hope for heaven. But they are inarticulate and, therefore, are not counted, although they assuredly count. Then there is another section of the population, a section still growing, which until recently sympathized with the revolution, but now looks up with hope to the Crown. They are sick of bloodshed and crime, are enervated by the chronic feeling of insecurity and are apprehensive for their work, their property and their lives. In a word, the reaction which invariably follows excessive action is in full swing. The political pendulum having spent its force in one direction is now moving in the other. At present, therefore, the Crown has a fair chance to recover lost ground, to appease angry feelings, to put down manifestations of criminal instincts, to reestablish order and set the machinery of government working smoothly again. But the Government, afraid of revolutionary public opinion, is confining its efforts to the punishment rather than to the repression of crime in the Baltic Provinces, the Caucasus and Poland. Its present scope is nar-

rowed down almost to that. And, unfortunately, every task it takes in hand is tackled in the half-hearted manner which has always characterized the Russian bureaucracy.

Here is an instance. The old institution of the Censure is abolished, which was wont to peruse, examine and forbid or authorize every newspaper, book, pamphlet, leaflet and advertisement written or read by the entire Russian nation. Works can now appear in print which would have been treasonable a year ago. But, for foreign productions, the Censorship still exists. Formerly, the standing rule to the Censors was: "Be strict with writings in the Russian tongue, and indulgent when dealing with books in foreign languages." But now the practice is to allow nearly all the forbidden books to appear in Russian translations, but to proscribe French, German and English originals and reproductions. Why? a high official was recently asked. "Because," he answered, "there is an army of officials of the Censorship who would die of hunger if their places were taken from them. So they are kept on. But, being self-respecting people, they cannot come to the office and content themselves with smoking cigarettes, so they continue to do the work to which they were accustomed."

Doubtless the Government has done much to pacify the peasants who were clamoring for land, but has done it clumsily and to little political purpose. A large slice of the landed property belonging to the Imperial Family, for instance, and another vast section of land belonging to the Crown have been set apart to be expropriated and sold, on very easy terms, to the peasants whose farms are inadequate. The original idea of the Prime Minister, Stolypin, was to present all these millions of acres gratuitously to the peasants; but the Emperor's most trusted advisers dissuaded him from carrying it out because the measure would fail to strike the imagination of the masses; it would be a salient example of that expropriation which the Tsar had publicly rejected and it would oblige the loyal nobility to go and do likewise. Therefore the resolution was taken to sell the land very cheap and not to give it gratis. But the point is that the Government is adopting ways and means to realize the measure which are highly ineffectual, chief among which is the Peasants' Bank. This institution consists of a network of red tape and a number of "Circumlocution offices." It is not run on business lines, on

philanthropic lines, nor yet on political lines, and the iron has so eaten into the souls of its clerical staff that it seems incapable of being reformed. For that reason, it seems very doubtful whether the agrarian question will be settled satisfactorily and whether the Tsar will reap the benefit of his generosity.

The other principal aim of the Government is to restore order. But here, again, Ministers are timid and half-hearted. Thus for a long time they shrank from the employment of force against force, because they feared revolutionary opinion in Russia and its echo in western Europe and in America. Now they have tardily had recourse to repression in some places, while they seem to brook lawlessness in others. The Premier whose conscientiousness, integrity and patriotism are acknowledged by friend and foe alike, reckons on his subordinates' sense of duty for the maintenance of order. But his subordinates are, for the most part, trimmers. They would fain run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. A most instructive instance of their methods occurred lately in Ekarterinoslav, where peaceful people went in fear and trembling for their property and their lives. A gang of revolutionary bandits were making raids, now on one house, now on another, abstracting money, scrip, jewelry and other valuables. At last the secret police were put upon their mettle and ordered to capture the gang at all costs. But in vain. The raids continued night and day as mysteriously as ever, and they would probably be still going on were it not for the discovery, made quite accidentally, that the secret police and the bandits were working together on the footing of chums.

And if duty is thus neglected, heroism which is indispensable to the salvation of Russia is almost unknown in the ranks of the Tsar's supporters. Almost, but not entirely. The obscure soldiers and police who daily, hourly, expose their lives to the bullets, daggers, bombs of assassins at street corners are genuine heroes. In Poland and in the Baltic Provinces, numbers of them are killed or mutilated every day. Here is a typical example which occurred on September 6th in the industrial city of Lodz, near the Prussian frontier. The hero, a policeman, named Konashevich, just off duty, wended his way homewards one evening to his wife, who kept a little shop. He was accompanied by two soldiers, Volkoff and Minnagaleyeff, and all three sauntered along light-heartedly. As Konashevich entered his shop, a

stranger was seen, hurrying up to overtake him. It might be a customer, but Konashevich's wife told her husband that he was a revolutionist, a member of the fighting columns, and without losing time she darted to the door to shut it. But, before she had actually closed it a number of loud reports were heard simultaneously from three revolvers, Konashevich fell dead, while his wife and his two comrades were wounded.

Volkoff, the soldier, grievously hurt, was not beaten yet. Tightening his hold on his rifle, he crept slowly to the door and, on the threshold, was about to take aim when the revolutionists, descrying him, fired a volley and scattered his brains. Minnagaleyeff, wounded in the loins and feet, was lying outstretched on the floor during that exciting scene. When it was over, he managed to take his comrade's rifle into his safe-keeping and to remain motionless in the dark there, alone and in great pain, until the ambulance van came round and conveyed him to the hospital, where he now is.

If the intelligent supporters of the Tsar had but a little of the courage displayed by these ignorant soldiers who die unwept, unsung and generally unhonored, the cause of the Russian Monarchy would be in safe hands. For the Emperor himself has taken his stand definitely, resolutely and wisely, throwing in his lot with the Constitutionalists. And all his actions seem to be in keeping with this. Last April, for instance, General Trepoff, whose ascendancy over him was for a time unchallenged, endeavored to induce the Tsar to convoke a Zemsky Sobor, or Territorial Council, which would supplant the Duma altogether. But his efforts were vain; the Monarch was firm. On another occasion, Trepoff said to a reactionary friend of his: "The Tsar is now actuated solely by Liberal views. He is firmly determined to be true to the Liberal Platform. He has lost all faith in the Autocracy and regards that *régime* as obsolete." That is why he has recently turned a deaf ear to the suggestion, made by some members of the Cabinet, that certain modifications should be introduced into the electoral law.

But the peasants seldom even hear of these things, and never fully realize them. Nothing is done to bring home to them or to the nation at large the advantages of a reign of order and the calamities inseparable from anarchy. The revolutionists spread disaffection among them, while the Government looks on silent-

ly, deprecatingly. Yet on the voice of the peasant the upshot of the next elections and the fate of monarchism depend. Unless something is promptly done to win their vote, the new Duma will not only be oppositional—for that would not constitute a misfortune—but it will be revolutionary as well. And then the new Constitution will be rudely shaken.

Meanwhile, the parties are all moving more and more towards radicalism. One of the most prominent politicians of the day, A. I. Goochkoff, having publicly endorsed the Government programme and approved the repressive measures adopted for the restoration of order, the central Committee of his party officially dissociated itself from him; although he is their President. They are now approaching the more liberal party of "Peaceful Regeneration," in the hope of amalgamating with them. The party of Peaceful Regeneration, in turn, is desirous of joining hands with the Constitutional Democrats, while, according to Prince Meshchersky,—who himself is an inveterate trimmer and an untrustworthy guide,—the Constitutional Democrats have a hankering after the Social Democrats. "The result is," adds the Prince, "a real tendency towards Revolutionism, combined with an oral disavowal of sympathy with terrorism. On the other hand, while all these moderate parties profess to be longing for order, yet they disapprove of the use of severe and energetic measures to restore it, fancying that the Government can suppress the revolution by feeble half-measures."

The friends of the Monarchy are consequently in despair. For they hold that now or never is the sowing-time for the cause which they have at heart. Unless the seed is scattered without delay, there will be no flowers or fruit in spring and summer. The iron is white-hot to-day and might be beaten into almost any shape; to-morrow it will be cold and unmalleable. But every ministerialist is hampered by scruples; nobody dares to strike a blow. Ministers and courtiers ask each other: "Does that measure dovetail with the letter of the law? What line will public opinion take?" As if speculative opinions mattered when the issue is one of life and death! As if the state of the country were not that of civil war! *Inter arma silent leges.* No proof is needed that the gods and the wise are always on the winning side. *Væ victis.*

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *October 22.* Intuition the American Guide.

WE are an amusing people. Witness our treatment of men who have become popular idols, suddenly raised to the pinnacle only to be dropped overnight into comparative oblivion! Instances of this character, exhibiting apparent, though not, in our judgment, real, inconsistency are so recent and familiar that they need not be cited. The latest, however, affords occasion for curious and interesting speculation. A statesman who had achieved unique fame by serving twice as a great political party's candidate for the Presidency left his native land for a stay of many months in foreign countries in search of information and recreation, both of which we suspect he needed, and both of which we are quite certain he obtained. His departure was of so little importance as to be hardly noted in the public journals, but during his absence the whirligig of successive events made of him a colossal figure, and shortly before his return the apparently sagacious remark was ventured that only two living men could prevent his elevation to the Presidency, one being our present Chief Magistrate and the other himself.

The time of his return seemed altogether propitious and the welcome extended him was as impressive as any ever beheld in this land. Inspired by the seeming acceptance and endorsement of his theories of government, which previously had been scorned and repudiated, he saw an opportunity to blaze a new and yet more popular way in precise parallel with those paths originally indicated by himself which had at last apparently won general approval. He thereupon expressed the opinion in no strident way, but rather tentatively, that the time would come when it would be desirable for the Federal Government to take over, presumably by purchase, the great railway systems of the country and to operate

them in the equitable interest of the whole people. It was not a revolutionary proposal. Nearly every other large nation has engaged more or less successfully in the same work and our own Government from the very beginning has directly managed the great and growing business of transmitting letters, newspapers, magazines and merchandise on the broadest and largest scale in the world. So far as one could perceive, moreover, the restive people seemed eager to welcome this explicit suggestion. With what amazement, then, must this statesman have beheld the instantaneous rejection, not merely of the proposal itself, but apparently of himself and all his works! His purpose upon returning home was to lead a mighty campaign to drive the present controlling influence in Congress from power. That he is even now more or less actively engaged in this undertaking we understand to be the fact, but his utterances have ceased to make so much as ripples upon the surface of public interest, and, indeed, are no longer printed and scarcely referred to in the public journals.

How is this abrupt reversal of the attitude of an entire people to be accounted for? If a fundamental principle or a cherished tradition had been threatened, the explanation would be easy and transparent. But, as we have pointed out, that was not the case. Nor theoretically is there anything alarming in so cautious a declaration. Our own predilections against radicalism in any form are strong and deep-seated, and yet we do not hesitate to express frank agreement with the proposition that such a time may be reached in the course of the development of the country. No moral law or traditional policy would be violated. Whether or not or at what political stage in our national career, if ever, the Government should assume the responsibility of general railway management is a simple question of business. That the day has not yet arrived is evident. Our greatest accumulator of material possessions through industrial endeavor, whose words of wisdom because of his very achievements often pass unheeded, spoke the simple truth when the other day he declared that as a people we must for many years continue to be builders rather than conservers. The enormous task of affording opportunities and providing homes for two or three hundred millions of population within our present borders has hardly begun. To make possible the utilization of millions of acres, at present only waste

places, probably a hundred thousand miles of new railways must be constructed during the next fifty years. The bitter experience of our Government in opening the way to the Pacific Coast, no less than the marvellous progression of railway construction through private endeavor, conclusively proves that this can be accomplished best by individual enterprise and energy. To check a growth which will soon become a positive necessity would be obvious folly. There are other and many reasons equally practical and potent, though of less serious moment, why acquisition of the railways by the Government would at this time be unwise, but the definite and almost universal rejection of the idea renders their consideration unnecessary.

The interesting question we have in mind is, How did the people so speedily reach a decision? There was no shock, as we have said, from principle or policy, and there had been practically no discussion of the business aspects of the proposition. Even such a marshalling of facts as might have resulted in unfavorable conclusions from the view-point of logic and reason had not been attempted. What, then, is left as the influencing and determining element except keen intuition that such a project would be ill-advised and that its sponsor therefore must be an unsafe guide? On the whole, we are disposed to think that it is this quality, characteristic of femininity, that makes and unmakes our heroes and plays a large part in shaping our national destiny. If this be indeed the case, it is a comforting reflection that one would experience great difficulty in finding an instance of error in the instinctive perception of the American people.

TUESDAY, *October 23.* For a New National Hymn.

WILL not some one kindly compose a new national hymn? We should dislike to lose "The Star-spangled Banner" chiefly because of its patriotic origin on board an American frigate during a British bombardment, and we love to recall such incidents as that in Castle Garden, when Daniel Webster, to the distress of his wife, and the delight of the audience, set the example of rising, which has since become common, and, by main strength and with mighty voice, joining in the chorus with Jenny Lind. But, after all, only the words are American, the atrocious music being that of "Anacreon in Heaven," composed by an Englishman. It is therefore distinctively national only in part,

and after nearly a century of trying service might well be laid upon the shelf. A yet more efficient reason for seeking a substitute is found in the fact that the American people have been trying in vain for nearly a century to sing it. Despite the general cultivation of voices, the endeavor of an audience to-day to respond to the demand upon their patriotic spirit continues to be as pathetic as it has ever been desperate. Even our loyal navy takes "America" in place of "The Star-spangled Banner" at evening colors. From time to time the suggestion is made that this substitution be generally made, but here again objection arises from the fact that only the words of "America," too, are American. On British ocean steamships a prior right is tacitly accorded to the British, and "God Save the King" is sung. While we persist in adherence to "The Star-spangled Banner," it is fitting that this recognition should be extended to our British cousins, although as a matter of fact their claim upon the air for a national hymn is no stronger than ours and materially weaker than that of others. It was composed by the Frenchman Lully in the seventeenth century, was adapted to the House of Hanover by Handel and promptly taken over by Switzerland for "Rufst du, mein Vaterland" although the Hanoverians never abandoned it, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," not "Die Wacht am Rhein," being to this day the national hymn of Germany. Consequently, the eve-song of British, Swiss, German and American soldiers about to go into battle would consist of the same music and a jumble of words by Carey, Harries, Rev. Samuel F. Smith and whoever wrote the Swiss words. For double-quick marching "Yankee Doodle" continues to be satisfactory and "Hail, Columbia" is not without merit; but "America" is of too common use among the nations and "The Star-spangled Banner" too throat-rending; so again we ask, Will not some one kindly present us with a new distinctively American national hymn?

WEDNESDAY, *October 24.* Of Obstinacy in Conversation.

WE seem to perceive, especially among women, a growing disposition to regard intellectual obstinacy as a valuable adjunct of conversation and to exercise it accordingly. The method is simple. One merely makes a practice of emphatically denying the assertion or deduction of any other, thereby enforcing immediate elucidation, of whose necessity there has been no antici-

pation and for which preparation is naturally lacking. It is a convenient and, if unexpected, an effective way of shifting the burden of proof in such a manner as to profit shrewdness at the expense of wisdom. The resultant irritation, familiar to all who have and express opinions of their own, we frankly admit not only to have felt ourselves but to have noted with inward glee in others. This fact alone sufficing to stamp the process as being unworthy as it is obviously unintellectual, the tendency, if our premise be correct, merits consideration.

Judgments respecting the value of mere disputation or, as we prefer to term it, mental obstinacy, differ widely. Plato entirely prohibited the exercise to "weak" or "ill-descended" minds, and Montaigne—after declaring that "we only learn to dispute that we may contradict; and, every one contradicting and being contradicted, it falls out that the fruit of disputation is to lose and nullify truth"—tacitly assents when he demands "To what end do you go about to inquire of him who knows nothing to purpose?" This, however, savors not only of rare petulance, but even of the sly inconsistency of Mark Twain's recent dictum in this REVIEW that he admires criticism—if it is his way; because in no other place did the great French philosopher waver from his positive declaration that "contradictions do neither offend nor alter, but only rouse and exercise me." Recognizing a presumptive truth in the elder Cato's observation that "the wise may learn more from the fools than the fools from the wise," he professes to admire "stout expressions amongst gallant men," irrespective of the merit of the utterances or the intellectual quality of those speaking; he values only "the friendship that flatters itself in the sharpness and vigor of its communication, as love, in biting and scratching; it is not vigorous and generous enough if it be not quarrelsome, if civilized and artificial, if it treads nicely and fears a shock."

Such are the brave words of the great man, but, alas! they ring as untrue as his accounts of amours, which lived only in his imagination, and are completely confuted by his subsequent naïve assertion: "When any one contradicts me, he raises my attention, not my anger; I advance towards him that controverts me, as to one that instructs me; the cause of truth ought to be the common cause of both; what will he answer?" Sincerity flies out of the window; policy enters the door. Less qualified yielding to the

detestable Socratic method of setting traps for the unwary could not be imagined. Even our own canny Franklin was more ingenuous when, gleefully recounting his discovery of the art in Xenophon's Memorabilia, he wrote:

"I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropt my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer and doubter. And being then, from reading Shaftesbury and Collins, become a real doubter in many points of our religious doctrine, I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it. Therefore, I took a delight in it, practised it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions, the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved.

"I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words 'certainly,' 'undoubtedly,' or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I 'conceive' or 'apprehend' a thing to be so and so; 'it appears to me,' or 'I should think' it so and so, for such and such reasons; or I 'imagine' it to be so; or it is so, 'if I am not mistaken.'

"This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting."

The cross-questioning of Socrates, the silly pretence of Montaigne and the crafty caution of Franklin, as combined in the method of those who display what we have termed obstinacy in their conversation, suffice to try the patience of a saint; and yet we cannot deny that the extreme contrary is equally unworthy and obnoxious. We are driven, therefore, to inquire whether there may not be a complete divergence from both which would have the seeming of a happy medium? If, for example, one be neither hatefully disputatious for effect nor hypocritically humble from policy, but frank, natural and wholly honest in both word and mind, is there not a reasonable probability that the impression made upon others would be as agreeable as they have a right to expect?

THURSDAY, *October 25.* **The Helpfulness of Fishing.**

ABILITY to cast a fly has so long been recognized as the chief requisite of a true fisherman that those who profess to be sports-

men are prone to shrug their shoulders at mention of one who merely angles; and yet the great Izaak himself, whose rambling dialogue, "sweetening the temper of any man who reads it," has become a classic, was so ignorant of the more delicate art that a friend was called to make discourse thereon in the "compleat" book. We are probably justified, then, in assuming that there are two sides of the argument, the decision depending chiefly upon the purpose held in view. To one seeking active sport the lithe rod and shrewdly selected imitation of a familiar insect are essential, but to the philosopher seeking opportunity for reflection, the troll, the bob or the amiable worm meets every necessity.

One of our most exemplary citizens, chiefly distinguished from having twice served as Chief Magistrate of the Nation, uses the bob sturdily and skilfully, yet withal so considerately as to have achieved no small measure of popularity beneath the surface of the waters. It is this method of fishing that affords the widest range for meditation, and we are pleased to observe that some of the thoughts that have come to him in the intervals of waiting he has seen fit to set down for publication in a book, the reading of which is a delight, especially if one permit one's imagination to depict the conditions attendant upon specific reflections. For example: "Fishing stories are always to be believed" brings before the mental vision the inevitable doubter of the sad truth that "the biggest fish are always lost"; a clear conscience ensuing from stern resistance of temptation clearly appears in "It is better to go home with nothing killed than to feel the weight of a mean, unsportsmanlike act"; unconscious disapprobation of certain political methods may be suspected from "The unstrenuous, philosophical fishing fraternity does more good for humanity than the strenuous people"; and, finally, a plea for leisure as a cure for present evils is plainly manifest in "There can be no doubt that the promise of industrial business, of contented labor and of healthful moderation in the pursuit of wealth, in this democratic country of ours, would be infinitely improved if a larger share of the time which has been devoted to the concoctions of trusts and business combinations had been spent in fishing." Here speaks the statesman as well as the philosopher, the man of experience and affairs no less than the calm, dispassionate observer of current tendencies.

It is well, indeed, as Doctor Prime would say, to go a-fishing when one may catch such helpful thoughts, but better far and vastly more profitable to the jaded mind and worn conscience is the inestimable privilege of renewing acquaintance with one's self amid the singing of the birds and the sighing of the trees. Such, in considering the true need of the American man, we suspect to have been the feeling, though unexpressed, of our worthy sage.

FRIDAY, *October 26.* "In Times of Peace."

WE had better make up our minds now than later that our friends the Japanese will become more and more pestiferous as the years roll by. That is an inevitable consequence of the condition incited by Great Britain for political purposes and sustained by those of ourselves who justly entertain a feeling of antipathy against Russia. That the present Government of Japan is sane and sober is manifest, but there seems every reason to believe that its restraint is wholly diplomatic and in no sense representative of the temper of the people. This is but natural. History bears no record of a speedy and unexpected communal triumph failing to induce self-confidence, sensitive notions of dignity and lust of recognition and even at times of authority. Alexander and Cæsar only personified the demands of those who had made their victories possible, and they would have been as helpless in cautious resistance to these demands as Napoleon himself would have been, had his temperament been such as to withstand the frenzy of France for replacement among the aristocracies of Europe. So in Japan to-day the rulers must reckon with a people becoming daily more restive in resentment of evidences of the indisposition of civilized nations to recognize in them specific rights, which they believe and firmly insist that they won by proven skill in warfare with a great Power.

In view of these circumstances it is not surprising to hear reports of an "Anti-American" outburst in Japan. Its immediate cause is of comparatively little importance, natural jealousy and desire to demonstrate even greater capacity quite sufficing to account for it; and yet it is interesting to note the shrewdness with which the most vulnerable spot in our national armor is selected for attack. We know and of course everybody else knows that, while receiving hordes of unwelcome beings from Europe, we

have been extremely chary of admitting those seeking entrance through our Western ports, and long ago, to serve the personal political ambition of a perennial candidate for the Presidency, we placed an embargo upon the Chinese. California in such matters was the dominant factor then and necessarily from geographical position is now. To her residents, therefore, accustomed as they have been for these many years to treat representatives of the "yellow peril" in their own sweet way, it was only casually incidental recently to enact that thereafter all children of Oriental descent should be excluded from public schools and compelled to study in places especially designated for them. The Chinese and Coreans meekly submitted as usual, but the Japanese official representative, after making an ineffectual protest, notified his people at home to such purpose that, despite the resistance of the Government, newspapers and assemblages have indulged in denunciation so vigorous that, according to a trustworthy correspondent, "a prompt repudiation of the anti-Japanese sentiment by the United States at large is necessary to avert a crisis here that would result in the destruction of the historic friendly political, financial and commercial relations between the two nations."

Whether or not this description of the state of mind in Japan is exaggerated, we can readily perceive a possible seriousness in the situation because of the underlying causes noted. The Japanese Government, of course, knows that neither the President nor the Congress nor the Supreme Court, nor all three combined, can make effective regulations of the public schools of San Francisco; the Japanese people, however, not only do not know that, but, we suspect, do not wish to be informed and in any case would not believe it. They occupy the position of a well-equipped pugilist seeking anything rather than trouble, but not averse to insult demanding as an expression of resentment a demonstration of strength and skill. The wise and pacific Japanese Government is probably strong enough to withstand the present stress, but it is only a question of time, to our mind, when pretexts for strife will become irresistible and it is for this particular reason, overshadowing all others combined bearing upon relationship with European Powers, that we feel the necessity of maintaining a masterful navy, not quite as a safeguard, but rather as insurance against possible incendiarism. So long as ten years ago the present

Tsar wrote to Prince Hohenlohe expressing his admiration of and liking for the Japanese; "but," almost pathetically as now appears, he added, "this sympathy has not kept me from acting against them when they have gone too far." Despite the apparently keen perception of possibilities implied in this absurdly complacent declaration, when the crisis came Russia was impotent from lack of preparation, and the results she experienced are not wisely to be ignored by even our own altogether peaceable though somewhat resourceful nation.

SATURDAY, *October 27.* Long Live Elijah Pogram!

HOWEVER exasperating in the eyes of others we Americans have been, and continue to be perhaps in some respects, none will gainsay our exceptional contribution to the gayety of nations. If, for example, we had never cultivated the habit of bragging, how serious would have been the deprivation of our English cousins! It is with peculiar gratification, therefore, that we are enabled to note signs of a revival of what was beginning to seem to be a flagging interest in our traditional idiosyncrasies. Somewhat sadly, yet not without avidity, the discerning representative in this country of the "National Review" records his discovery that the eagle, so far from having completely lost his voice, is still a screamer. He finds his evidence in a recent political utterance of the most enthusiastic statesman of the Middle West, who, rising to the full requirements of oratory in urging the necessity of electing a certain candidate for the Congress, delivered himself of this eloquent and stirring peroration:

"The glorious American people, torch-bearers of Liberty; this American Republic, hope of the world; this American land, so nobly placed, so rich in all that ministers to human use and happiness; that people will not be corrupted by their prosperity, because their prosperity will be honest and pure; that Republic will not decay, because its Government will be kept close to that people; that land will not be spoiled and rifled by crazed efforts for hasty wealth, but made richer by intelligent industry and care. Development, not exploitation; progress, not decadence; while even brighter shines the light of the true freedom that men call 'equity before the law,' onward and upward, carried by the American millions as they press forward in the strength and joy of righteous living, passing by the gods of gold and leaving behind them the false worship of the broken idols of the market-place—a market cleansed, set in order and regenerated. So shall American civilization be made immortal and American institutions a blessing to mankind!"

To English ears, writes our solemn critic, this sounds ridiculous. "It is gasconade so absurd that one fails to understand how a prominent public man should be guilty of anything so childish, but the newspapers do not regard it as extraordinary, and I am sure the audience—and I speak with a long experience of American audiences—sat there spellbound, drinking in every word, thrilling in every emotion, believing all that they heard, and glorying in the thought that they were the chosen people." We dare say the audience chuckled; we are quite sure that we should if we had been there; and why not? Our national institutions are so few and our Elijah Pograms have become so rare since an inconsiderate Speaker effectually discouraged oratorical exhibitions in the House of Representatives that such a gush of pent-up emotion is more than welcome. Back go our memories to the happy days when the great General Choke was accustomed to speak to the visitor from a benighted monarchy such fervid words as these:

"You air, now, sir, a denizen of the most powerful and highly civilized do-minion that has ever graced the world; a do-minion, sir, where man is bound to man in one vast bond of equal love and truth. May you, sir, be worthy of your a-dopted country!"

Surely no true man could wish to expunge these noble sentiments from the fair pages of our glorious history or fail to rejoice in their occasional recrudescence. As we have already hinted, what cheer could we bestow upon our ancestral cousins if we should perfect the unhappy resemblance now partially existing? The oddity, also traditionally characteristic, lies in the inability of our self-contained relatives to perceive that one may derive genuine amusement from the exuberance of one's own verbosity. Unlike them, we have not yet acquired the remarkable capacity of always taking ourselves seriously.

Let us seize this opportunity to be frank and disabuse their minds! We should not like to have the admission repeated to the Latins or, above all, the Germans; but the fact, for family consumption, only, is that some of the assertions of our present-day Elijah are not quite true. We are a "glorious people," of course, and "torch-bearers of liberty" and the "hope" or prey of that portion of other communities considered undesirable at home; our land, too, is, if not "nobly," at least comfortably,

"placed" in comparative isolation and is really sufficiently fertile for all immediate necessities. We would not, however, insist very earnestly, except for purposes of oratory, that exploitation has yielded entirely to development, and we have given utterance to rather strong suspicions of late that the light of true freedom guaranteeing all men "equality before the law" is blazing somewhat less brightly than it might burn with propriety and usefulness. Nor are we absolutely certain that we have passed all of the gods of gold or broken the last of the idols of the market-place, but the shattering process is well under way, and we are truly looking forward to a renewed experience at no distant day of the "joy of righteous living." Meanwhile, we beseech our ancestral relatives to be patient with us; we are young and crude, not hardened yet, as others are, even in sin—and we do love to hear ourselves talk because thereby, without irritating others unduly, we amuse ourselves at our own cheerful expense.

MONDAY, *October 29.* For Woman Suffrage.

IT was natural to expect, but is none the less gratifying to record, that the first and most earnest response to our proposal that the time has arrived when the interests of the country can be best conserved by conferring upon women the right to vote comes from our chief Western city. The "Chicago Evening Post" says plainly:

> "The REVIEW takes a distinctly sane view of woman suffrage. Woman is fully equipped now to exercise the same political rights as man. Her exercise of these rights is essential to the welfare of the nation. She can vote with as much judgment and intelligence, and with much more moral responsibility, than man. Therefore, let her vote. She would fill public office as efficiently as man fills it; therefore, let her have the office.
>
> "The country needs the vote of our women, it needs the morality of our women exercised in places of public trust. Give her the ballot, if she wishes to cast it; give her the office if she can win it."

The "Chicago Record-Herald" notes with satisfaction "A New Forward Impulse," and urges, as a matter of policy, that pleas be directed to women themselves in the hope of dispelling their apparent indifference. These are American newspapers of the highest type, and the value of their espousal of any worthy cause is inestimable. To others who advance the time-worn argu-

ment that women would not exercise such a privilege, it suffices to say that hundreds of thousands of citizens now qualified to vote seldom exercise their prerogative, but may be depended upon invariably in an emergency, such, for example, as now confronts the people of New York. Equal reliance, we firmly believe, might safely be placed upon women. In any case, assertion to the contrary is wholly speculative, in view of the fact that the condition has never arisen and the opportunity has never been accorded. The further objection, based upon a suspicion that universal suffrage would threaten the family relationship, we consider a mediæval notion, and no more sound than a theory that sons should not be permitted to vote lest they might not follow the lead of their fathers. These are days of enlightenment, independent action and individual responsibility, not of subjection of any portion of the human race morally and intellectually capable of exercising authority for the common good.

TUESDAY, *October 30.* The Japanese in California.

THE opinion expressed positively by Macaulay, and echoed tentatively by other critical observers, that our written Constitution may eventually become an intolerable restriction and tend to our political undoing has never won very serious attention in this country; and yet the difficulties and embarrassments arising from its application to our rapidly widening relationships and responsibilities are so numerous already that reflection designed to effectuate a remedy is surely imperative. As a nation, no less than as a people, we unquestionably desire the firm establishment and the utmost possible extension of the principle of arbitration; but we are practically prevented by our fundamental law from assenting to most excellent proposals, such, for example, as will be presented to the Hague Conference.

We strongly dissent from the judgment expressed by a distinguished lawyer in this REVIEW to the effect that the United States is "morally responsible" for debts incurred and subsequently repudiated by individual States on the ground that such liabilities "were contracted by governments organized and sustained by the direct action of Congress," because we hold the reverse to be the fact, namely, that the Congress itself is but the creature of the thirteen original sovereign bodies and can exercise no authority beyond that recognized by the Supreme Court

as having been conferred upon it. Surely the Nation cannot be considered to have guaranteed in either a legal or a moral sense debts which it was known to have had no part in making, for the mere reason that they were contracted by political communities within its borders. Grant even that States exist by authority of the Federal Government; so do cities and townships and, for that matter, railway and industrial corporations, all of which have sold numberless bonds recognized by the purchaser as resting solely upon the mortgaged properties. We are unable to appreciate the risk, which our contributor considers to be involved, in agreeing to be bound by awards of the Hague Tribunal respecting public contracts, especially since the article providing therefor would surely take into account the sharp distinction between authorized National and unauthorized local obligations; consequently, we perceive no necessity for the application of the ingenious, though we suspect illegal, remedy which he suggests.

The pertinence, however, of his reference to the case of the Italians killed in New Orleans, as an illustration of our awkward inefficiency in dealing with other Powers, is obvious. The subterfuge to which the Federal Government was forced to resort, in that instance, to avert international difficulties, was not only humiliating to us, but unsatisfying to the complainants and wholly indeterminate as a precedent. Hence the present difficulty of the Administration in removing the causes of the dissatisfaction of the Japanese over the exclusion of their children from the public schools of California. The broader and more portentous aspects of this disagreeable situation we have already indicated; but the technical considerations cannot, in fairness, be ignored.

Japan and the United States are pledged by treaty to make no discrimination against their respective citizens in favor of those of other nations. Let us suppose that the American traders now transacting business in Nagasaki be subjected by the local governing body to a severe tax, from which their German competitors are exempted, that they make complaint to Washington, that our State Department remonstrate with the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs and receive a reply to the effect that authority to make such regulations rests exclusively in the prefecture of Kiushiu and that, consequently, His Majesty's Government is helpless. The parallel with the condition existing in California would be precise. True, the Emperor might and

doubtless would pledge his best endeavors to convince the honorable council of Kiushiu of the error of its ways, just as our President has promised to try to influence the constituted authorities of California and has given evidence of good faith by sending a Cabinet Minister, hat in hand, to beg the San Francisco Board of Education to kindly relieve the Federal Administration of embarrassment; but would the answer be altogether satisfying to our merchants or people generally?

Doubtless in this instance, as once before, our Supreme Court would hold that the treaty is the supreme law of the land and might even issue an order forbidding the San Francisco Board to violate its provisions, but if the Board should be obdurate there is no known way of enforcing such a decree. Altogether, the situation is curiously perplexing, and it would be ludicrous, but for a very real apprehension that, in the event of a failure of the President's appeal to public sentiment, it might become serious.

WEDNESDAY, *October 31.* On the Eve of Election.

WE now see no reason to doubt that the Hearst force will experience a crushing defeat at the polls on Tuesday, November 6th. The canvass made by the radical candidate has been characterized by both shrewdness and audacity. Charges of inconsistency and insincerity made and substantiated by his antagonist he has calmly and cynically ignored, and has gradually narrowed his own claim to preferment to the assertion, probably correct, that large holders of property are arrayed solidly against him. To excite the masses against the classes has become in the latter days of the campaign his sole endeavor. How successful he has been will appear on the morning of November 7th. If his hopes should meet with the annihilation we anticipate, the result will be due to the recent arousal and conscientious action of conservative Democrats. No Republican campaign in years has been characterized by so great a measure of stupidity, beginning with unwise selections of Chairman and Treasurer of the State Committee, and ending we cannot tell where so long as opportunity to blunder remains. The original insistence that the issue was purely local was futile, depriving the Republican candidate until the very last of the efficient aid of such strong and respected statesmen as our two really great Cabinet Ministers. True, no questions of national party policy are involved, but the

Hearst force, as an issue, is distinctly national. It had its origin in California, is rampant in Illinois, has raised its head in the elections this autumn in Massachusetts, and loudly proclaims its intention of invading every section of the Union where unscrupulous journalism can be made efficacious. The real question to be decided next Tuesday is less whether the candidate of the force shall become Governor of New York, than whether the people of the Empire State shall set their seal of approval upon his aspirations to the Presidency. There was no question of this fact from the beginning, it was stated authoritatively and positively by the chief advocate of the force in this REVIEW. That the point should have been kept clearly before the public mind as the strongest that could be urged against the candidacy was plainly evident, and yet it has been practically ignored even by the Republican candidate himself, who in other respects has made an admirable and telling canvass. Nevertheless, the signs of the growth of a stern determination to preserve the State from disgrace seem unmistakable, and we would not be surprised to see the malign influence repudiated by a majority exceeding one hundred thousand.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

MARK TWAIN.

For information concerning this distinguished contributor, the reader is referred to the body of the REVIEW, which, during the coming year, will contain chapters selected from his Autobiography.

LUCIEN HUGH ALEXANDER

is one of the prominent younger members of the Philadelphia bar. He received his education at the University of Pennsylvania and Harvard, and also studied in Germany. When in college he was a well-known athlete, playing on the football teams of both Pennsylvania and Harvard, captaining that of the former, as well as its 'Varsity crew. Since his admission to the bar he has been active in his profession, and for three years he served as Secretary of the Board on Admissions to the Philadelphia Bar. He suggested the Memorial of the Pennsylvania Bar Association, which resulted in the establishment of the State Board of Law Examiners, and was a member and the Secretary of the Committee presenting the memorial to the Supreme Court. He is a member of the council for Pennsylvania of the American Bar Association, and is one of the committee of Pennsylvania citizens in charge of the approaching removal from North Carolina to Philadelphia of the remains of Pennsylvania's great Jurist, Justice James Wilson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who died in 1798.

SIR HENRY COTTON, K. C. S. I.,

has spent the greater part of his life in the Indian Civil Service. Having qualified for that service, he proceeded to Bengal in 1867. Between that time and the date of his retirement in 1902, he occupied the following positions: Under-Secretary to Government of Bengal, in 1873; Registrar of High Court, 1874; Junior Secretary to Government, 1875-77; Magistrate and Collector of Chittagong, 1878-80; Acting Commissioner of Chittagong, 1879 and 1884; Secretary to

the Board of Revenue, 1880-86; Commissioner of Police and Chairman of Calcutta Corporation, 1887; Secretary to the Government of Bengal, Revenue Department, 1888; Financial Department, 1889-91; Chief-Secretary to Government, 1891-96; Acting Home Secretary to Government of India, 1896; Chief Commissioner of Assam, 1896-1902.

Edward Porritt

is a native of Bury in Lancashire, England. For several years he was connected with a number of English papers. In 1884, he came to the United States and joined the staff of the "St. Louis Globe Democrat." Returning to England, he was employed for some time as a parliamentary reporter. He now resides in the United States as correspondent for important British newspapers. He writes besides for a large range of American periodicals. In 1893, he published "The Englishman at Home," an account of English government and institutions. In 1901, he finished "The History of the Unreformed House of Commons," which was published in two volumes by the University Press of Cambridge.

William Vaughn Moody

was born in Spencer, Indiana, in 1869, and graduated from Harvard University in 1893. For a number of years he was an instructor in English literature and composition at the University of Chicago, but recently he has devoted himself exclusively to letters. Among his published works are "The Masque of Judgment," "The Fire Bringer" and a "History of English Literature." "The Great Divide," a drama of Mr. Moody's, is now being produced in New York by Mr. Henry Miller and Miss Margaret Anglin, and many critics believe it to be the most vital play from an American pen seen in many years.

Karl Blind,

who has for many years been an honored contributor to the Review, was born at Mannheim, Germany, in 1826. He studied at Heidelberg and Bonn. He was prominent as a leader in the revolution of 1848-49, and fought, as a member of a Provisional Government, at the battle of Staufen. Made a prisoner through the treachery of a guide, he was saved from death by court-martial, through a flaw in the proclamation of martial law. By a new revolution, in which the army of Baden took part, he was freed, the people breaking open the prison. He was then appointed diplomatic

envoy at Paris by the new Democratic Government. At Paris, after the rising of Ledru-Rollin, he was arrested in violation of the law of nations. In 1852, he took refuge in England, where he has been in friendly contact with the exiled leaders of Italy, France, Poland, Hungary and other countries.

DR. JOSIAH STRONG

was born at Naperville, Illinois, in 1847, and graduated from Western Reserve University in 1869. He has been an active Congregational minister in various parts of the country, and from 1886-98 he was Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States. Since 1902, he has been President of the American Institute of Social Service. Among his published works are "Our Country," "The Twentieth Century City," "Religious Movements for Social Betterment," "The Times and Young Men" and "The Next Great Awakening."

WILLIAM O. INGLIS,

a native of Brooklyn, is a well-known New York journalist. Of the past twenty years he has served five on the staff of the New York "Herald" and fifteen on the "World." Among his more important assignments as a special correspondent were the Johnstown Flood and the Homestead strike, which he reported for the "World." He is also an authority on athletics and outdoor sports. Recently he joined the staff of "Harper's Weekly," for which he acted as special correspondent during the insurrection in Cuba, of whose affairs he made a careful study.

ASAAD KALARJI KARAM

was born at Mount Lebanon, Syria, in 1865. He was educated at the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut and graduated in 1883. For the past fifteen years, Mr. Karam has been engaged in commerce in Morocco. He possesses a thorough knowledge of the social and political conditions of the people, and has been, for many years, a correspondent of various Egyptian journals.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

was born at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and graduated from Smith College in 1894. She was literary editor of the Worcester Spy, 1894-5, and a member of the staff of the New York "World" from 1895-1902. She has contributed to the "Century," "Harper's," "The Critic" and other

magazines, and recently has been on the editorial staff of "Everybody's Magazine."

FREDERICK TABER COOPER,

the literary editor of the New York "Globe," was educated at Harvard and Columbia Universities. He has held assistant instructorships and assistant professorships in Columbia and New York Universities. In collaboration with Arthur Bartlett Maurice, he wrote the "History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature."

CLAYTON HAMILTON

is a graduate of Columbia University. From 1901 to 1904 he was Tutor in English at that institution, giving a course also at Barnard College. Since 1904 he has lectured extensively on literary topics, and has contributed essays, sketches and stories to the magazines. He was mainly responsible for the English version of Jacob Gordin's Yiddish play, "The Kreutzer Sonata," which Blanche Walsh is now playing under the management of Wagenhals and Kemper; and last year, in collaboration with Miss Grace Isabel Colbron, he produced a play, "The Love that Blinds," which Mary Shaw acted under the management of the Shuberts.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

was born in Chicago. She is the daughter of a Unitarian minister, and was educated in France, Germany and England. Later, she studied for two years at the Conservatory of Leipzig, and for two years in Birmingham, England. She has lived in Virginia since 1887, and has been a contributor to "East and West," "The Chap-Book," "The Century," "The Outlook," "Poet-Lore," "The Times-Democrat" of New Orleans, "The Boston Transcript" and "The Evening Post" of New York. For several years, she has been a reader and adviser of one of the leading publishing houses, and has regularly contributed editorials to "Harper's Weekly."

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—VI.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa made arrangements to read at Vassar College the 1st of May, and I went with him. We went by way of New York City. Mamma went with us to New York and stayed two days to do some shopping. We started Tuesday, at ½ past two o'clock in the afternoon, and reached New York about ¼ past six. Papa went right up to General Grants from the station and mamma and I went to the Everett House. Aunt Clara came to supper with us up in our room. . . .

We and Aunt Clara were going were going to the theatre right after supper, and we expected papa to take us there and to come home as early as he could. But we got through dinner and he didn't come, and didn't come, and mamma got more perplexed and worried, but at last

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we thought we would have to go without him. So we put on our things and started down stairs but before we'd goten half down we met papa coming up with a great bunch of roses in his hand. He explained that the reason he was so late was that his watch stopped and he didn't notice and kept thinking it an hour earlier than it really was. The roses he carried were some Col. Fred Grant sent to mamma. We went to the theatre and enjoyed "Adonis" [word illegible] acted very much. We reached home about ½ past eleven o'clock and went right to bed. Wednesday morning we got up rather late and had breakfast about ½ past nine o'clock. After breakfast mamma went out shopping and papa and I went to see papa's agent about some business matters. After papa had gotten through talking to Cousin Charlie, [Webster] papa's agent, we went to get a friend of papa's, Major Pond, to go and see a Dog Show with us. Then we went to see the dogs with Major Pond and we had a delightful time seeing so many dogs together; when we got through seeing the dogs papa thought he would go and see General Grant and I went with him—this was April 29, 1885. Papa went up into General Grant's room and he took me with him, I felt greatly honored and delighted when papa took me into General Grant's room and let me see the General and Col. Grant, for General Grant is a man I shall be glad all my life that I have seen. Papa and General Grant had a long talk together and papa has written an account of his talk and visit with General Grant for me to put into this biography.

Susy has inserted in this place that account of mine—as follows:

April 29, 1885.

I called on General Grant and took Susy with me. The General was looking and feeling far better than he had looked or felt for some months. He had ventured to work again on his book that morning—the first time he had done any work for perhaps a month. This morning's work was his first attempt at dictating, and it was a thorough success, to his great delight. He had always said that it would be impossible for him to dictate anything, but I had said that he was noted for clearness of statement, and as a narrative was simply a statement of consecutive facts, he was consequently peculiarly qualified and equipped for dictation. This turned out to be true. For he had dictated two hours that morning to a shorthand writer, had never hesitated for words, had not repeated himself, and the manuscript when finished needed no revision. The two hours' work was an account of Appomattox —and this was such an extremely important feature that his book would neeessarily have been severely lame without it. Therefore I had taken a shorthand writer there before, to see if I could not get him to write at least a few lines about Appomattox.* But he was at that time not well enough to undertake it. I was aware that of all the hundred ver-

* I was his publisher. I was putting his "Personal Memoirs" to press at the time.—S. L. C.

sions of Appomattox, not one was really correct. Therefore I was extremely anxious that he should leave behind him the truth. His throat was not distressing him, and his voice was much better and stronger than usual. He was so delighted to have gotten Appomattox accomplished once more in his life—to have gotten the matter off his mind—that he was as talkative as his old self. He received Susy very pleasantly, and then fell to talking about certain matters which he hoped to be able to dictate next day; and he said in substance that, among other things, he wanted to settle once for all a question that had been bandied about from mouth to mouth and from newspaper to newspaper. That question was, "With whom originated the idea of the march to the sea? Was it Grant's, or was it Sherman's idea?" Whether I, or some one else (being anxious to get the important fact settled) asked him with whom the idea originated, I don't remember. But I remember his answer. I shall always remember his answer. General Grant said:

"Neither of us originated the idea of Sherman's march to the sea. The enemy did it."

He went on to say that the enemy, however, necessarily originated a great many of the plans that the general on the opposite side gets the credit for; at the same time that the enemy is doing that, he is laying open other moves which the opposing general sees and takes advantage of. In this case, Sherman had a plan all thought out, of course. He meant to destroy the two remaining railroads in that part of the country, and that would finish up that region. But General Hood did not play the military part that he was expected to play. On the contrary, General Hood made a dive at Chattanooga. This left the march to the sea open to Sherman, and so after sending part of his army to defend and hold what he had acquired in the Chattanooga region, he was perfectly free to proceed, with the rest of it, through Georgia. He saw the opportunity, and he would not have been fit for his place if he had not seized it.

"He wrote me" (the General is speaking) "what his plan was, and I sent him word to go ahead. My staff were opposed to the movement." (I think the General said they tried to persuade him to stop Sherman. The chief of his staff, the General said, even went so far as to go to Washington without the General's knowledge and get the ear of the authorities, and he succeeded in arousing their fears to such an extent that they telegraphed General Grant to stop Sherman.)

Then General Grant said, "Out of deference to the Government, I telegraphed Sherman and stopped him twenty-four hours; and then considering that that was deference enough to the Government, I telegraphed him to go ahead again."

I have not tried to give the General's language, but only the general idea of what he said. The thing that mainly struck me was his terse remark that the enemy originated the idea of the march to the sea. It struck me because it was so suggestive of the General's epigrammatic fashion—saying a great deal in a single crisp sentence. (This is my account, and signed "Mark Twain.")

Susy Resumes.

After papa and General Grant had had their talk, we went back to the hotel where mamma was, and papa told mamma all about his interview with General Grant. Mamma and I had a nice quiet afternoon together.

That pair of devoted comrades were always shutting themselves up together when there was opportunity to have what Susy called "a cozy time." From Susy's nursery days to the end of her life, she and her mother were close friends; intimate friends, passionate adorers of each other. Susy's was a beautiful mind, and it made her an interesting comrade. And with the fine mind she had a heart like her mother's. Susy never had an interest or an occupation which she was not glad to put aside for that something which was in all cases more precious to her—a visit with her mother. Susy died at the right time, the fortunate time of life; the happy age—twenty-four years. At twenty-four, such a girl has seen the best of life—life as a happy dream. After that age the risks begin; responsibility comes, and with it the cares, the sorrows, and the inevitable tragedy. For her mother's sake I would have brought her back from the grave if I could, but I would not have done it for my own.

From Susy's Biography.

Then papa went to read in public; there were a great many authors that read, that Thursday afternoon, beside papa; I would have liked to have gone and heard papa read, but papa said he was going to read in Vassar just what he was planning to read in New York, so I stayed at home with mamma.

The next day mamma planned to take the four o'clock car back to Hartford. We rose quite early that morning and went to the Vienna Bakery and took breakfast there. From there we went to a German bookstore and bought some German books for Clara's birthday.

Dear me, the power of association to snatch mouldy dead memories out of their graves and make them walk! That remark about buying foreign books throws a sudden white glare upon the distant past; and I see the long stretch of a New York street with an unearthly vividness, and John Hay walking down it, grave and remorseful. I was walking down it too, that morning, and I overtook Hay and asked him what the trouble was. He turned a lustreless eye upon me and said:

"My case is beyond cure. In the most innocent way in the world I have committed a crime which will never be forgiven

by the sufferers, for they will never believe—oh, well, no, I was going to say they would never believe that I did the thing innocently. The truth is they will know that I acted innocently, because they are rational people; but what of that? I never can look them in the face again—nor they me, perhaps."

Hay was a young bachelor, and at that time was on the "Tribune" staff. He explained his trouble in these words, substantially:

"When I was passing along here yesterday morning on my way down-town to the office, I stepped into a bookstore where I am acquainted, and asked if they had anything new from the other side. They handed me a French novel, in the usual yellow paper cover, and I carried it away. I didn't even look at the title of it. It was for recreation reading, and I was on my way to my work. I went mooning and dreaming along, and I think I hadn't gone more than fifty yards when I heard my name called. I stopped, and a private carriage drew up at the sidewalk and I shook hands with the inmates—mother and young daughter, excellent people. They were on their way to the steamer to sail for Paris. The mother said,

"'I saw that book in your hand and I judged by the look of it that it was a French novel. Is it?'

"I said it was.

"She said, 'Do let me have it, so that my daughter can practise her French on it on the way over.'

"Of course I handed her the book, and we parted. Ten minutes ago I was passing that bookstore again, and I stepped in and fetched away another copy of that book. Here it is. Read the first page of it. That is enough. You will know what the rest is like. I think it must be the foulest book in the French language—one of the foulest, anyway. I would be ashamed to offer it to a harlot—but, oh dear, I gave it to that sweet young girl without shame. Take my advice; don't give away a book until you have examined it."

From Susy's Biography.

Then mamma and I went to do some shopping and papa went to see General Grant. After we had finnished doing our shopping we went home to the hotel together. When we entered our rooms in the hotel we saw on the table a vase full of exquisett red roses. Mamma who is very fond of flowers exclaimed "Oh I wonder who could have sent

them." We both looked at the card in the midst of the roses and saw that it was written on in papa's handwriting, it was written in German. 'Liebes Geshchenk on die mamma.' [I am sure I didn't say "on"—that is Susy's spelling, not mine; also I am sure I didn't spell Geschenk so liberally as all that.—S. L. C.] Mamma was delighted. Papa came home and gave mamma her ticket; and after visiting a while with her went to see Major Pond and mamma and I sat down to our lunch. After lunch most of our time was taken up with packing, and at about three o'clock we went to escort mamma to the train. We got on board the train with her and stayed with her about five minutes and then we said good-bye to her and the train started for Hartford. It was the first time I had ever beene away from home without mamma in my life, although I was 13 yrs. old. Papa and I drove back to the hotel and got Major Pond and then went to see the Brooklyn Bridge we went across it to Brooklyn on the cars and then walked back across it from Brooklyn to New York. We enjoyed looking at the beautiful scenery and we could see the bridge moove under the intense heat of the sun. We had a perfectly delightful time, but weer pretty tired when we got back to the hotel.

The next morning we rose early, took our breakfast and took an early train to Poughkeepsie. We had a very pleasant journey to Poughkeepsie. The Hudson was magnificent—shrouded with beautiful mist. When we arived at Poughkeepsie it was raining quite hard; which fact greatly dissapointed me because I very much wanted to see the outside of the buildings of Vassar College and as it rained that would be impossible. It was quite a long drive from the station to Vasser College and papa and I had a nice long time to discuss and laugh over German profanity. One of the German phrases papa particularly enjoys is "O heilige maria Mutter Jesus!" Jean has a German nurse, and this was one of her phrases, there was a time when Jean exclaimed "Ach Gott!" to every trifle, but when mamma found it out she was shocked and instantly put a stop to it.

It brings that pretty little German girl vividly before me—a sweet and innocent and plump little creature with peachy cheeks; a clear-souled little maiden and without offence, notwithstanding her profanities, and she was loaded to the eyebrows with them. She was a mere child. She was not fifteen yet. She was just from Germany, and knew no English. She was always scattering her profanities around, and they were such a satisfaction to me that I never dreamed of such a thing as modifying her. For my own sake, I had no disposition to tell on her. Indeed I took pains to keep her from being found out. I told her to confine her religious exercises to the children's quarters, and urged her to remember that Mrs. Clemens was prejudiced against pieties on week-days. To the children, the little maid's

profanities sounded natural and proper and right, because they had been used to that kind of talk in Germany, and they attached no evil importance to it. It grieves me that I have forgotten those vigorous remarks. I long hoarded them in my memory as a treasure. But I remember one of them still, because I heard it so many times. The trial of that little creature's life was the children's hair. She would tug and strain with her comb, accompanying her work with her misplaced pieties. And when finally she was through with her triple job she always fired up and exploded her thanks toward the sky, where they belonged, in this form: "*Gott sei Dank ich bin fertig mit'm Gott verdammtes Haar!*" (I believe I am not quite brave enough to translate it.)

From Susy's Biography.

We at length reached Vassar College and she looked very finely, her buildings and her grounds being very beautiful. We went to the front doore and range the bell. The young girl who came to the doore wished to know who we wanted to see. Evidently we were not expected. Papa told her who we wanted to see and she showed us to the parlor. We waited, no one came; and waited, no one came, still no one came. It was beginning to seem pretty awkward, "Oh well this is a pretty piece of business," papa exclaimed. At length we heard footsteps coming down the long corridor and Miss C, (the lady who had invited papa) came into the room. She greeted papa very pleasantly and they had a nice little chatt together. Soon the lady principal also entered and she was very pleasant and agreable. She showed us to our rooms and said she would send for us when dinner was ready. We went into our rooms, but we had nothing to do for half an hour exept to watch the rain drops as they fell upon the window panes. At last we were called to dinner, and I went down without papa as he never eats anything in the middle of the day. I sat at the table with the lady principal and enjoyed very much seeing all the young girls trooping into the dining-room. After dinner I went around the College with the young ladies and papa stayed in his room and smoked. When it was supper time papa went down and ate supper with us and we had a very delightful supper. After supper the young ladies went to their rooms to dress for the evening. Papa went to his room and I went with the lady principal. At length the guests began to arive, but papa still remained in his room until called for. Papa read in the chapell. It was the first time I had ever heard him read in my life—that is in public. When he came out on to the stage I remember the people behind me exclaimed "Oh how queer he is! Isn't he funny!" I thought papa was very funny, although I did not think him queer. He read "A Trying Situation" and "The Golden Arm," a ghost story that he heard down South when he was a little boy. "The Golden Arm" papa had told me before, but he had startled me so that

I did not much wish to hear it again. But I had resolved this time to be prepared and not to let myself be startled, but still papa did, and very very much; he startled the whole roomful of people and they jumped as one man. The other story was also very funny and interesting and I enjoyed the evening inexpressibly much. After papa had finished reading we all went down to the collation in the dining-room and after that there was dancing and singing. Then the guests went away and papa and I went to bed. The next morning we rose early, took an early train for Hartford and reached Hartford at ½ past 2 o'clock. We were very glad to get back.

How charitably she treats that ghastly experience! It is a dear and lovely disposition, and a most valuable one, that can brush away indignities and discourtesies and seek and find the pleasanter features of an experience. Susy had that disposition, and it was one of the jewels of her character that had come to her straight from her mother. It is a feature that was left out of me at birth. And, at seventy, I have not yet acquired it. I did not go to Vassar College professionally, but as a guest—as a guest, and gratis. Aunt Clara (now Mrs. John B. Stanchfield) was a graduate of Vassar and it was to please her that I inflicted that journey upon Susy and myself. The invitation had come to me from both the lady mentioned by Susy and the President of the College—a sour old saint who has probably been gathered to his fathers long ago; and I hope they enjoy him; I hope they value his society. I think I can get along without it, in either end of the next world.

We arrived at the College in that soaking rain, and Susy has described, with just a suggestion of dissatisfaction, the sort of reception we got. Susy had to sit in her damp clothes half an hour while we waited in the parlor; then she was taken to a fireless room and left to wait there again, as she has stated. I do not remember that President's name, and I am sorry. He did not put in an appearance until it was time for me to step upon the platform in front of that great garden of young and lovely blossoms. He caught up with me and advanced upon the platform with me and was going to introduce me. I said in substance:

"You have allowed me to get along without your help thus far, and if you will retire from the platform I will try to do the rest without it."

I did not see him any more, but I detest his memory. Of

course my resentment did not extend to the students, and so I had an unforgettable good time talking to them. And I think they had a good time too, for they responded "as one man," to use Susy's unimprovable phrase.

Girls are charming creatures. I shall have to be twice seventy years old before I change my mind as to that. I am to talk to a crowd of them this afternoon, students of Barnard College (the sex's annex to Columbia University), and I think I shall have as pleasant a time with those lasses as I had with the Vassar girls twenty-one years ago.

From Susy's Biography.

I stopped in the middle of mamma's early history to tell about our tripp to Vassar because I was afraid I would forget about it, now I will go on where I left off. Some time after Miss Emma Nigh died papa took mamma and little Langdon to Elmira for the summer. When in Elmira Langdon began to fail but I think mamma did not know just what was the matter with him.

I was the cause of the child's illness. His mother trusted him to my care and I took him a long drive in an open barouche for an airing. It was a raw, cold morning, but he was well wrapped about with furs and, in the hands of a careful person, no harm would have come to him. But I soon dropped into a reverie and forgot all about my charge. The furs fell away and exposed his bare legs. By and by the coachman noticed this, and I arranged the wraps again, but it was too late. The child was almost frozen. I hurried home with him. I was aghast at what I had done, and I feared the consequences. I have always felt shame for that treacherous morning's work and have not allowed myself to think of it when I could help it. I doubt if I had the courage to make confession at that time. I think it most likely that I have never confessed until now.

From Susy's Biography.

At last it was time for papa to return to Hartford, and Langdon was real sick at that time, but still mamma decided to go with him, thinking the journey might do him good. But after they reached Hartford he became very sick, and his trouble prooved to be diptheeria. He died about a week after mamma and papa reached Hartford. He was burried by the side of grandpa at Elmira, New York. [Susy rests there with them.—S. L. C.] After that, mamma became very very ill, so ill that there seemed great danger of death, but with a great deal of good

care she recovered. Some months afterward mamma and papa [and Susy, who was perhaps fourteen or fifteen months old at the time.—S. L. C.] went to Europe and stayed for a time in Scotland and England. In Scotland mamma and papa became very well equanted with Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," and he mett, but was not so well equanted with, Mr. Charles Kingsley, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, Sir Thomas Hardy grandson of the Captain Hardy to whom Nellson said "Kiss me Hardy," when dying on shipboard, Mr. Henry Irving, Robert Browning, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Charles Reade, Mr. William Black, Lord Houghton, Frank Buckland, Mr. Tom Hughes, Anthony Trollope, Tom Hood, son of the poet—and mamma and papa were quite well equanted with Dr. Macdonald and family, and papa met Harrison Ainsworth.

I remember all these men very well indeed, except the last one. I do not recall Ainsworth. By my count, Susy mentions fourteen men. They are all dead except Sir Charles Dilke.

We met a great many other interesting people, among them Lewis Carroll, author of the immortal "Alice"—but he was only interesting to look at, for he was the stillest and shyest full-grown man I have ever met except "Uncle Remus." Dr. Macdonald and several other lively talkers were present, and the talk went briskly on for a couple of hours, but Carroll sat still all the while except that now and then he answered a question. His answers were brief. I do not remember that he elaborated any of them.

At a dinner at Smalley's we met Herbert Spencer. At a large luncheon party at Lord Houghton's we met Sir Arthur Helps, who was a celebrity of world-wide fame at the time, but is quite forgotten now. Lord Elcho, a large vigorous man, sat at some distance down the table. He was talking earnestly about Godalming. It was a deep and flowing and unarticulated rumble, but I got the Godalming pretty clearly every time it broke free of the rumble, and as all the strength was on the first end of the word it startled me every time, because it sounded so like swearing. In the middle of the luncheon Lady Houghton rose, remarked to the guests on her right and on her left in a matter-of-fact way, "Excuse me, I have an engagement," and without further ceremony she went off to meet it. This would have been doubtful etiquette in America. Lord Houghton told a number of delightful stories. He told them in French, and I lost nothing of them but the nubs. MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

JAMES WILSON, PATRIOT, AND THE WILSON DOCTRINE.

BY LUCIEN HUGH ALEXANDER, OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

"I cannot do better than base my theory of governmental action upon the words and deeds of one of Pennsylvania's greatest sons, Justice James Wilson."—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

WITH these words Theodore Roosevelt, in a recent oration,* focussed public attention upon James Wilson, who through the vista of the nineteenth century is looming the intellectual colossus of the formative years of the Republic, and whose principles must eventually be the basis for the solution of those subtle constitutional problems which result from our closely interlocked dual form of government. To many in our day, James Wilson will prove a revelation; to others, to an unnumbered throng ever increasing with the oncoming years, his governmental theories will be a never-failing source of inspiration; and to the nation the Wilson doctrine is the harbinger, the hope and the salvation for untrammelled forward progress in the field of destiny.

The object of these pages shall be to place this man in true perspective before the people whom he loved and in whose service he died. In order to do so, the writer will not confine himself to the enunciation of his personal views, lest in the recital Wilson suffer; but, with "wealth of quotation," he will draw from the opinions of that little band of constitutional lawyers and historians who, in the examination of the great problems of governmental action, are never satisfied until they have mastered the principles and sought the sources, and who, in seeking, found —James Wilson, luminous, transcendent, constitution-maker, nation-builder; the intellectual giant, in whose train have fol-

* Dedication of Pennsylvania's new Capitol, October 4th, 1906.

lowed that great galaxy of constitution interpreters—Hamilton, Jay, Webster, Bradley, Taney and, peer of all, John Marshall —whose work and whose names are an immortal part of our common heritage.

In juridical learning, in national patriotism, in the power to make things happen, the dynamic intellectual power, no man of the great constructive days of the American Republic excelled James Wilson. He was a member of the Continental Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, great leader in the United States Constitutional Convention and a Justice of the Supreme Court by appointment of Washington on the establishment of that Court. More than any one man he made the Declaration possible and practically effective. His vote made it possible; for, without the prestige of Pennsylvania's vote, it would probably have failed of affirmative action, and certainly would have proved abortive. Two of the Pennsylvania delegates (John Dickinson and Robert Morris) were unwilling to support action so radical, and declined to vote. Exclusive of Wilson, the four remaining Pennsylvania delegates were evenly divided, and Wilson, untrammelled by the influence of the learned Dickinson, his preceptor in the law, and holding the balance of power, wielded it for the cause of liberty and independence. Furthermore, he made the Declaration practically effective by holding off the vote until there was substantial backing *by the people,* thereby securing virtual unanimity of endorsement. This is evidenced by an extraordinary certificate, recently located by the writer in the National Archives, signed by John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Edward Rutledge, Robert Morris, and other members of the Continental Congress setting forth Wilson's attitude in the matter of the Declaration. In a forty-page pamphlet, written some years before and published to the world twenty-three months in advance of the Declaration of Independence, and extensively circulated among the members of the first Continental Congress, he used the phrase "all men are by nature free and equal," and at the same time he enunciated the doctrine that, by the British constitution, Parliament possessed no legislative power over the colonies, sustaining his argument with copious authority. Again in January, 1775, he was far in advance of other patriots, asserting at Philadelphia in a provincial convention, in a speech which will ever

stand as one of the highest types of American oratory, that George III, "forgetting his character and dignity, has stepped forth, and openly avowed and taken part in the iniquitous conduct" of his ministers and Parliament, thereby violating the British constitution; and he proposed to the convention a resolution declaring:

> "That the acts of the British Parliament for altering the charter and constitution of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, . . . for shutting the port of Boston, and for quartering soldiers on the inhabitants of the colonies are unconstitutional and void. . . . That all force employed to carry such unjust and illegal attempts into execution is force without authority; and that it is the right of British subjects to resist such force; that this right is founded upon both the letter and the spirit of the British constitution."

At the outbreak of the Revolution, he organized a regiment. He later became Brigadier-General and the Director-General of the Pennsylvania Militia. In the Continental Congress he was chairman of the committee on "Defence of Philadelphia," then the seat of government, and an active member of the Board of War. He was also Advocate-General for France in America, serving without pecuniary compensation.

It is now conceded by those most competent to pass judgment that, in the great Constitutional Convention of 1787, he was the most learned and intellectually the ablest of the members. His power and influence were exceeded by the delegate of no other State. Indeed, Wilson made such an impress upon the Convention that, after it had been in session two months, he was elected by ballot one of the Committee of Five on detail, to which was intrusted the work of actually drafting the Constitution, and he is reputed to have been the chairman of that committee. In the deliberations of the Convention, his services were probably of more practical value than those of any other delegate. Madison's minutes show that in vital matters his intellect dominated the proceedings. Contemporaneous records make clear that it is no undue praise to record that, without the force, power and tact of Wilson in the Constitutional Convention, without his persuasive arguments and profound learning, no agreement could have been reached upon a federal Constitution which would have been ratified, or which, if ratified, would have stood the stress of conflict through a score of years.

The key-note of Wilson's entire career is his unyielding faith *in the people* as the rock upon which of necessity a republic must stand. His faith in the people was more practically sincere, more real, more abiding than Jefferson's. He believed that all sovereignty —the sovereignty of a nation, with all the powers and incidents appertaining thereto — was lodged in the people, *the people of the nation collectively,* and not in the State *quâ* States, or in the people as segregated into particular States.

His services in the Constitutional Convention cannot well be overestimated. Hampton L. Carson, the Attorney-General of Pennsylvania and historian of the Supreme Court of the United States, refers to them in part as follows:

"He desired that the various branches of the new Government should be thoroughly independent of each other. While willing to preserve the State governments he sought to guard the General Government against the encroachments of the States. . . . He pointed out the advantages of a national government over one purely federative, and showed that the individuality . . . of the States was not incompatible with a general government. He wished the executive to consist of but one person, and proposed that the President should be chosen by electors elected by the people. . . . He urged that senators as well as representatives should be chosen by the people. . . . He advocated a proportional representation of the States in Congress. . . . He desired a provision that the contracts of the Confederation should be fulfilled, and advocated a guarantee to the States of republican institutions. He opposed a proposition to allow the States to appoint to national offices, and doubted whether the writ of *habeas corpus* should ever be suspended. He contended for an absolute prohibition upon the States relative to paper money and also for a provision prohibiting the passing of laws impairing the obligation of contracts. . . . He is strangely unknown, considering the high position to which he is entitled."

This is but a brief outline of a few of the great themes to which Wilson addressed himself in the Convention. Madison's minutes strikingly portray his invaluable and brilliant services.

In Pennsylvania the fight for the ratification of the United States Constitution was intense, and to Wilson's herculean labors in its behalf, to his oratory, to the power and logic of his arguments, more than to anything else, was the final victory due. This Pennsylvania contest was bitter, and Wilson was burned in effigy by the anti-federalists. Had the work of the Constitutional Convention been repudiated by Pennsylvania, its adoption by a sufficient number of States could not have been secured.

Curtis, in his "Constitutional History of the United States," says:

[Wilson's Pennsylvania speech for ratification] "is one of the most comprehensive and luminous commentaries on the Constitution that has come down to us from that period. It drew from Washington a high encomium, and it gained the vote of Pennsylvania for the new Government against the ingenious and captivating objections of his opponents."

Bancroft declares:

"But for one thing, without doubt, Pennsylvania would have refused to have ratified the Constitution, and that one incident marks alike the technical knowledge, the comprehensive grasp and force of argument of this great man."

Graydon says of him:

"He never failed to throw the strongest light on his subjects, and seemed rather to flash than elicit conviction syllogistically. He produced greater orations than any other man I have ever heard."

Francis Hopkinson, on December 14th, 1787, wrote Thomas Jefferson, then in Paris:

"This [the new Constitution] has been the subject of great debate in our convention [the Pennsylvania ratifying convention], and perhaps the true principles of government were never upon any occasion more fully and ably developed. Mr. Wilson exerted himself to the astonishment of all hearers. The powers of Demosthenes and Cicero seem to be united in this able orator. The principal speeches have been taken in shorthand."

James DeWitt Andrews, of the New York Bar, pays him this tribute:

"The correctness of his conclusions upon constitutional matters may be judged when we find that he not only maintained that it was the power and the duty of the courts to declare void legislative acts which contravene the Constitution, but he also clearly explained that a legislative grant was a contract, and also in the same connection maintained that the charter of a corporation might in some cases be a contract, which view was adopted in the Dartmouth College case. Still more remarkable is his argument upon the inherent powers of the nation, which he maintained existed outside of enumerated powers, in cases where the object involved was entirely beyond the power of the State and was a power ordinarily possessed by sovereign nations. Thu
these arguments anticipating the grounds taken by Judge Mar
Fletcher *v.* Peck, Dartmouth College case and Marbury
and also the positions necessarily taken in order to arr
conclusions reached in the legal tender causes."

Bancroft remarks:

"We have all read of the great argument of Webster, that the Constitution is not a compact. Wilson in the Convention presented this question thus: 'This system is not a compact. I cannot discern the least trace of a compact. The introduction to the work is not an unmeaning flourish; the system itself tells what it is, an ordinance, an establishment of the people.'"

In a long and remarkable holographic letter to George Washington, dated December 31st, 1791, recently located in the Washington Archives, Wilson urged the importance of a digest of the laws of the United States, which should clearly define the limits of State and National rights, and he himself offered to undertake the task. With prophetic vision he seemed to see the oncoming Civil War and hoped to prevent it. In this letter to Washington he said (italics indicate Wilson's underscoring):

"The most intricate and the most delicate questions in our national jurisprudence will arise in running the line between the authority of the National Government and that of the several States. . . . A controversy, happening between the United States and any particular State in the Union, will be viewed and agitated, with bias and passion, like a question of *politics*. For this reason, the principles and rules on which it must be determined should be clearly and explicitly known *before it arises*. . . . It is probable, therefore, that the directions which the line above mentioned ought to take, may be traced with a satisfactory degree of *clearness* as well as of precision; and that neither *vacancies* nor *interferences* will be found, between the *limits* of the two jurisdictions. For it is material to observe, that both jurisdictions *together* compose or ought to compose only *one* uniform and comprehensive system of government and laws."

Had Wilson been selected to undertake the work he outlined to Washington, who shall say but that the great Civil War might have been avoided? For it is possible that, had the line between State and National powers been run, clearly and forcefully, as Wilson would have run it, "before"—as Wilson put it—"before a controversy happening between the United States and any particular State in the Union" had been "agitated with bias and passion," the great issue would never have reached such a crisis that only the arbitrament of shot and shell and a nation's blood could settle it. It would have cut from under the feet of Calhoun and his followers the very ground upon which they relied for popular support. Listen to the words of Professor A. C. McLaughlin, formerly of Harvard and the Car-

negie Institution, now at Ann Arbor. He quotes, from Madison's minutes of the Constitutional Convention, a paragraph from the notes on Wilson's speech of June 25th, 1787, in favor of the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, to wit:

"He [Wilson] was opposed to an election by the State legislatures. In explaining his reasons, it was necessary to observe the twofold relations in which the people would stand,—first, as citizens of the General Government, and, secondly, as citizens of their particular State. The General Government was meant for them in the first capacity; the State governments in the second. Both governments were derived from the people, both meant for the people; both, therefore, ought to be regulated on the same principles. . . . The General Government is not an assemblage of States, but of individuals, for certain political purposes; it is not meant for the States, but for the individuals composing them. The individuals, therefore, not the States, ought to be represented in it."

Professor McLaughlin comments as follows:*

"Wilson in these sentences gave the fundamental idea of the federal State; and because it was he who did present these thoughts so conspicuously, he deserves unstinted praise. This double allegiance and double obedience owed by each citizen to two governments, each distinct from the other, and each supreme in its own field, is the most striking and the most important feature of the political organization of our country. . . . It represents the greatest of our achievements in statecraft. It is wonderful that Wilson should have grasped this principle so firmly and insisted on it so strenuously, when the men around him were striving eagerly for some local advantage or, if wise and generous, were too often lost in the contemplation of the mere mechanism of government. Seventy years later, at another fateful period in our history, statesmen saw but dimly this great fundamental fact in our political system. James Buchanan and Jeremiah S. Black, wrestling in agony of spirit with the problems of secession, begat together the mysteries of that wonderful message, which declared that secession was illegal, but that there was no legal means to prevent it, because the National Government could not coerce a State. They apparently did not comprehend these elementary facts which Wilson so clearly stated."

Although Wilson is strangely unknown, even to intelligent educated Americans, constitutional historians have at last begun to realize his place as nation-builder.

John Bach McMaster recently declared:

"I believe Wilson to be the most learned lawyer of his time. As a statesman, he was ahead of his generation in foresight. *Many of the*

* "James Wilson and the Constitution," *Polt. Sc. Qr.*, March, 1897.

great principles of government advocated by him, we, as a nation, are only beginning to apply."

James Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," speaks of "the acuteness of James Wilson," and declares him to have been "one of the deepest thinkers and most exact reasoners among the members of the Convention of 1787." He also says of him:

"The speeches of the latter in the Pennsylvania ratifying convention, as well as in the great Convention of 1787, display an amplitude and profundity of view in matters of constitutional theory which place him in the front rank of the political thinkers of his age."

Commenting on Wilson's law lectures, James DeWitt Andrews, long the chairman of the American Bar Association's Committee on Classification of the Law, and the editor of the last edition* of Wilson's Works, remarks:

"Would you trace the history of popular governments, you will find the whole outline traced by the master hand of Wilson in these lectures, prepared especially to instruct the American student as to the difference between the institutions which had before existed, and the political system of law and government which exists in the United States. . . . In one respect Wilson's works are remarkable. It is in this: each fundamental principle is in every instance traced to its source, whether it shall be a principle enunciated by Socrates, Aristotle, Cicero, Gaius, Puffendorf, Locke, Grotius or Hobbes, Descartes or Hume, Vattal or Domat, who may have written upon some proposition or problem of the law or government. Little of value seems to have escaped the examination of our author, and the number of references to classical jurists, philosophers, politicians or historians who have written upon subjects connected with jurisprudence is remarkable."

Andrews also says:

"The address upon the powers of the British Parliament stands unequalled by anything upon the same subject, and the argument upon the Bank of North America stands as a constitutional exposition second to no constitutional argument or opinion delivered before or since. Indeed it not only embraced every ground of argument which Marshall was called upon to treat, but it assumed and defined precisely the position which was necessarily taken in the Legal Tender decisions."

Bryce pays Wilson the tribute of being the first statesman, British or American, to have an adequate comprehension of the powers and limitations of the British system of government. Referring to one phase of it, he declares:

* Published at Chicago in 1896. The first edition was issued at Philadelphia in 1804, in three handsome volumes, with engraving of the author, and under the direction of Bird Wilson.

"The first statesman who remarked this seems to have been James Wilson, who said in 1787: 'The idea of a constitution limiting and superintending the operations of legislative authority, seems not to have been accurately understood in Britain. There are at least no traces of practice comformable to such a principle. The British Constitution is just what the British Parliament pleases. When the Parliament transferred legislative authority to Henry VIII, the act transferring it could not, in the strict acceptation of the term, be called unconstitutional.'"

Again, referring to the United States Constitution, Bryce says:

"Such novelty as there is belongs to the scheme of a supreme or rigid Constitution, reserving the ultimate power to the people, and limiting in the same measure the power of a legislature. . . . This was clearly stated by James Wilson of Pennsylvania, one of the deepest thinkers and most exact reasoners among the members of the Convention of 1787. Speaking of the State constitutions, he remarked in the Pennsylvania Convention of 1787: 'Perhaps some politician who has not considered with sufficient accuracy our political systems would observe that in our governments the supreme power was vested in the constitutions. This opinion approaches the truth, but does not reach it. The truth is that, in our governments, the supreme, absolute and uncontrollable power remains in the people. As our constitutions are superior to our legislatures, so the people are superior to our constitutions.'"

Bancroft brings out clearly Wilson's grasp of the fact that, under the American Constitution, all sovereignty remains in the people. He records:

"The fiercest day's debate in Pennsylvania was upon the omission in the federal Constitution of a Bill of Rights. Wilson, rising to prove that there was no need of a Bill of Rights, said: 'The boasted Magna Charta of England derives liberties of the inhabitants of that kingdom from the gift and grant of the king, and no wonder the people were anxious to obtain Bills of Rights; but here the fee-simple remains in the people, and by this Constitution they do not part with it. The preamble to the proposed Constitution, "*We, the people of the United States, do establish,*" contains the essence of all the Bills of Rights that have been or can be devised.'"

Vice-Chancellor Emery of New Jersey recently said:

"If Wilson performed no other service to the nation, he deserves our unending gratitude for introducing into the nomenclature of constitutional law the phrase 'obligation of contracts,' and securing the adoption of the form of constitutional mandate, 'No State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts.'"

Of Wilson, former president of the American Bar Association Simeon E. Baldwin, Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut and professor in the Yale Law School, writes:

"*He was the real founder of what is distinctive in our American jurisprudence,* and his arguments for the reasonableness and practicability of international arbitration were a century ahead of his time."

His views on international law, remonstrance, intervention, mediation and arbitration are profound, and, though set forth more than a century ago in his published works, we are but barely coming abreast of them. For international arbitration, Wilson argued thus:

"Individuals unite in civil society and institute Judges with authority to decide, and with authority also to carry their decisions into full and adequate execution, that Justice may be done and war may be prevented. Are states too wise or too proud to receive a lesson from individuals? Is the idea of a common Judge between nations less admirable than that of a common Judge between men? If admissible in idea, would it not be desirable to have an opportunity of trying whether the idea may not be reduced to practice?"

Wilson was profoundly learned in the Roman or Civil Law, and concerning his argument for international arbitration, Andrews remarks:

"He refers to the sentiments expressed in the Alcoran; to the example of the Amphictyony; to the Lacedæmonian arbitration between Megara and Athens; to the offer of the Romans to arbitrate; and lastly to . . . the words of Thucydides, where he says: 'It is cruel and detestable to treat him as an enemy who is willing to submit his case to an arbitration.'"

Speaking of the United States Constitutional Convention, John Marshall Harlan, now the senior Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1900, said of Wilson:*

"He was recognized as the most learned member of that notable body. Webster said that Justice was the great interest of man on earth. Of Justice, as illustrated by the science of the law, Wilson had been an earnest devotee from his early manhood. In the highest and best sense he was a great lawyer. Still more, he had become a master in the science of government. He was therefore preeminently qualified to take part in laying the foundations of institutions under which the rights of man would be secure against the assaults of power. What a privilege it was to look upon that convention of patriots and statesmen—the wisest assemblage of public servants that ever convened at any time in the history of the world—no one of them wiser than James Wilson."

* "The Career of James Wilson," *Amer. Law Review*, September, 1900.

Chisholm *versus* Georgia, the first of the great constitutional cases to arise in the Supreme Court of the United States—the only one while Wilson was a Justice of it—exemplifies his grasp upon fundamental principles. Of the all-potent decision in that case, Judge Cooley, in his lectures on American Constitutional History, says:

"Justice Wilson, the ablest and most learned of the associates, took the national view and was supported by two others. . . . The Union could scarcely have had a valuable existence had it been judicially determined that the powers of sovereignty were exclusively in the States or in the people of the States severally. Neither is it important that we proceed to demonstrate that the doctrine of an indissoluble union, though not in terms declared, is nevertheless in its elements, at least, contained in that decision. The qualified sovereignty, National and State, the subordination of State to Nation, the position of the citizen as at once a necessary component part of the federal and of the State system, are all exhibited."

"The Nation," in 1896,* in reviewing the Andrews edition of Wilson's Works, referred to this great decision, and said:

"The sovereignty of the Union had been recognized, the idea of the State as a subordinate political agency had been formulated—views to be wholly lost sight of, and to be vindicated two generations later by force of arms in a conflict which ended in their complete triumph. One of the earliest heralds of the true constitutional meaning and scope of that great conflict seems to have been Wilson. The opinion in Chisholm *vs.* the State of Georgia is really his best monument. . . . [It is] that of an orator, a publicist, a scholar and a metaphysician, dissatisfied with himself unless he could show that the decision he had reached was called for, not merely by the Constitution, but by all history, all law, and finally by all philosophy."

J. O. Pierce, in an article† characterizing Wilson as the "Pioneer of American Jurisprudence," said of this decision:

"On the foundation of this decision rests the governmental fabric of the United States. . . . Wilson set to himself the task of answering the question, 'Do the people of the United States form a nation?' This question is illustrated by copious classical, historical and juridical references, presented with the vivacity of an earnest debater, the answer constituting a thesis in which the broad observations of a scholar, the close analysis of a jurist, and the profound researches of a philosopher are happily united. . . . His distinctions between statehood and sovereignty, his terse assertions of the sovereignty of the people, his illus-

* Vol. LXII, p. 494.

† *The Dial*, Vol. XX, p. 236..

trations of the inherent characteristics and the high honor of that sovereignty, and his close analysis of all the governmental questions involved in the American system, might to-day be well taken as a text-book by the student of our institutions."

Pierce also, with rare and brilliant insight, remarks of Wilson:

"But not in his generation could a just discrimination assign to his labors, or to those of his colaborers, their relative or comparative value or importance. Who could then have foreseen, for instance, the subsequent decision in the Dartmouth College case, to be followed by a long train of adjudications establishing corporate rights under charters? Who could then have anticipated the desirability of ascertaining and locating the earliest assertion of the constitutional principle that a legislative contract is protected against legislative encroachment? Who could have foreseen the judicial career of a Marshall, or have believed possible a civil war between the adherents of Webster's constitutional views and the partisans of Calhounism? The great creative work of Wilson as a constitutional jurist could scarcely have been assigned its true position in our juridical edifice at any time prior to the late war."

Such are a few of the encomiums paid Wilson by those who are beginning to realize the transcendent value of his work.* Yet this man, popularly so little known and to whom the American people owe so much, lies buried in a distant State, where he died one hundred and eight years ago, far from kith and kin, and in a grave whose headstone even has no name on it.

Little wonder is it that James Bryce exclaimed in his American masterpiece: "*Wilson is one of the luminaries of the time to whom subsequent generations of Americans have failed to do full justice.*"

Now a change has come, and near the Ides of November the remains of this great man will be tenderly removed by the Governor and people of Pennsylvania to rest at the side of his wife in old Christ Church burial-ground, Philadelphia, not far from the tomb of Benjamin Franklin and other patriots.

"At last," as said Joseph H. Choate the other day, "at last the nation is beginning to appreciate Wilson." The United States Government will convey the remains to Philadelphia on an armored cruiser of the Navy. On arrival, they will be received with the highest civic and military honors, and escorted to Independence Hall, where for twenty-four hours they will

* See illuminating sketch by Frank Gaylord Cook, *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1889; also 1896, annual address before Pa. Hist. Soc. by Burton Alva Konkle, the historian, the most comprehensive and only complete biographic outline so far attempted (not yet in print).

lie in state at the scene of his greatest triumphs, in the sacred spot where he successfully battled for the Declaration of Independence, where he bore so valiant a part in the mighty intellectual and victorious struggle of 1787 to make the American colonies a nation, and where he also sat as the first great Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, breathing the breath of national life into the Constitution. At his bier, to do him honor and voice their tributes, will gather high Federal and State officials, the Supreme Court of the United States, representatives of the Congress, and the Attorney-General of the United States by express delegation of the President to speak for the executive department of the Government. Thus will the last of the "fathers of the Republic," whose ashes have as yet found but temporary sepulchre, be laid to rest.

Yet in one sense Wilson is not dead. His spirit like the fires of eternal Truth can never die. It is stronger and more powerful than a century ago, by force of the great principles he enunciated, and which have gained stability with the advance of liberty and the growth of republican institutions the world over. It is not so much as statesman but as jurist Wilson now lives with us. As statesman, his work for America ended with the adoption of the Constitution and birth of the nation. They stand as an imperishable monument to what he and the fathers did as warriors and statesmen.

The true value of Wilson is not in the glory of past achievement, but in the fact that his doctrine of constitutional interpretation is big with possibilities for the future, and potent to prove the solvent for every constitutional problem involved in the delicate questions resulting from State individuality and National sovereignty. His doctrine has stood immovable through the storm and stress of civil war, binding together the foundations of the Federal Government as they tottered; and in times of peace it proved the guide for executive action by Washington and Jackson, and for judicial interpretation by John Marshall.

> "'Tis the set of the soul
> That decides the goal,
> And not the calm or the strife."

And now it is President Roosevelt who embodies the spirit of the Wilson doctrine. In his last notable public utterance, he declared:

"I cannot do better than base my theory of governmental action upon the words and deeds of one of Pennsylvania's greatest sons, Justice James Wilson. Wilson's career has been singularly overlooked for many years, but I believe that more and more it is now being adequately appreciated. . . . He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was one of the men who saw that the Revolution, in which he had served as a soldier, would be utterly fruitless unless it was followed by a close and permanent union of the States; and in the Constitutional Convention, and in securing the adoption of the Constitution and expounding what it meant, he rendered services even greater than he rendered as a member of the Continental Congress, which declared our independence; for it was the success of the makers and preservers of the Union which justified our independence.

"He believed in the people with the faith of Abraham Lincoln; and, coupled with his faith in the people, he had what most of the men who in his generation believed in the people did not have — that is, the courage to recognize the fact that faith in the people amounted to nothing unless the representatives of the people assembled together in the National Government were given full and complete power to work on behalf of the people. He developed even before Marshall the doctrine (absolutely essential not merely to the efficiency but to the existence of this nation) that an inherent power rested in the nation, outside of the enumerated powers conferred upon it by the Constitution, in all cases where the object involved was beyond the power of the several States and was a power ordinarily exercised by sovereign nations.

"In a remarkable letter in which he advocated setting forth in early and clear fashion the powers of the National Government, he laid down the proposition that it should be made clear that there were neither vacancies nor interferences between the limits of State and National jurisdictions, and that both jurisdictions together composed only one uniform and comprehensive system of government and laws; that is, whenever the States cannot act, because the need to be met is not one of merely a single locality, then the National Government, representing all the people, should have complete power to act. It was in the spirit of Wilson that Washington, and Washington's lieutenant, Hamilton, acted; and it was in the same spirit that Marshall construed the law."

And here the President applies the Wilson doctrine to the vital issue of our day:

"It is only by acting in this spirit that the national judges, legislators, and executives can give a satisfactory solution of the great question of the present day—the question of providing on behalf of the sovereign people the means which will enable the people in effective form to assert their sovereignty over the immense corporations of the day. Certain judicial decisions have done just what Wilson feared; they have, as a matter of fact, left vacancies, left blanks between the limits of possible State jurisdiction and the limits of acutal National jurisdiction over the control of the great business corporations. It is

the narrow construction of the powers of the National Government which in our democracy has proved the chief means of limiting the national power to cut out abuses, and which is now the chief bulwark of those great moneyed interests which oppose and dread any attempt to place them under efficient governmental control.

"Many legislative actions and many judicial decisions, which I am confident time will show to have been erroneous and a damage to the country, would have been avoided if our legislators and jurists had approached the matter of enacting and construing the laws of the land in the spirit of your great Pennsylvanian, Justice Wilson—in the spirit of Marshall and of Washington. Such decisions put us at a great disadvantage in the battle for industrial order as against the present industrial chaos. If we interpret the Constitution in narrow instead of broad fashion, if we forsake the principles of Washington, Marshall, Wilson and Hamilton, we as a people will render ourselves impotent to deal with any abuses which may be committed by the men who have accumulated the enormous fortunes of to-day, and who use these fortunes in still vaster corporate form in business.

"The legislative or judicial actions and decisions of which I complain, be it remembered, do not really leave to the States power to deal with corporate wealth in business. Actual experience has shown that the States are wholly powerless to deal with this subject; and any action or decision that deprives the nation of the power to deal with it, simply results in leaving the corporations absolutely free to work without any effective supervision whatever; and such a course is fraught with untold danger to the future of our whole system of government, and, indeed, to our whole civilization."

This, the President's clarion call back to the doctrines of James Wilson and the other federalist fathers, should prove epoch-making. The basic principles of these doctrines Wilson enunciated before even a single one of the Federalist papers had been written, and they proved the intellectual inspiration to Washington, Madison, Jay, Hamilton and other leaders of the day. But the work did not stop there. The Wilson spirit lived on. The main line of the argument in Webster's famous reply to Hayne was clearly outlined by Wilson nearly a half-century before, and it was the backbone of the argument in Andrew Jackson's ringing proclamation of December, 1832, against Nullification, and of his powerful message of January, 1833, on the same subject. Both used Wilson's unanswerable arguments, and both builded upon the framework of his logic.

And so it was with Marshall in those great decisions which are the imperishable foundations of his immortality as Chief Justice. The revered Marshall's glory, as the greatest ex-

pounder of the issues raised under the Constitution, during the first century of the nation's life, can never pale; yet he was bounded and restricted by the limitations of the issues before him for adjudication. He could not exceed them, and research is showing that in what he did Marshall but courageously followed in the footprints of Wilson, who broke the trail and blazed the way for him, "ploughing," as has been said, "with his own heifer"; and, greater than expounder, Wilson stands as a creator—"the real founder of what is distinctive in our American jurisprudence" (Baldwin *supra*).

The Constitution marches on; new conditions and new problems are pressing for solution. Eventually, they must be met by the Supreme Court of the United States. The Wilson doctrine presents the key. Its essence, as well as its logical sequence, is simply this: *The Constitution should be so construed that there shall be neither vacancies nor interferences between the limits of State and National jurisdictions; both together should compose but one uniform and comprehensive system of government and laws.* The evolution of our national life, the onward and upward "march of the Constitution," Marshall's magic wand of interpretation and Webster's faultless logic—these all with unerring precision illumine Wilson's transcendent grasp of the fundamental principles of our dual form of government, which he so deftly wove into the matchless fabric of our Constitution.

This is neither the time nor the place for a technical exposition of the Wilson doctrine. A brief quotation, however, from Wilson's long and able argument on inherent national powers will be appropriate. This argument, made in 1785, when the United States was under the Articles of Confederation, is even more applicable to present-day questions under the Constitution:

"Has the United States in Congress assembled a legal and constitutional power to institute and organize the Bank of North America, by charter of incorporation? . . . .

"We presume it will not be contended that any or each of the States could exercise any power or act of sovereignty extending over all the other States or any of them; or, in other words, incorporate a bank, commensurate to the United States. . . .

"Though the United States in Congress assembled derive *from the particular States* no power, jurisdiction, or right, which is not expressly delegated by the confederation, it does not thence follow, that

the United States in Congress have *no other* powers, jurisdiction, or rights, than those delegated by the particular States.

"The United States have general rights, general powers, and general obligations, not derived from any particular States, nor from all the particular States, taken separately; but resulting from the union of the whole; and, therefore, it is provided, in the fifth article of the confederation, that 'for the more convenient management of the *general interests* of the United States, delegates shall be annually appointed' 'to meet in Congress.'

"To many purposes, the United States are to be considered as one undivided, independent nation; and as possessed of all the rights, powers and properties by the law of nations incident to such. *Whenever an object occurs, to the direction of which no particular State is competent, the management of it must, of necessity, belong to the United States in Congress assembled.* There are many objects of this extended nature."

Here Wilson's brilliant brain crystallized gems of logic which have ever since been running as "the dust of diamonds in the hour-glass" of our national jurisprudence.

Yet committees of the Congress, while knowing the necessity for sane federal action concerning some of the corporations engaged in business beyond the borders of the State of domicile, whose acts thereby extend from and beyond the State of origin into the Nation at large, deem the Congress restricted by phases of the doctrine of State rights; and even judicial committees, ignorant of the spirit of the Constitution *as expounded by Wilson,* believe the legislative branch of the Government paralyzed by reason of the judicial development of a *dictum* which crept into a decision of the Supreme Court, to the effect that insurance is not a subject of interstate commerce, wholly ignoring the fact that federal control may be sustained on far broader and more fundamental principles of constitutional interpretation than those governing the mere construction of the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution.

If, however, the Supreme Court, by a failure, at times, since the days of Marshall, to take a comprehensive view of the effects of certain judicial decisions—decisions which, without unsettling any property right or principle of law, might at least as logically have been the other way; such as, that the business of insurance conducted throughout the United States is not interstate commerce—if the Court, as a result of this, is actually permitting the executive and legislative departments of the Government

to be handicapped, then may the spirit of James Wilson, its first great Justice, and that of Marshall, descend upon the Court and at once! The reviewer here speaks as one of the sovereign people, who, while *under* the Constitution, are yet *behind* it, and by whose sanction alone it exists in its present form or any form, and who in the last analysis possess absolute power and jurisdiction to reverse even the Supreme Court. This power the people have already once exercised by an explanatory amendment—the eleventh to the Constitution—reversing, for political reasons in 1797, one of the points decided five years before in Chisholm *versus* Georgia, though leaving in full force the real value to the nation of that great decision. *If* the Supreme Court, through judicial acquiescence in the *dictum* in Paul *versus* Virginia, have constructively misconstrued the term "commerce," so far as the business of interstate insurance is concerned, so that it is beyond recall by their own act, the Constitution is yet equal to the emergency—and the Court, embodying the highest development of our civilization, will also be; for, ere the Constitution left the skilled hands of the fathers, there was incorporated in it the provision that *"the Congress shall have power to . . . provide for the . . . general welfare of the United States."*

In recent years the public have heard much of the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, but very little of the general welfare clause, yet it is the blanket provision of the Constitution, and it is a power which, while undoubtedly an inherent national power, the people of the nation have *specifically delegated* to the Federal Government by the Constitution. It enunciates in explicit terms the power of the Congress to exercise this the highest type of national sovereignty. It is destined in the centuries yet to come to have a vitally important place in our jurisprudence. It is capable of an infinite adaptation to the evolution of our life as a nation. Its proper application will make impossible either vacancies or interferences between State and National jurisdictions. Yet it is a sharp-edged and dangerous tool, like the surgeon's knife which, in skilled hands, deftly wielded, saves life; but misused, takes it. It awaits the deft hand of the second Marshall. He must yet arise, to declare, with the same keen insight and the same courage as the first, the power of the National Government

to legislate concerning every object relating to the general welfare of the United States *to which at least no particular State is competent,* and for him Wilson has cleared the path and blazed the trail as he did for the great Marshall. Any other theory belies the spirit of our institutions and declares the "march of the Constitution" ended.

And of Wilson* himself! No one who realizes his great creative work can but bow in deference to his genius and the mighty things achieved. What tribute of love, respect and veneration, however great, can be commensurate with Wilson's labors for the nation he loved, for the nation he helped to create and in whose service he died? Even if republics have been ungrateful in the past, shall it be said that the American Republic is ungrateful to such an one as Wilson? Perchance ere many years have passed, there will loom in bronze within the shadow of the Capitol at Washington, erected by "*the people of the United States,*" the giant form of Wilson, near that of Marshall, and in his hand a quill and scroll with "Constitution" inscribed thereon—"*Lest we forget, lest we forget.*"

LUCIEN H. ALEXANDER.

* James Wilson was born near St. Andrews, Scotland, September 14th, 1742; educated at the Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow and Edinburgh; emigrated to America, 1765; member of Continental Congress; signer of Declaration of Independence; member of the United States Constitutional Convention, 1787; Justice of the Supreme Court of United States, 1789–1798; died at Edenton, North Carolina, August 28th, 1798.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN INDIA.

BY SIR HENRY COTTON, K.C.S.I., M.P.

THE test of a nation is that its members, among all kinds of partial differences, do, in the main, work together as fellow citizens, linked by common memories and associations and by common objects. Neither race nor language, nor religion, nor geographical boundary, nor subjection to a common government is sufficient in itself to constitute a nation. It is not every population which constitutes a nationality, and the nations of the world are populations united in a very special way and by very special forces. By this test let India be judged. It is a trite saying that there is no Indian Nation. But apply the touchstone, and it will be seen that that statement is no longer true, and that there is at the present moment a New India rising before our eyes, a nation in the real sense of actual formation, with common sentiments of interest and patriotism.

India is a vast assemblage of different races, divided into numberless castes, classes and creeds. The British Government is a supreme power separate and distinct from all the units which acknowledge its sway. Unsympathetic as the subject races may be among themselves—and my experience is that we grossly exaggerate their want of mutual sympathy—the British Government, as an alien Government, is more unsympathetic with all of them, and a probability, therefore, always exists that they will consent to merge their own minor differences and unite in their attitude towards the common head. An organization only is wanted around which the elements of a nationality may cluster.

The British Government has established the basis of such an organization. It has extended to India the inestimable boon of education. It has thrown open to the educated classes a literature every page of which breathes the praise of liberty and patriotism.

It is education on the lines of Western civilization which has served to unite the varying forces among the Indian populations.

The germ of a national organization on the basis of English education has long existed, but it has sprung into its present vigor in very recent times. Its present development is due to causes intended to produce a very different effect. The Anglo-Indian agitation, the protests which assert that "the only people who have any right to India are the British," the whole attitude of Englishmen in regard to Indian interests, the reactionary tendencies of bureaucratic rule, have combined to advance Indian unity. Clamor is met by clamor, and the very object is attained which the Anglo-Indian agitators, if they were wise in their generation, would spare no labor to prevent. The people of India have not been slow to follow the example set to them by Englishmen; they have learned their strength, the power of combination, the force of numbers, and there is now kindled in all the provinces of India a national movement which is destined to develop and increase, until it receives its fulfilment in the systematic regeneration of the whole country.

The outpouring of Indian aspirations and the yearning for nationality find their utterance through a newspaper press which has grown into an organ of great power, and are concentrated in the annual meetings of the Provincial and National Congresses.

The Indian National Congress is avowedly national in its name and scope. The Provincial Congresses which meet in every province for the discussion of provincial matters, unite together in a National Congress, which is annually held at a chosen centre, for the furtherance and discussion of national interests. A Congress consists of from five hundred to one thousand of the political leaders of all parts of India, comprising representatives of noble families, landowners, members of local Boards and municipalities, honorary magistrates, fellows of universities, and professional men, such as engineers, bankers, merchants, shopkeepers, journalists, lawyers, doctors, priests and college professors. The delegates are able to act in concert and to declare in no uncertain accents the common public opinion of the multitude of whom they are the mouthpiece. They are as representative in regard to religion as to rank and profession; Hindus, Parsis, Mohammedans and Christians have in turn presided.

Their deliberations are marked by acumen and moderation. The principal items of their propaganda constitute a practical programme displaying insight and sagacity, and covering most of the political and economic problems of the Indian Empire. I take it upon myself to say, as a watchful eye-witness from its birth, that the Indian National Congress has discharged its duties with exemplary judgment and moderation. If its deliberations have not in any considerable measure succeeded in moulding the policy of government, they have at least exercised an immense influence in developing the history and character of the Indian people.

New impulses are springing up on every side and striking the chord of national life. Public opinion in India is not blind to signs which all who run may read. Gleams of hope are reflected from the gradual solution of the Irish question and the oft-repeated acknowledgment that Ireland must be governed in accordance with the wishes of the people. The progress of freedom's battle in Russia is eagerly watched and noted. The Egyptian movement, with its strong national leanings, reacts on India. The Pan-Islamic agitation, the popular movement in Persia, and even so-called "Ethiopianism" in South Africa are not without their effect. The marked activity of Young China, the persistent agitation for restoration of sovereign rights, the abolition of privileges granted to foreigners under the Treaties, the determined attempt to obtain possession of important sources of revenue hitherto controlled by Europeans, the signs of what is undisguisedly a national and patriotic movement in that great Eastern country, are echoed with intelligent and sympathetic interest in India.

It does not fail to attract notice that while opinion in England is generally hostile to all national movement which may be deemed to affect its own interests—such as the agitation in China or Egypt or in South Africa, not to speak of Ireland—it is ardently sympathetic with the revolutionary and wholly national movements in Russia and Macedonia, and even in Persia, which do not conflict with British interests, and have been inspired by the principles of liberty-loving Englishmen and the example of England herself.

Above all, there is Japan. What line of thought does the renaissance in Japan suggest? An alien Government, however

well intentioned, cannot accomplish during many generations what National Government has done in less than forty years. Is not the tendency of an alien Government too often in the direction, not of progress, but of disruption and reaction? The conditions in India do not point to any early regeneration such as we have witnessed in Japan. But the example of Japan is not lost on India. It has roused new aspirations and a new hope; and a nascent nationalism is the magnet which holds together solvent influences let loose on a community which has hitherto never felt their sway.

There is now a party of Indian Nationalists who despair of constitutional agitation, and advocate the establishment of an absolutely free and independent form of national government. These men are the shadow of a cloud which casts itself over the future. A few years ago, there was no prospect of the rise of such a party. They are the product of a policy of reaction, which has led to discontent and unrest and impatience of the British connection with the country. The members of this party are in a minority at present. Their numbers are increasing, but they are not yet in the position of popular leaders.

The recognized leaders of Indian thought and the original pioneers of the national movement are still unaffected by these symptoms of alienation from the British Government. They are men of moderate views. Their ideal is not separation from Great Britain or independence from the general control, which they recognize must always be exercised over colonies and dependencies. They desire to obtain self-government and the detailed management of their own affairs. Their ideal is that India may ultimately be placed in a position corresponding to that of the self-governing colonies of the Empire. Their ideal is a federation of free and independent states, the United States of India, each with its own local autonomy under the supremacy of England. That is the goal which they see before them, knowing well that it can only be attained gradually and cautiously and as the result of time and experience.

There are now evidences of a change in the policy of the Indian Government. A Liberal Administration in England compels the adoption of Liberal and sympathetic principles in dealing with Indian questions on the spot. The leaders of Indian opinion possess much power and influence; and if the Government act

with them and through them and not against them, the disturbing tendencies of the extreme party will speedily subside. That changes must come no one can doubt, and the future of India's political progress depends on the tact and discretion which are exercised by the members of the Government of India in cooperating with public opinion in measures of reform.

There can be no danger in this course. English rule in its present form cannot continue. But the leaders of the national movement assume, and assume rightly, that the connection between India and England will not be snapped. The English language, while it is the means of enabling the different populations of India to attain unity, binds them also to Great Britain. It is from England that all the ideas of Western thought which are revolutionizing the country have sprung; the language of Shakespeare and Milton has become the common language of India; the future of India is linked with that of England, and it is to England that India must always look for guidance, assistance and protection in her need.

HENRY COTTON.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION IN ENGLAND.

BY EDWARD PORRITT.

AFTER every General Election which has taken place in Great Britain since 1883, when the Corrupt Practices Act was passed, Englishmen have congratulated themselves that, at last, political corruption in Parliamentary constituencies was becoming of the past. They have noted the continuous falling off in the number of election petitions which have come before the judges of the High Court; and they have assumed, because there were fewer election-petition trials, and fewer instances in which boroughs were disfranchised for bribery and corruption, that the squalid and sordid conditions which had characterized Parliamentary electioneering from the days of Queen Elizabeth were almost, if not entirely, at an end.

There were only five election-petition trials after the General Election of 1906; and in commenting on these cases, as far as they had then come before the judges, the "Yorkshire Post," of Leeds, remarked in a tone of congratulation, that "the most interesting and most welcome fact about an election-petition trial nowadays is that it is tame." "If it had not been for the pleasantries of the judges and counsel," added the "Post," "Yarmouth and Maidstone would have been insufferably dull; and, unless Bodmin and the others that are still to be heard reveal something more astonishing than has come to light during the past few days, we shall conclude—as, indeed, we would wish to be able to do—that electoral corruption is virtually a thing of the past."

The election petition at Worcester, which was pending at the time this editorial appeared, did reveal "something more astonishing" than what had come to light at Yarmouth and Maidstone. The first revelations were so bad that the sitting Member

offered no defence after the petitioning candidate's case had been submitted to the court. He abandoned the seat; but the disclosures were so astounding that the Government, following precedents in such cases which date back to the disfranchisement of Grampound in 1821, appointed a Special Commission.

The Commission consisted of three barristers, who were deputed to hold a second inquiry with a view to determining whether Worcester should be disfranchised. The evidence taken by the Commissioners was more astounding than what had been offered at the trial of the election-petition. It showed a condition of electoral squalor every whit as bad as prevailed in many of the old Parliamentary boroughs in the last half of the eighteenth century. It disclosed conditions quite as bad as those which, in the last ninety years, have led to the temporary or permanent disfranchisement of a score or more of English and Irish boroughs —all boroughs which had sent representatives to the House of Commons before 1832, and in which the demoralizing traditions of Parliamentary electioneering had survived from the days between the reign of Queen Elizabeth and that of George III, and had continued to contaminate generation after generation of electors, and to make these places plague-spots in the British representative system.

Judged only by the number of election-petitions, there is ground for the congratulations which Englishmen nowadays bestow upon themselves after every general appeal to the constituencies; and such congratulations were especially in order after the General Election in January last. Then there were more contested elections—elections in which two or more candidates went to the polls—than at any General Election since the House of Commons came into existence six centuries ago. There were fewer walk-overs for candidates—Liberal or Conservative—than at any previous election of which detailed records are now available. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, and the further fact that 670 members had to be chosen from England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, only five election petitions went to the courts; and in only four cases was bribery alleged. These five petitions all originated in English constituencies; and, excepting that at Sheffield, where the petition was based on charges of a technical character, all the petitions were in old boroughs which have long had a more or less discreditable electoral history.

Yarmouth, Maidstone, Bodmin and Worcester, although not all proved to be equally squalid at the recent election-petition trials, although not all anything like so bad as Worcester, are just the constituencies in which a student of English electoral history would expect to find corruption surviving as long as it was possible for it to exist. Especially would this expectation be entertained of the old freeman and cathedral city of Worcester; for, under the old electoral system, and under that which existed from 1832 to the Corrupt Practices Act of 1883, the cathedral cities were, almost without exception, constituencies such as the Election Commission has recently shown Worcester still to be. They were places in which there was scarcely any hope for a Parliamentary candidate, no matter what his politics, until the electors were fully assured that he had brought plenty of money with him, and that he was willing to spend it freely in treating and buying votes.

"What is your experience of previous elections here?" asked Commissioner Avory, of one of the witnesses at Worcester, who had been a canvasser for the Liberal candidate at the election in January. "You cannot get nigh them," he answered, "unless your pockets are lined." "You may go two or three times for your man," he added, "and when you get him he wants to know whether you are going to put your hands down." "The parties are so equally divided," said another of these witnesses at Worcester—a lawyer, who was chairman of a Liberal ward committee, "that the bribable class practically rules the town. Whoever gets these two to three hundred votes will win." "Then," interposed the Commissioner, "the party that bribes will win." "Yes," was the answer of the chairman of a ward committee.

In the old days—that is before 1832—Worcester was a peculiar constituency. It was what was known as a city of a county. For local government purposes it was completely self-contained. It had its own sheriff, and was quite apart, as regards the administration of justice, local government, and militia, from the county in which it is situated, and to which it gives its name. There were then nineteen of these cities of counties or boroughs of counties. In some of these constituencies the freeholders had votes. In others they had not.

Worcester was one of the cities of counties in which the freeholders within the city had votes neither for the city Members of

Parliament nor for the Members for the county of Worcester. The electoral franchise was the exclusive right of the freemen —men who had obtained the freedom by inheritance, because their fathers were freemen; by serving an apprenticeship with tradesmen who were freemen; by redemption, or by having the freedom bestowed on them by the city corporation. Men who received the freedom from the corporation were known as honorary freemen. After 1747 the honorary freemen did not vote; but the conditions of the franchise were such that, when once a man had attained the freedom, whether by birth or servitude, it was immaterial to his right to exercise the Parliamentary vote whether he lived in Worcester or had any real connection with the city. The only qualification for voting was the negative one that the freeman had not been in receipt of poor-law relief; and, for fully a century before 1832, non-resident freemen who were settled in London, Bristol, Birmingham, Kidderminster and other places, were carried to Worcester at the expense of the Parliamentary candidates to vote at the elections.

Some other consideration besides travelling expenses had to be paid to the non-resident freeman to induce him to make the journey to Worcester; and it usually needed an equally substantial consideration to get the resident freemen to the polls. By the Act of 1832, non-resident freemen were deprived of the Parliamentary franchise. The vote was withheld from freemen made after the Act; and, as time went on, the remaining freemen, who were left in possession of the Parliamentary franchise, were lost among the ten-pound-householder voters created by the Act of 1832, and in the greatly enlarged electorate which came into existence in all boroughs after the Reform Act of 1867.

Worcester's traditions were bad when the first reform was made in 1832; and, as the recent inquiry by the Special Commission has disclosed, the enlargement of the electorate in 1832 and 1867 has not served to eradicate the electoral squalor which had already made itself evident in 1639, when the city corporation began to make honorary freemen in order to sway Parliamentary elections. It continued to make them to this end until 1747, when the House of Commons intervened, set aside the claims of the honorary freemen, and until 1832 left the Parliamentary destinies of the city in the hands of the resident and non-resident

freemen. From 1639, corrupt influences have been at work at Parliamentary elections there; and, with at least two hundred and sixty years of contaminating traditions behind them, it is scarcely surprising that even the drastic Corrupt Practices Act of 1883, which admittedly has done so much to reduce the number of election-petitions, has not yet purified the electorate in Worcester and other of the old Parliamentary boroughs in which the sordid traditions of pre-Reform days survive, and which have not been affected by the newer industrial conditions in England.

These traditions of beer-shop taps freely running for weeks at election-times and of vote-buying, especially the traditions of a right to a money equivalent for a vote, have been handed down from one generation of electors to the next, for nearly three centuries, in all the older Parliamentary constituencies; and they are naturally strongest and show the greatest power of survival in constituencies such as Yarmouth, Maidstone, Bodmin and Worcester, which are all towns that have been but little affected by the industrial developments of the nineteenth century—places in which few newcomers permanently settle; and from which emigration to the larger and newer world of industrialism is only small.

Generation follows generation in these old towns and cities; and what an election means in the way of free beer and money payments for votes, among the poorer and less self-respecting, is handed down from father to son, and from mother to daughter; and these traditions have not always been eradicated even by the drastic punishment of disfranchising a constituency for the lifetime of a Parliament or two. They are, in fact, so persistent and so tremendously difficult to uproot, they belong so much to the folk-lore of the community, that even Worcester must obviously be growing better if it is possible to accept the evidence of the ward committee chairman whose statements I have quoted, that in an electorate in which over 7,600 voters go to the poll the bribable voters in the election of 1906 did not number more than three hundred.

At first glance, the fact that there were only four petitions after the General Election of 1906 seems a splendid testimony to the efficacy of the Corrupt Practices Act, with which the name of Lord James of Hereford will always be honorably as-

sociated. Beyond question, it is a testimony to the good results of the Act of 1883. It must be remembered, however, that other causes besides the fear of heavy pecuniary and civic penalties under the enactment of 1883 have been at work uprooting the more squalid forms of electoral corruption.

Within two years after Parliament had passed the James Act, there came the Acts of 1884-5 extending the electoral franchise to all householders in the rural districts and redistributing Parliamentary seats. By these measures the electorate was enormously enlarged; and many small boroughs which had survived the Reform Acts of 1832 and 1867, chiefly because they were controlled by territorial families which were then influential with the Government, were thrown into the newly created Parliamentary divisions. Not a few of these old boroughs had electoral histories no more wholesome than those of Yarmouth, Maidstone and Worcester. Their corruption and electoral squalor long antedated the Reform Act of 1832; and between their utterly unmerited survival in 1832, and their equally unregretted disappearance as distinct Parliamentary constituencies in 1885, these boroughs—pocket boroughs most of them—made endless work for the House of Commons Committees which dealt with election-petitions from 1770 to 1870, and after 1870 for the judges of the High Court who are now charged with the trial and determination of these petition cases.

Bribery was never characteristic of elections of knights of the shire in England—not as it was of county members from Scotland from 1707 onwards. Electors in English counties were always too numerous to admit of bribery with any certain effect; and the freeholders in counties were not of the class which could be influenced by beer and money bribes. They never lacked their share of free beer at election-times; but it was given for convivial rather than for political reasons. Loyalty to the great territorial families which controlled county elections, and pressure on tenants by landlords, undoubtedly often determined county elections from the time when seats in Parliament became in demand in the fifteenth century until as late as 1885, when the county electorate was greatly enlarged.

All this is beyond dispute; but students of the Journals of the House of Commons, and of the records of the Grenville Committees, have yet to find a solitary instance in which a knight of

the shire was unseated because he had bribed the freeholders. It thus came about that in 1885 the small boroughs of ill-repute in electoral annals which had survived the reforms of 1832 and 1867 were thrown into larger constituencies, in which bribery of the squalid sort—bribery like that at Worcester—was almost unknown. Consequently, bribery within these old small electoral areas came to an immediate end; and there was an abrupt end to the petitions which for generations previously had so often followed elections in these places when they were self-contained constituencies, electing one or two Members, as the case might be, to the House of Commons.

Another cause which accounts for the elimination of bribery, and for the steadily decreasing number of petitions which now follow a General Election, is the enormous increase in population in the manufacturing boroughs in the Midlands and the North of England. Boroughs in these parts of England which between 1832 and 1867 were small enough to be influenced by corrupt methods, and which during those thirty-five years usually furnished their quota of petition cases, nowadays have electorates as large as those of many counties between the first and the second Reform Acts; and bribery has disappeared in these constituencies for much the same reason as caused its disappearance after 1885 in the smaller old boroughs which were left as entities in the representative system after the Act of 1832. Where electorates are large, it is usually of little avail to bribe. Moreover, in the constituencies in industrial England trade-unionism, the cooperative movement, the building societies, and steadily increasing wages and the attendant higher scale of living have all done much to enhance the self-respect of the working-classes; and, together with cheap evening newspapers of the older and more staid school of journalism, they have helped to the political education of the working-classes, and taught them the civic value of the Parliamentary vote.

Whatever may be thought of the tendency of the Labor movement, whatever speculations may be made as to its ultimate result, it is beyond question that the increasing number of Labor Members who have been of the House of Commons, since Macdonald and Burt were elected in 1868, has had an enormous influence in purifying the electorate in the older industrial boroughs. The legislation of the last thirty-five years in the

interest of the factory workers, the miners, and the artisans, has taught the more self-respecting of the working-classes that the Parliamentary vote has a greater value to them than any money bribe; and this growing realization of the value of a vote, apart from the uncertainty and risk which must attend bribery, has had much to do with the almost complete disappearance of election-petitions in the industrial borough constituencies.

Between the Union and 1885, Irish boroughs contributed quite their full quota of election-petition trials. Many miserable, small Irish boroughs survived the Parliamentary Reform Act of 1832 for the same reason as they survived the Union in 1800. They were controlled, if they were not owned outright, by Irish territorial families, who jobbed them for ecclesiastical and civil patronage, for peerages or promotion in the peerage; and these boroughs were permitted to survive in 1800 and again in 1832 only out of respect to the susceptibilities of the landlords or moneyed men who controlled them. Like English boroughs of the same class, most of these Irish boroughs disappeared in 1885; and, in the last twenty years, there have been fewer election-petition cases from Ireland than in any similar period since 1661, when the first election-petition was adjudicated upon by the House of Commons of the Irish Parliament.

The merging of the rotten boroughs in the county divisions has done much to diminish the number of election-petitions. Quite as obviously conducive to this end has been the change which has come over Ireland since Parnell put new life and vigor into the Nationalist movement. I am not an advocate of Home Rule; but no Unionist who is familiar with the electoral history of Ireland between the Union and the Reform Act of 1885, and who is acquainted with electoral conditions there since 1885, can disguise from himself the fact that the Nationalist movement has worked two beneficial changes in Irish politics, and in particular in the economy of the representative system of Ireland. It has weeded out almost completely—certainly in every province except Ulster—the old place-hunter Irish Members, who, from the Union until about 1880, made miserable the lives of successive Patronage Secretaries to the Treasury by their never-ending intrigues and pesterings for ecclesiastical, civil, military, naval and colonial patronage for themselves, their kinsfolk or their political heelers in the constituencies.

Irish Members learned this kind of business in the old Irish Parliament. It was most rampant after the deposition of the "undertakers" about 1770; after the time when the Lord-Lieutenants and their Secretaries undertook the management—the "bossing," as it would be called in the phraseology of American politics—of the Irish House of Commons. It continued almost as rampant until the seventies of last century. Its traditions were as persistent as those of bribery in English boroughs like Worcester; and nothing but a popular movement like that behind the Irish demand for Home Rule could ever have cleared the House of Commons and the precincts of the chambers of the Government whips at Westminster of these Irish place-hunter Members. It is this same popular movement that has ended bribery in so many Irish constituencies. Men who are of the people and little better off in purse than the majority of their constituents; men whose election expenses and whose maintenance-charges while they are of the House of Commons must come out of funds popularly subscribed, cannot bribe. Their constituents are aware of their circumstances; and they regard these Members of the new class of Parliamentary representatives in a totally different light from the old-school Irish Member, who was ready to bribe as far as his means would allow, and equally ready to make the most of his vote in obtaining Government patronage when once he had made his way to Westminster.

Why petitions from Scotland are so infrequent, and why they have always been infrequent, is easily explained. In Scotland squalid bribery never got a foothold. Scotland, from the Union in 1707 until its old electoral system was radically reformed in 1832, was "managed" more completely and more thoroughly than any other part of the British Islands that ever sent Members to the House of Commons. In the persons of the Duke of Queensberry, the Earl of Islay (afterwards Duke of Argyll), James Stuart Mackenzie, and Lord Melville, better known as Henry Dundas—but especially in the persons of Islay and Dundas—Scotland had a succession of political managers who could have learned nothing from any modern American boss. But not more than three thousand voters—county and borough—ever took part in electing Scotland's forty-five members; and, while most of these electors had their price, and knew how to stand out for it, there was usually patronage sufficient to go round—suf-

ficient offices in church, law, civil service, the army and the navy, as well as in India and the colonies, to tie all the electors to the political fortunes of the "boss" who happened to be in control. In this way it came about that, from the Union to 1832, there were few petitions from Scotland in which bribery was alleged; and there have been fewer still since the Parliamentary franchise was extended in 1832, 1867 and 1884-5.

The Corrupt Practices Act and the other influences at work since 1883 have certainly almost put an end to squalid bribery; but careful and detailed investigations which have been made since the General Election in January* have served to emphasize a fact that has long been obvious to students of political organization and electoral methods in England. This is that, since the eradication of direct bribery began—and this reform has been going on for more than sixty years—there has been a return to the old method of bribing constituencies in the bulk.

This was the earliest form of bribery, and can be traced as far back as 1535, when men eager to be of the House of Commons offered to serve without pay, and thus save the constituencies the cost of their journeys to Westminster and their wages. Later on, candidates offered to build town halls and bridges, pave streets and install water-works in boroughs that would send them to Parliament; and it is this collective bribery in a new form that has been reintroduced since the elimination of the individual bribe. Candidates are now expected to contribute to the local churches, flower shows, cricket clubs, school sports and friendly society galas; and, in a large proportion of the constituencies in England, these subscriptions amount to a charge of from £500 to £1,500 a year. It will thus be realized that, although squalid bribery has at last almost reached a vanishing-point, bribery has by no means disappeared. Some few members—for instance, Mr. John Morley—have withstood the pressure for this kind of largesse; but, except for these few and for the Labor Members, who, of course, are not in a position to bribe, there is as yet no movement for the elimination of this newer form of corruption.

EDWARD PORRITT.

* "Electioneering Up to Date." By Charles Roden Buxton. London, 1906.

THE POEMS OF TRUMBULL STICKNEY.

BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

THE name of Trumbull Stickney, which appears upon the volume of his Poems* which was issued under the editorship of his literary executors, is little known to the public, for his foreign residence and his distaste for the magazine as a literary conveyance combined to postpone for him the hour of recognition. But no one can read the volume of his poetical work now collected, without realizing that his sudden death at the age of thirty was a profound loss to American letters. The body of his work, though small in comparison with his ample plans, is large enough to contain poems, and those not few, of a beauty which time will only heighten and confirm.

Joseph Trumbull Stickney was the son of Austin Stickney, professor of Latin at Trinity College, and Harriet Champion Trumbull, fourth in line of descent from Jonathan Trumbull, sometime Governor of Connecticut. He was born June 20th, 1874, at Geneva, Switzerland. Until he was five years old the family resided abroad, spending their winters in Florence, their summers in the Swiss mountains and their autumns upon the Italian lakes. During the remaining years of his boyhood and youth, residence in America was varied by frequent journeys abroad, and by a winter which he spent in school at Clevedon, England. Except for this single term of formal instruction, and another at Dr. Cutler's school in New York, he received his early education entirely at the hands of Professor Stickney. Between the father and son there grew up a rare companionship of mind; the boy was led at once to the pure and ancient fountains of culture, and drew in with his earliest consciousness the love of noble letters. This, together with the romantic color and golden

* "The Poems of Trumbull Stickney," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo.

charm which Italy and Switzerland lent to his young experience, made his preparatory years almost beyond example fortunate, if we may speak of good or evil fortune in a matter so mysterious as the growth of a talent.

He entered Harvard College in the fall of 1891. He was then, and he remained until the end of his life, a picture of radiant youth—very tall, a figure supple and graceful as a Greek runner's, a face of singular brightness moulded upon lines of earnest strength, a demeanor in which boyish simplicity was combined with implications of an experience more rich and a social habit more complex than our New World civilization affords. From the ordinary activities of college life he remained aloof, deterred partly from within by shyness and by the austerity of his intellectual view, partly from without by the sentiment, approaching awe, which his personality inspired in the average barbarian breast of the undergraduate. To his few close friends he was the most open-hearted of companions, expressive in affection, kindling with beautiful ardor when his imagination was touched, by nature grave even to melancholy, but full, nevertheless, of fantastic humor, and capable of mounting to elfin heights upon the gales of fun. Poetry was already the absorbing passion of his life. From his Freshman year he was an editor of the Harvard Monthly, to which he contributed generously all through his life, preferring it to the professional magazines.

He graduated in 1895, with honors in classics, and in the following autumn established himself in Paris, as a student at the Collége de France and the Sorbonne. Here he remained for eight years, devoting himself chiefly to Greek and Sanskrit, so far as formal studies were concerned. Meanwhile, he was thinking deeply and living richly along the paths marked out by his temperament, wherein the Puritan strain formed a solid rock basis, covered with the flowers and vines of a pagan sensibility, and interpenetrated as by veins of fire with a passionate poetic imagination. His rooms were at first under the shadow of the Pantheon, afterwards in the rue d'Assas behind the Luxembourg Gardens. These latter apartments were themselves a kind of poem, allegoric of their owner's nature in their happy distinction, their rich grave harmonies, their just and heartfelt ornament, their vista of windows opening on the venerable garden, whose air of stately melancholy merges so well with the merriment,

intrigue, and *bravura* of Latin-quarter life, and clothes itself so gently with the glories of the seasons as they pass. Stickney loved Paris and her environs with a whole-hearted love, and felt the poetry of the place as few foreigners have done. Fontainebleau, for example, he knew in its every sylvan fastness; and I have seen him walk in that vicinity at darkest midnight across fields and through a tangle of lanes and woodland paths, guided by long familiarity as by a supernatural sense. The emotion of homelessness, which runs in a haunting undertone through his poems, made him cling with a peculiar eager fondness to these regions which were the nearest that he had known to a real abiding-place.

In pursuit of his degree, Stickney mastered virtually the whole *corpus* of Greek literature, from Homer to the New Comedy. His understanding of the genius of the language was profound. There could be no more vital exhibition of the sympathetic intelligence than the manner in which he would approach an ode of Pindar or a dialogue of Plato, lingering in its opening phrases until, as if by the mimetic process of a woodland creature, his mind gradually suffused itself with the color, moulded itself upon the fibre, beat with the tremulous secret life of the masterpiece in his hand. For scholarship as such he cared not a whit, but for the privilege of living back into the life of the great Hellenes he cared infinitely, and by infinite pains made himself able to do so. His Sanskrit studies, though they had not been carried so far, were pursued with an equally creative ardor. He dreamed of making in his own poetry I know not what new synthesis of Eastern with Western thought. His dramatic monologue, "Oneiropolos," which is put into the mouth of a Hindoo as he stands "selling dreams" to degenerate Athens, gives a hint of what he might have done in this direction.

In 1902 he published, at Boston, a volume entitled "Dramatic Verses." The book contains much of his loveliest and most characteristic work, but owing to the manner of its publication, in difficult type and at a high price, it obtained little currency. In the spring of 1903 the University of Paris gave him its degree of *docteur ès lettres,* never before conferred upon an American. Immediately thereafter he went to Greece, where he spent three months wandering with guide and donkey among the scenes in which his imagination had dwelt almost from infancy. Seven

"Sonnets from Greece" remain as the poetic record of this journey, written at Sunium, on Mt. Lykaion, near Helikon, at Eleusis, and off the coast of Crete. In the autumn of this same year he returned to America, to accept an instructorship in Greek at Harvard College. Teaching was not to his mind, though he had prepared himself conscientiously for that career, and performed its duties with the same mingling of scrupulous attention to detail with a sense of large values and real proportions which characterized his conduct in all matters of daily life. Nor was it possible for him to deal with such subjects as he was called upon to handle, without eliciting from them a potent charm, testified to by those students who gathered regularly in his rooms to read Plato with him, and who count themselves fortunate to have heard his voice—one of the most beautiful ever given to a human being—as he read and commented upon the great passages of the "Republic."

Besides his regular academic duties, Stickney was engaged during the last winter of his life upon a metrical translation of the "Persians" of Æschylus, and devoted much time to a proposed production of the "Libation Pourers," in which he was to have taken the rôle of Orestes. Meanwhile, he was feverishly at work upon a new volume of poems. From the attitude of his mind at this time, and from certain hints in his writing, it would almost seem as if a premonition of his death, and even of the manner of his death, had come to him:

> "With thy two eyes look on me once again.
> Since certain days, I know not how it is,
> I feel the swell of tidal darknesses
> Climb in my soul and overwhelm my brain."

In the spring of 1904, he was stricken with the premonitory symptoms of cerebral tumor, but continued to work at his poems all through the tragic summer which followed, as if striving to pour out in one flood the utterance of years. Under the stress of his affliction all the sweetness, rectitude, and majesty of his nature came out in a transfiguring light. An interval of apparent recovery was followed by a swift culmination of the disease, and he died on the 11th of October. His grave is at Hartford, Connecticut, the former seat of his family.

It is too early for his poetic work to be appraised, even by one

who should be competent to weigh its subtle values and to disentangle in its varied web the tentative from the quite achieved. I can only try to suggest its larger boundaries and to give some faint account of its presiding qualities. It is certain in the first place that Stickney was a poet in the intensive sense of the word. In a case like his, of high intellectual capabilities of a general kind, this may easily fail to receive the emphasis it deserves. Once, when severe illness had brought him face to face with the underlying realities of his own life, he said to me, "The truth is, I care for nothing but poetry." Though he led a richly varied and most human existence, with senses, affections, curiosities all in vivid action, the truth indeed was that poetry was both the root and the flower of his life, the point of repair for all his vital powers. To say this, is to say that he was in the same intimate sense a musician. In a moving lyric of his earlier years he tells the story of his initiation into the art of violin-playing; his last completed dramatic work portrays the unsatisfied passion for music in the breast of an old man, and its thwarting by his son's devotion to another art; and throughout his poems, images drawn from the world of music show the preoccupation of his mind with the musical idea. His verse is always moved from within by a musical principle, and often ravishes the ear with its melodic beauty. But he did not, as so many nympholepts of verse-music have done, lose himself in this sensuous aspect of the subject. He knew that there is, quite literally, a *music* of ideas as well as of sounds, and that only from the organic union of the two is poetry born. With many temptations thereto, he refused to work in the spirit of virtuosity. His melodies are simple, his color temperate, his images unstartling. It is only after a time that the organic power of his best work emerges for the reader, and its modesty is seen to veil a new, surpassing grace.

His work divides itself almost equally into the lyric and the dramatic modes. The lyrics are for the most part transcripts from his personal experience, fountains of natural melody gushing out from the smitten places of a young man's life. The greater number, and the best, are lyrics of love. Of these there are two groups. One, a formal sequence entitled "Eride," appeared in "Dramatic Verses," now reprinted in its entirety. "Eride" is a group of twenty-eight short poems, in five divi-

sions. It follows a love-history through its changing phases with a sincerity, a sensitiveness, a yearning search for the heart of the mystery, and a humility before its baffling silence and withdrawal, which I think in all seriousness entitles it to a place in the Golden Book of English love-poems. "Eride" is undeniably youthful in feeling, if that be a reproach; and the sequence ends upon a chord of half-resolved bitterness, the irrepressible protest of youth against the loss of happiness, bursting up suddenly from the depths of apparent resignation:

"How much it aches to linger in these things!
I thought the perfect end of love was peace,
After the long-forgiven sufferings;
But something else, I know not what it is,

"The words that came so nearly and then not,
The vanity, the error of the whole,
The strong cross-purpose, oh, I know not what,
Cries dreadfully in the distracted soul."

And elsewhere throughout these early poems there is the turbulence and acridity of a spirit at war with itself, waging the ancient internecine strife which only the noble wage and only the faithful win. But through many of the posthumous poems there flows, now like golden trumpets muffled by height and distance, now like clearest bird song near at hand, or the whisper of evening trees, the gladness of spiritual victory, won in the face of painful circumstance. I would refer the reader to the piece mentioned above, in which the poet's premonition of his own fate comes out so startlingly,—a spring song of unfulfilled yet fortunate love, sung with inmost thanksgiving in the Valley of the Shadow, which as yet, and for a last magic hour, is still "sunlit and kind." But I will rather quote a few lines from the beautiful verses "In a City Garden":

"How sweet it is
Under the perishable trees
To hear the wings of the one human soul
Fluttering up
In Time's dark branches to the lucid stars.
More than Despair is Hope,
And more than Hope is the Hope that despairs,
And more than all
Is Love that disbelieves the real years.

"Here in this place
One August morning—when the earlier crowd,
Showmen or populace,
From many a region and of curious face,
Abroad the holiday
Quaint in the sun with garb and gesture glowed,
And, speaking grave or gay
The various accents of their lonely race,
Between the shadowy gold bazars idled away—
She, as a cloud
All sunrise-colored and alone,
Through the blue summer trembling came to me.
I dried her tears and here we sat us down.
Little by little, as tripping oversea
On flame-tipped waves the daylight's long surprise
Sweeps world and heaven in one,
So love across our eyes
Broke with the sun. . . .
And wandering out we smiled
To see across the glowing noon so high,
So high and far,
The incandescent minarets and domes and spires
Lifting the fusion of their colored choirs
To the sky. . . .
I came to-day to find her, I came back
Humble with sweet desires
Across this dun September atmosphere
To her.
I came, I knew she was not here:
Now let me go.
I came, I come because I love her so.

"Not in the acres of the soul
Does Nature set the ploughshare of her change.
It is not strange
That here in part and whole
The faithful eye sees all things as before.
For past the newer flowers,
Above the recent trees and clouds come o'er,
Love finds the other hours
Once more."

There is in Stickney's lyric utterance at its best something momentously unspoken, which betrays to deeper abysses of feeling than are advertised of, which causes the reader, if he be sensitive to such suggestion, to turn and wonder what it is so soul-shaking under the innocent words. The secret of this qual-

ity lies in the poet's profound sincerity, masked, and for a careless or a captious eye defeated, by the play of colored fancy on the surface. At heart Stickney knew no compromise. He proved all things; what he could not accept he let go utterly, and he could accept no alms or half-offerings at the hands of life. What I mean may be illustrated by these stanzas from the poem entitled "At St. Marguerite":

"It rains, and all along and always gulls
Career sea-screaming in and weather-glossed.
It blows here, pushing round the cliff; in lulls
Within the humid stone a motion lost
Ekes out the flurried heartbeat of the coast.

"How good it is, before the dreary flow
Of cloud and water, here to lie alone
And in this desolation to let go
Down the ravine one with another, down
Across the surf to linger or to drown

"The loves that none can give and none receive,
The fearful asking and the small retort,
The life to dream of and the dream to live!
Very much more is nothing than a part,
Nothing at all and darkness in the heart."

But he did not allow this spiritual sternness to end in mere disheartenment or to settle into a schematic pessimism. His mind remained fluid to change. Contrast, for example, the early sonnet "In a Country Churchyard," where he listens with a strange indignation to "the cry of this delirious immortality," uttered by those who are too "poor in heart" to accept Nature's decree of death, with the later lines beginning "A glad little rift, so shy," a thrilling lyric of resurrection, in which a veil of playfulness, almost of glee, masks the portentous theme.

Stickney's lyric work may be said, speaking fallibly, to be complete. If he had lived he would have added to it much that was precious, but he would perhaps not have surpassed his present achievement in kind. His career as a dramatic poet was, on the other hand, assuredly only begun. His first volume contains two remarkable dramatic monologues, the "Oneiropolos," already mentioned, and one entitled "Ludovico Martelli," from a Renaissance poet whose faded volume Stickney picked up one day

in the library at Lucca, where he was engaged in the research of material for his Latin dissertation, "*De Hermolai Barbari Vita et Ingenio.*" The speaker in the poem is Ludovico, dying of poison administered by the creatures of Pope Leo, his rival in love. I must spare room for a few lines in which may be read, incidentally, Stickney's own vindication from the charge of following too closely in Browning's footsteps in these works of his poetic apprenticeship:

> "They said, they said, 'A soft
> Poet, who stole Petrarca's melodies
> And spoiled his robbery.' Soft in verse I was,
> A master had I like, forsooth, the rest. . . .
> For your unquiet thoughts, the horrid strong,
> I have them,—writ? Not yet! but here's my heart,
> Feel it! So tramped the innumerable host
> When Rome was burned. And very vast a tale
> Were half its history. Often have I stood
> On hills high up, by sorry coasts, alone,
> Passing my vision angrily. I thought
> To have plucked the yellow comets by their hair,
> To have braided meteors, and from 'hind the moon
> Robbed her society of chanting tides.
> I'd stand, my back to the seaward cliffs, at bay
> And fight the wave.—Completed earth's a leaf
> Turning in space along with the other dust
> That blinds the eye of God."

Of poems in true dramatic form, Stickney left two one-act pieces, "Prometheus Pyrphoros" and a scene from the youth of Benvenuto Cellini; one act of an unfinished play on the life of Julian the Apostate; and a number of smaller fragments. It is a thousand pities that he was not able to finish the Julian. There was much in his own character and training to give him peculiar insight into the mind of the poet, scholar, satirist, soldier and world-ruler who, at the moment when pagan civilization was about to be overwhelmed forever by the mounting tide of Christian thought, arose to declare again the ancient gods and to rekindle with indignant hands the violated altars. Stickney intended to write a two-act play in the nature of a prelude, treating the life of Julian before his elevation to the throne, and a five-act drama dealing with his career as emperor. The single act which he completed exhibits a power of dramatic evo-

cation, a massive yet nervous movement, and an athletic strength of diction which promise great things, and indeed, so far as is possible in an unrevised fragment, accomplish them. The slight heaviness which the act betrays would have disappeared in a final reworking, without injury to the imaginative weight, the on-bearing energy, which make it a gage of splendid achievement to come.

The dramatic scene in which Benvenuto Cellini is the central figure gives, on a small but exquisitely finished canvas, a picture of Renaissance character and of the Renaissance passion for art such as Browning himself has hardly surpassed, nor is there any hint in it of apprenticeship to that master; it is stamped with vigorous originality in every part. The scene passes in the living-room of Cellini's father. It is evening, and the old man, after his hard day's work at the mason's craft, sits whittling a viola's back from a cherished piece of wood, and longing for the return of Benvenuto. He is jealous of his son's devotion to sculpture, and as he strives to recall certain beloved songs fast slipping from his memory, he complains to his daughter Cosa:

> "Old as I am and poor, 'twere a good life,
> Tho' hard the wages, if at ending day
> Good music by the candle sat—and his
> Outsings by far Italy's loveliest. . . .
> This drawing he potters o'er at weary night,
> Of groups and visionary postures framed
> In scroll-work, while his feverish brain upreared
> Hammer and tongs descend upon the ore;
> This love of metals and design of forms—
> You think him sculptor?"

Presently Benvenuto bursts in, angry and distraught, his brow torn, his clothes in disorder. As he gulps his supper, the father and daughter draw from him his tale of a street-fight with the painter Piero Torrigiani, who has done a dishonor to Michelangelo. Breaking off abruptly, he calls for his pencils and drawing-board, and buries himself in thought of a design "of sirens interlaced with golden scales, roughing a silver ground." At his father's plea he sings absently one of the songs which the old man has been striving to remember, but immediately buries himself again in his work, muttering:

> "How supple is the strength
> That coils the rondure of a siren's tail!

It lies within the fine imagination
Of them of old to shape their legend so
That monsters have position in the realm
Of strict anatomy and reasoned things.—
The frame is square."

Again the father pleads timidly:

"Benvenuto,
It is not much to give thy father back
A fluteful of his breath, to tender him
Across the early morning of thy voice
A song's worth of delicious gaiety. . . .
You know not what it is to hear aloud
Within the walls of age and poverty
Your singing child, alive, alert, and full
Of small perfections in the art you love."

At last Benvenuto flings his pencils down in angry acquiescence, and plays to Cosa's singing. The old man goes into his bedroom with muttered thanks and blessings, and the boy takes up his task in black impatience:

"This fluid music clouds me like a slag.
I cannot see. My fluttering head and hand
No more are with the metals, and the lines
Go one into another like threads of wool.
Among the many arts the lowest much
Is music, which with pitiable means
Is scraped and blown and twanged and—no one knows
How or what for. O curse on 't! To work.
I can't—must—will."
GIOVANNI *(looks in at the door in his nightgown).*
"That song, another time,
Not quite so fast, and your beginning notes
Less sudden and attached with subtler breath.
BENVENUTO. If e'er I play again! He pushes me
So every evening to the rack. Great God,
The very rhythm of my design is snapped
At the root short off, just at the noble moment
When dream and comprehension fuse in one. . . .
And here over my ruined vision, I
Writhe like a scorpion in a ring of fire. . . .
Enough! At dawn to-morrow off for Rome."

Within the simple scheme of this little drama there is a wonderful play of life; the characters are completely realized, and the dialogue, while moving always in response to musical laws,

is thoroughly dramatic. Stickney was rapidly mastering the lost secret of an acting drama in which verse-form, so far from weakening the purely dramaturgic element, magically enhances it, becomes, in fact, its very body and breath.

It remains for me to speak of the "Prometheus Pyrphoros," in some respects the piece of writing most expressive of Stickney's genius. The action passes before the rude stone house of Deukalion and Pyrrha, in the plain of Haimonia, and the scene opens in total darkness. The primeval pair talk together of the wretchedness of their lives both before and since the curse of night which Zeus has sent upon the world in revenge for the trick played upon him by Prometheus, in offering him, instead of real sacrifice, "wind-eggs and unsubstantial things." Meanwhile, Prometheus stands in the door of the house, and from within sounds at intervals the voice of Pandora, who is with child by Zeus. Prometheus, in accordance with the ancient mythographers, is spoken of as the father of the human couple, and Pandora is called by them "mother," though there is no hint of any relationship between the Titan and Pandora. Neither is she represented, as in the legend, as the wife of Epimetheus; she remains a mysterious voice, singing in her travail songs of mystic meaning, whose bearing upon the action is poignantly vague. Stung at last beyond endurance by the wretchedness of the human pair, Prometheus declares his purpose of bringing light from Heaven, and departs amid the gray complaints of Deukalion and Pyrrha's words of faltering hope. An episode intervenes, introducing Epimetheus, the antitype and foil of the Promethean spirit of daring will. Suddenly Pyrrha rises, crying:

"He comes, he comes. Nay, look how fast the light
Rolls gaining on the dark, and urges back
The windy boulders of obscurity.
His step! I hear him, I see him.—Prometheus!
PROMETHEUS *(shouting from afar)*. This torch will light our lives.
Rejoice! Up, up!
I say we have the sunlight back again."

Prometheus rushes in, and kindles the great pile of fuel which they bring. Then follows a majestic passage in which the Titan relates his climb up the darkling slopes of Olympus, his wresting the sacred torch from the golden sconce at the portal of Zeus's dwelling, where it hung

"firm barred across
And bolted 'gainst the fearful universe,
While inside cried aloud perennial choirs
To a single note so puissant and superb
It seemed an ocean singing to the sun."

He urges them to take up their lives in gladness and hope. Pyrrha timidly responds, trying by faith to rise to the level of his heroic mind; but Deukalion sees in the new life which has been given them only a further necessity of endurance and barren toil. Meanwhile, darkness falls again over the scene, and from the midst of the thunder-cloud sound the Voices of Zeus (the Βία and Κοάτη of Æschylus) calling Prometheus to punishment. As he is seized and dragged away, he utters words of indignant pride and triumphant self-vindication:

"I say, whate'er's achieved, once and for all
Stands in defiance, and we at Nature's heart
Register signs of our nobility.

. . . . . .

'Twas with me for a while as with the sun
Upon the ocean: writing out in gold
The moving characters of highest day,
Which to dull creatures of the deep appeared
Fantastic and divine and possible."

The play ends with the patient words of Pyrrha to her husband, as a great sunset fills the scene:

"Come, sleep,
Deukalion, for to-morrow brings again
The sun he gave us, and the hope—the life,"

and with the mysterious voice of Pandora, singing to herself and of herself within the house:

"As an immortal nightingale
I sing behind the summer sky,
Thro' leaves of starlight gold and pale
That shiver with my melody.

. . . . . .

"My dew is everywhere
Where things are;
I fall and flutter and fare,
Leaving a star
By the roads of earth, in the far
Paths of the air.

"Nothing is less with me,
Nothing is lost.
For I smile on the earth and sea,
On the infinite host
Of the dead and the living, and most
On the yet-to-be."

The source of the "Prometheus Pyrphoros" lies chiefly in Hesiod, and there clings to it something of the gray dishearten-ment of the "Works and Days." The heroic deed of the Titan brings with it no joy, rather at best only the courage to live and to Deukalion not so much, merely the hard necessity. The tri-umph lies in the deed itself and in the magnanimity which achieved it. It is very characteristic of Stickney's line of thought that he should have given this turn to the great story. Through-out his life, in spite of its fortunate outward circumstances and real happiness, there weighed upon him a nameless oppression, a sense of the futility of the worldly outcome, a shadow of pain and bitterness upon all the fair face of things. But his manner of confronting this tragedy which he saw implicit in the texture of life changed its quality both for himself and for those who knew him. The important thing was seen to be, not the nature of our destiny, but the manner in which it is met. In the human battle it was enough for him that the spear should be "some-times well grasped, though shattered in the fight," and that there should stand forth on the lost field the "Niké, proud tho' broken-winged," of an unconquerable mind. His was essentially the stoic view, but a stoicism heroic and infinitely tender, preg-nant with the sweetness and strength of life. And in the last years of his existence he was coming, as I have said, into a new spiritual zone, which would have brought forth who shall say what celestial fruits.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

AN UNEXPECTED FRENCH WAR-CRY AGAINST GERMANY.

BY KARL BLIND.

I.

It was with sincere regret that I read recently, in a London magazine, a strange article from the pen of my friend, M. Yves Guyot, a former French Cabinet Minister, on "Pan-Germanism, Holland and Belgium." I conscientiously believe that this article is calculated—if its hints and suggestions were acted upon—to injure both the French Republic and the Liberal and Democratic cause in England. For it fans, under an apparent introductory show of quiet matter-of-fact disquisition, that flame of unjust hostility against Germany, the constant feeding of which flame is already attended to more than enough by the most illiberal and intriguing "Jingoes."

I can speak on that subject all the more openly because, since 1849, I have given sufficient proofs of my hearty interest in the French Republican cause by numerous writings in German, English, French and Italian. I have been connected by intimate friendship with not a few of the most eminent Republican leaders, such as Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc. I have exerted myself in exile, though unfortunately in vain, to bring the leaders of the various groups, so bitterly opposed to each other, together for the sake of common cooperation. Through good report and evil report I have stood by them, albeit privately I had sometimes to warn several of them against aggressive designs which they harbored against our Rhinelands, before 1870. I warned them —yet scarcely any of them would believe it—that in case of a hostile encounter France would suffer one of the most awful defeats. When, in November, 1870, my old friend Wolfrid de Fourielle, who, like Louis Blanc, had honorably exerted him-

self against a declaration of war, came over to my house for the purpose of enlisting, after all, active English sympathies for his country, I told him and Dr. Congreve—the late Positivist leader, who accompanied him—that "the best thing he could do would be to go straightway back to France and to work for the speediest possible conclusion of peace. Otherwise, the longer the war lasted, the more severe would the conditions of peace naturally be."

This, I merely refer to, so as to clear away any misinterpretation of what I have to say now.

II.

First of all, then, it is necessary to bring to mind that the author of "Pan-Germanism, Holland and Belgium," who alleges that Germany is bent upon the conquest and annexation of the Netherlands, and who calls upon England, in alliance with France, to protect those small States against their powerful neighbor, had a blameworthy part in that very matter. The fact is, he himself took the side of the aggressor in a recent war against two very small States—and those States, free Commonwealths. Their names were, the South-African Republic and the Orange Free State. They are inhabited by a Dutch-speaking people, kindred, by race and language, to the Hollanders and to the Flemings of Belgium, which latter form nearly two-thirds of that little kingdom; the French-speaking Walloons being a minority. The Hollanders and the Flemings are practically of the same tongue.

Surely, if ever there was a case for a Republican to side with endangered small States, for which the people of Holland and Belgium felt the deepest concern on racial grounds, that case was clearly given in South Africa. M. Yves Guyot must have known that, by the London Treaty of 1884, that English "suzerainty" which had been established over the Transvaal after a previous forcible annexation under the Tory Government of Disraeli, had been literally and formally abolished. I have shown years ago that Lord Derby himself, the Colonial Secretary in 1884, positively conceded that abolition. With his own hand he struck out all references to suzerainty in the old treaty and assented to a wholly new one. Mr. Chamberlain, as late as 1896, when a Cabinet Minister in a Conservative Government,

avowed publicly in the House of Commons—as had done Liberal Ministers before him—that the British Crown had by treaty no right whatever to interfere in the home affairs of the South-African Republic. If President Krüger, he declared, thought there was danger to his country in giving the suffrage to the alien immigrants, he was perfectly entitled to withhold it.

It is true, Mr. Chamberlain afterwards suddenly veered round. Three months before the citizens of the South-African Republic took measures of precaution against the continually increasing number of English troops that were landed, Mr. Chamberlain formally threatened President Krüger with the application of "*force*" if the demand for the suffrage were not complied with now. That was an ultimatum. The Boers then tried to forestall the danger.

Europe, from one end to the other, sympathized with the victims of aggression. In Republican France there was unanimity in favor of the two small Republican States of South Africa. In the United States the same feeling prevailed. Every one following the course of affairs was astounded to see M. Yves Guyot taking sides the other way. Nobody knew how to explain it. From that day his influence waned perceptibly, and finally the direction of the paper he had edited slipped from his hands.

III.

In the article before me, M. Yves Guyot, though knowing how bitterly Dutchmen and Belgians felt, and still feel, towards England on account of the sanguinary events mentioned, still reproves the people of those small States for the feelings they had shown towards their kinsmen in South Africa. He bids them look to England and France as their protectors. Even the fact of Liberal English statesmen, now at the head of Government, having stigmatized that war as a "frivolous, unjust one," carried on by "methods of barbarism," and denounced the Concentration Camps—which were imitated from those established by a cruel Spanish General in Cuba, and which cost 20,000 of innocent lives—has not, strange to say, made the French writer reflect. In this, I am glad to say, he is totally at issue with the Republican party of his own country.

As to the alleged danger to the Low Countries from Germany, he arrives at that conclusion by a very complicated and rather

artificial way of reasoning. He grants that German commerce has sought an outlet at Antwerp without any ulterior annexationist object. Its extension to that port, he says, was quite in the natural course of trade. But then he paints the advantages of real conquest in such seductive colors that he assumes it would be a wonder if annexation did not follow.

This, I think, is rather a perilous procedure on his part. Might not some of those who are unjustly, but persistently, charged with conquering designs, say to themselves at last: "Why, if things are described as so tempting and so profitable, and if we are always to suffer from such unfounded suspicion, would it not be better to do the deed?"

M. Yves Guyot also says—and in that I agree with him—that "the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph will by no means be the end of the Austrian Empire." But for that very reason he suggests that Germany will seek to satisfy her ambition in another direction, by drawing Holland, and perhaps Belgium, into her zollverein, with a view to a future annexation. All these would-be clever hints and pointed innuendos have the final aim of rousing universal suspicion against Germany and promoting an armed alliance against her.

Now, the mass of the German nation intends as little to injure the independence of Holland and Belgium as that of Switzerland. These countries were once part of the old German Empire; but there is no wish to force them back under the new Empire, whose basis was laid by that "fratricidal war"—as Prince Bismarck himself called it some years after 1866—through which nearly a quarter of the population and the beautiful, strategically important territory, were ejected, which formerly belonged to the Empire and to the subsequent German Confederation. There is no prospect of recovering even these old German provinces of ours under present circumstances. It could only be done by a new war, and this nobody in Germany wishes for; or by a revolution in Austria, which is now far from being likely.

Yet, if such reunion were ever possible, who would have a right to oppose it? Had France lost her Provençal departments near the Mediterranean, or the Bretagne, where the people speak a Celtic, non-French, language, or a Basque territory near the Pyrenees, through a "fratricidal war"; or, if Britain had lost Wales or Scotland or even Ireland, in a similar manner—who

would be entitled to object to a reunion, if France or England were bent upon it?

IV.

Now, how does France stand with regard to Belgium and Holland? Would it not be better to lay on her the brush with which Germany is wrongly tarred?

It is a historical fact that, under Royal, Republican and Imperial Governments in France, repeated attempts of conquest were made in that northern direction. France possesses to this day a strip of territory near the Belgian frontier, where Low-German—that is, Flemish—is spoken. Under Napoleon I, the Netherlands were overrun and put under a brother of his as a satrap. At the same time, the so-called "Rhine League," established by the Corsican despot, was extended as far as Lübeck, on the Baltic, and Saxony, near the Russian frontier! Yet, the name of Napoleon was, in later years, one to charm with—even among a certain section of French Democracy.

I have myself seen enough of that still in my earlier days. I have found Louis Bonaparte attacked as "*le petit,*" in suggestive distinction from "*le grand.*" I have heard Félix Pyat, as an exile, yet glorying in the fact of Napoleon I having "*fait briller l'épée de la France à travers l'Europe.*" Afterwards, no doubt, Pyat changed considerably. I have read laudatory words about Napoleon I in Victor Hugo's "Napoléon le petit." When the war of 1870 began, one of Hugo's sons wrote that "The Prussians will be sent across the Rhine, *avec un coup de pied dans le derrière.*" Years after that war, the aged, distinguished poet, who as the descendant of a patriotic German Lorrainer, had once confessed that he himself had Gothic (Teutonic) blood in his veins, still declared that, before the Golden Age of Peace can be introduced, there must be a last war in which Mayence, Treves, Cologne and Aix — purely German towns! — must be annexed to France.

I remember that in 1848, soon after the establishment of the Republic, an attempt at an invasion of Belgium was made by a French free-corps. The statement at the time was that Ledru-Rollin, my old friend, as a member of the Provisional Government, was not unconnected, by way of furnishing means from secret funds, with that venture. It was done somewhat in the Dr. Jameson style, and it failed most miserably, like the

one in South Africa. And are we to forget the draft of the Benedetti Treaty, submitted by Napoleon III to the Prussian Government, in which the annexation of Belgium to France was proposed?

I have had a curious personal experience, in that respect, with an eminent French statesman and famed member of the Academy, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, once Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Third Republic. When in office, he was often accused of being subservient to the Berlin Government. He was, now and then, even called "*Prussien.*" Well, what did he say to an interviewer as late as 1891, and afterwards in letters to me?

He declared that France had a natural right to have her frontiers on the Atlantic, on the Pyrenees, on the Mediterranean, and along the course of the Rhine. Having doubted the correctness of the report given in the "Times," I wrote to him. He confirmed its correctness. Then I pointed out to him that in this way he claimed for France the greater part of Switzerland, all German territory on the left bank of the Rhine, *the whole of Belgium, and a portion of Holland.*

After this, that moderate politician and philosopher still declared that these were his views and aims. This curious correspondence is in my possession.

Might, then, Belgians and Dutchmen not be inclined to say, as regards a combined French and English protectorate of their independence: "*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis*"? Might they not even fear that the final issue of such a Protectorate would perhaps be a French annexation of Belgium and an English "suzerainty" of the well-known kind over Holland?

Often enough I have heard Frenchmen say, in the style of Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, that Belgium naturally belongs to their country. Many of them, either from ignorance or from design, asserted that its population was mainly French. Flemish they called "a mere patois." Yet it is the language of the majority of the Belgians, and its literature stands side by side with Dutch.

Considering all the facts I have thus rapidly indicated, I think the Belgians are entitled to look rather southward for a possible danger.

Yet M. Yves Guyot says: "It is from Germany that Belgium has everything to fear."

V.

"A burnt child fears the fire." The Dutch have seen what a claim of "suzerain" protectorship leads to, even when it has been apparently abandoned in a new treaty. In the case of the Transvaal Republic that claim was revived from the ashes of the old treaty, out of a paragraph inserted in the new treaty of 1884, concerning treaties to be concluded between the Republic and foreign Powers. I warned President Krüger at the time about this danger, as I stated years ago in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. He would not believe in the danger. He thought his country, wishing to live a secluded life, had even no occasion to enter into any treaty of importance with foreign Powers. Hence the possibility of complications arising from that paragraph was not to be foreseen at all. Having achieved the abolition of the suzerainty, he was satisfied with the result of his negotiations in London. This was before the discovery of the large gold-fields.

Half an hour before the final signature of the new treaty in Downing Street, I repeated my warning, even after the English and Dutch text had been handed to me in print at President Krüger's hotel. All was in vain. It was too late. When the Transvaal deputation left London, they sent me a highly honoring letter, in which it was said that they intrusted to me the care of the interests of the South-African Republic in England.

Not many years afterwards, my previsions turned out to have been only too correct. A perfect campaign of misrepresentation as regards the continued existence of "suzerainty" was organized in the English press. And though I proved ever so often the falsehood of the assertion, public opinion was systematically misled. The rest is well known.

In his eager desire to show up Germany, which has kept the peace for thirty-five years, as the great danger to European security, M. Yves Guyot does not hesitate to refer to a proposal made by Napoleon III in 1863, for the convocation of a Congress which was to discuss a general disarmament. He mentions a further sinister proposal of the French Emperor, made in January, 1870, six months before the war broke out. In that latter case, Queen Victoria, M. Guyot writes, was to hand the project of Napoleon over to William I of Prussia.

M. Yves Guyot has not a single word to say about the trust-

worthiness and character of the Man of December, who murdered the Roman Republic; who then murdered the French Republic which he had sworn to maintain, adding on his own behalf that he "would consider as his personal enemy any one daring to attack that Republic"; who some years later made a war for the alleged establishment of Italian independence, which ended in the annexation of Nice (Garabaldi's birthplace) and Savoy; who, again, tried to murder the Mexican Republic, and, being foiled there, declared, as a last means of upholding his dynasty, war against Prussia, with the object of conquering the German Rhinelands.

For a French Republican it is somewhat strange to quote this criminal usurper as a true friend of peace. I may here mention, on the authority of Ledru-Rollin, who had timely information from a relative of his, a military officer of high rank, that Napoleon III already intended to make war against Prussia in 1868, on account of Luxemburg which he wanted to annex. In a State Council presided over by him, war was indeed formally resolved upon. Next day, the several Ministers were to call upon him for receiving further instructions. Over night, however, being already much stricken with the well-known sickness, his courage vanished. When the Ministers came, they were told that the matter was put off for the nonce. It was then that Marshal Niel indignantly exclaimed: "*Cet homme nous déshonore!*"

Truly, something better might be done than to quote the perjured perpetrator of the State stroke of 1851, as an advocate of peace and disarmament.

VI.

Those who aim at a freer intercourse between nations will read with astonishment a passage in Yves Guyot's article, which runs thus:

"The Belgians and the Dutch have already consented to a form of union which, according to the 'Almanach de Gotha,' takes the title of 'Union of the Administrations of German Railways': of which Union the railways of Germany, of the Netherlands and one Belgian railway, form part. I believe this Germanophile passion has calmed down; but in those last years we have witnessed singular aberrations on the part of the Dutch and the Belgians."

This, from a zealous champion of free trade, as M. Yves Guyot is, can scarcely be understood. What more natural thing could there be than that the Low Countries, of which Germany is commercially the "hinterland," should consent to a Railway Union? What "passion" is there to be denounced? Would he make a similar objection if it were a case of Railway Union between Belgium and France?

As to the "aberrations of the Dutch and the Belgians," the French statesman describes their sympathies with the South-African Republics as mental vagaries! This, now, is not a very effective means of enticing the people of the Netherlands into the Anglo-French fold. At most, it could have the result of turning Jingoes against the Dutch and the Belgians by way of revenge for the very natural leanings they had shown.

M. Yves Guyot objects also to the German fleet. He roundly asserts that "William II wants to have a fleet capable of struggling against the navy of England." Now here a few facts may be useful.

In the Middle Ages, the German Hansa was the great maritime power of the North; but it was a civic institution of free towns, utterly neglected by our Emperors. In the last century, previous to our Revolution of 1848-49, all our best Liberals and Democrats, and our patriotic poets like Herwegh and Freiligrath, considering, as they did, the difficult geographical position of Germany, which makes her so liable to attack from several land sides as well as from the sea, unanimously demanded the establishment of a German fleet. I joined in the demand at the time. By the National Assembly at Frankfort a beginning was made. Our worthless Princes, after having drowned in blood the popular movement for freedom and unity, sold that small navy by auction.

After 1870, when we had been in danger of having our coast-towns on the German Ocean and on the Baltic bombarded and put under tribute by the French fleet, which might have landed also troops, the call for a German fleet was renewed. William I was too much of a military martinet, Bismarck yet too deeply imbued with his early "Junker" training, to join heartily in that necessary movement.

William II, about whose home policy I scarcely need to say what I think, at last acted upon that call. Yet, in spite of every

effort, the German navy still ranks only as the fifth in strength. The French fleet surpasses it both in ships and men. Russia, before the war with Japan, also was ahead of us. Now, France and Russia are in alliance. Germany lies between them. What wonder that Germany endeavors to have a navy capable of defending her coasts, securing her necessary import of food in case of war, and protecting her growing over-sea trade? That trade is larger than the trade of France.

Compared with the English fleet, that of Germany is still enormously overmatched. England has a four-times larger navy. Her crews are about 130,000 men. Those of Germany, 32,000. Yet a Civil Lord of the English Admiralty, Mr. Arthur Lee, did not scruple to say before his constituents that, some day, a certain fleet in the North Sea might be smashed before the Power owning it had any notice of a proclamation of war. That piratically minded man was not removed from office, not even censured by his superiors. What if a similar threat had been held out by a member of the German Ministry of Marine against either England or France?

The French fleet, too, is larger than that of Germany. Has any one ever heard of a suggestion made in England that France should be called upon to restrict her naval armaments? Yet France and England have been at war for ever so many centuries. Nay, there has been danger of war again between them about the Fashoda question. And France, with an army equal in numbers to the German one, is quite close to England, while Germany is very far. And Germany and England have never crossed swords; France and England ever so often.

Of all this there is nothing whatever in M. Yves Guyot's article. On the contrary, he asserts that "the cordial understanding between England and France is founded exactly on the same reasons as those which *induced England to combat Napoleon I.*" Is that really so? A number of Englishmen might perhaps wish to know the details of such an alliance, defensive and offensive.

"The whole world," according to the French writer, "is endangered by a State in Europe, whose ambition has no limits, and whose Sovereign can dispose, at his pleasure, of peace or war in the world." Does M. Yves Guyot forget that this is also a privilege of the British Crown? And is he not aware of the

recent declaration of even the most moderate German journals, that, in spite of its restricted parliamentary rights, no Reichstag would ever be found to grant the necessary supplies for a frivolous war? The Paris Legislative Body, even the Opposition, after a short show of criticism, did, in the main, grant the supplies for the war against Germany. Does M. Yves Guyot believe that Germans, being all liable to serve, would be easily dragged into a frivolous war at a monarch's caprice? And does he forget that an English army, composed exclusively of men enlisting of their own free will, is always ready, at superior command, to strike a sudden blow?

In his concluding words, M. Yves Guyot says that "France and England represent a combined formidable strategic Power; and that, if in Germany there is a thought of landings in England, one can also foresee *landings of allied armies in Germany,* having, as a basis of operations, means of transport the efficiency of which was shown in the war in South Africa. All civilized nations have the same interests as France and England — a single one excepted."

Now, what language is this? I think I may safely say that the best French Republicans cannot approve of it. It calls for an aggressive militarism that would soon deliver the Republic—which is the result of defeats on the battle-field, and which has since been so often threatened by men like Marshal MacMahon and General Boulanger—into the hands of its most insidious enemies. As a sincere well-wisher of that Republic, and as one who would be the first to denounce a threatening invasion of England, if that imaginary peril were ever to come from a German Emperor, I deeply regret the extraordinary article of M. Yves Guyot. No; English Liberals will not allow themselves to be thus dragged into war by the setting up of an artificial Napoleonic bogey. They have had quite enough of the war against the Boers, which he so zealously advocated. Or is it to arch-Tory Jingoes he addresses himself?

Perhaps his essay is fortunately published, not in English, but in French. That diminishes its pernicious influence. For, remarkable to say, in spite of the *entente cordiale,* few Englishmen are able to converse in, or to understand, French.

KARL BLIND.

OUR INDUSTRIAL JUGGERNAUT.

BY DR. JOSIAH STRONG, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF SOCIAL SERVICE.

A DISTINGUISHED statesman, with whom the writer was not long since discussing the subject of industrial accidents, remarked, "This is a matter of which I have been profoundly ignorant." The remark is eminently applicable to the general public in the United States.

There is every summer more or less newspaper thunder created by the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission touching railway accidents, and railway officials attract the lightning of public indignation; but the public is not aware that railway accidents are only a small proportion of the casualties which take place in the industrial world.

Accidents in the manufacturing and building industries are much more numerous than railway casualties, but they appeal to the public much less, partly because we have no exact information concerning them, and partly because only one class of people is exposed to a given class of industrial accidents. The general public is not in the slightest danger of falling from the steel frame of a sky-scraper, nor of being ripped up by a buzz-saw, nor of being mangled by a mine explosion. All such accidents seem far removed and only half real to those who are quite safe from them. But every one travels more or less, so that accident by rail is a possibility that concerns all.

It is important to gain some idea of the great numbers who are annually sacrificed by accidents in our American industries. As compared with European Governments, our State Legislatures have generally been strangely indifferent to the whole subject. The laws of only eleven of our States require the reporting of accidents in factories; and a careful examination reveals but a

single State whose laws require the reporting of accidents in all industries. There exist, however, some data from which rough estimates may be made.

There were in France, during the year 1904, no less than 212,755 industrial accidents, not including those in mines and on railways. When we consider that we are much more careless of life and limb than the French, and that our population is more than twice as large as that of France, there can be little doubt that in a single year we have at least 425,000 industrial accidents, not including railway and mining casualties. Fortunately, concerning these two industries we have some definite information; and, adding to the above figures our railway accidents in 1904, *viz.*, 94,201, together with 5,100 casualties in our coal-mines (not including other mines), we get a total of some 525,000 industrial accidents in the United States in a single year as the probable minimum number.

Entirely different data give much the same results. The records of one of the great casualty companies of this country show that, under policies issued on a wage expenditure of $1,905,515,398 as a basis, there were reported 185,088 accidents. This insurance was placed on workmen engaged in what the census designates as "manufacturing and mechanical pursuits." Assuming $500 to be the average annual earnings of such workmen, many of whom are highly skilled, the above-mentioned wage expenditure represents the employment of 3,811,030 persons for one year, which indicates that in such industries one person in 20.59 is injured annually, or 48.56 out of every thousand. At this rate, the 7,085,992 persons engaged in these industries in 1900 suffered 344,096 accidents. There were that year about 22,000,000 persons in the United States who were engaged in gainful occupations other than manufacturing and mechanical. We do not know how many accidents occur in these industries, except railroading; but, assuming that on the average they are only one-fifth as dangerous as the manufacturing and mechanical pursuits, they furnished in 1900, 220,000 casualties, which would make a total of 564,000 industrial accidents that census year.

Again, take still other data. A Wisconsin law, enacted in 1905, requires physicians to report every accident which incapacitates its victim for a period of at least two weeks. The first year under the new law has not yet expired, but the writer

is informed that the returns up to date indicate that the twelve months' record will show from 15,000 to 20,000 accidents.

Wisconsin, with its diversified industries of farming, manufacturing, mining, lumbering and building, may be considered fairly representative of the whole country. If, then, there are 15,000 accidents in that State in a single year, at the same rate there would be in the United States no less than 542,000.

It seems, therefore, reasonable to conclude that the minimum number of industrial accidents in this country, in a year, must be considerably above 500,000.

When in all history have two great armies been able to inflict on each other a total of half a million casualties in a single year? This is fifty per cent. more than all the killed and wounded in the late war between Japan and Russia.

There are more casualties on our railways in a single year than there were on both sides of the Boer war in three years.

Last year, on our railways, we killed as many every thirty-seven days and wounded as many every twelve days as all our killed and wounded in the 2,561 engagements of the Philippine war. Or, in other words, there were twenty-four times as many casualties on our railways in one year as our army suffered in the Philippine war in three years and three months. At that rate, we might have continued the war for seventy-eight years before equalling the record of our railways in a twelvemonth. And we must not forget that less than one-fifth of the losses of our industrial army are suffered on our railways. That is to say, we might carry on a half-dozen Philippine wars for three-quarters of a century with no larger number of total casualties than take place yearly in our peaceful industries.

Taking the lowest of our three estimates of industrial accidents, the total number of casualties suffered by our industrial army in one year is equal to the average annual casualties of our Civil War, plus those of the Philippine war, plus those of the Russian and Japanese war.

*Think of our carrying on three such wars, at the same time, world without end!**

* It will be observed that our comparisons are between the *total number* of casualties in our industries and in various wars, without reference to the proportion of fatal and non-fatal casualties. The pro-

We are waging a perpetual war on humanity, and one which is apparently growing bloodier from year to year.

With the establishment of the Hague Tribunal and the negotiation of treaties of arbitration we may confidently hope that the frequency of wars will diminish; but with the increasing use of machinery industrial accidents will naturally multiply unless vigorous preventive measures are adopted.

In the absence of any exact knowledge of other departments of industry, let us turn again to the railways. Of course passenger traffic increases with the growth of population and of business; and it is not strange that an increase of accidents should accompany the increase of travel and the extension of our railway system. But the danger of travelling by rail is increasing more rapidly than passenger traffic. The following tables were prepared from the recently issued report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for 1905:

	Number of passengers carried for one killed	*Number of passengers carried for one injured*
1905	1,375,856	70,655
1904	1,622,267	78,523
1895	2,984,832	213,651

These figures show that for a given number of passengers carried there were twice as many killed and three times as many injured in 1905 as there were ten years before. But the more accurate comparison is between the number of passenger-miles travelled in different years; for, other things being equal, a journey of a thousand miles involves ten times as much risk as a journey of only one hundred miles. In the following table, the peril of railway travel in different years is seen to vary inversely as the number of passenger-miles accomplished for one passenger killed or injured.

portion of killed to wounded in our industrial accidents is unknown, but, judging from railway statistics, there is reason to believe that it is considerably smaller than in the casualties of war. If, however, we include the fatalities which befall the general public and which are not classified as industrial, the total number of violent deaths in the United States in one year is undoubtedly in excess of the total number killed in a single average year of the three wars referred to above.

Of course the losses of war include many deaths from sickness. These are not considered, because we have no means of estimating the number of corresponding deaths in our industrial army caused by disease-producing occupations.

	Passenger-miles accomplished for one passenger killed	*Passenger-miles accomplished for one passenger injured*
1905	44,320,576	2,276,002
1904	49,712,502	2,406,236
1895	71,693,743	5,131,977

	Percentage of increased peril to passenger's life	*Percentage of increased peril to passenger's limb*
In one year	12.16	5.72
In ten years	61.76	125.52

The above tables show that the chances of fatal accident to the traveller increased about sixty-one per cent. in ten years, and that the chances of non-fatal accident considerably more than doubled during the same period.

Our pioneer forefathers faced the perils of savage beasts and savage men, and gradually overcame them; but modern civilization is beset with multiplying perils of our own making. We are demanding ever-increasing speed of travel; we are inventing more powerful explosives; we are making new applications of electricity; we are building high and higher structures; we are supplanting the simple hand-tools of other generations by swift and powerful machinery; and the proportion of those engaged in mechanical industries is increasing, and must necessarily continue to increase.

Surely, our modern, industrial civilization resembles a Frankenstein. And unless something is done to check the monster it is creating, he will grow ever more murderous.

Europe is far in advance of America in protecting workmen from needless accidents both by legislation and by safety appliances. The Association of French Industrialists for the Prevention of Accidents, by reason of its varied and beneficent activities, was declared to be of "public utility" as long ago as 1887. There was a General Exposition of Accident Prevention in Germany in 1889. Immediately after its close, there was organized in Vienna a Museum of Security and of Industrial Hygiene. There are now half a dozen such museums in Europe, one having been organized in Paris last December, and formally opened by the President of the Republic. Even backward Russia shames us by her Museum of Security at Moscow. Austria has had a score of expositions of safety appliances for the education of the people. Governments and public-spirited citizens have

vied with each other in providing funds for such institutions. Here the greatest of all industrial peoples has attempted little by legislation and nothing by organized effort.

In view of these facts, it is not strange that in the same industries (railroading and mining), of a given number of men employed we kill and injure from two to nine times as many as they do in Europe.

Nor are we to suppose that they have reduced accidents to a minimum. An investigation of 15,970 accidents in Germany showed that fifty-three per cent. of them were avoidable.

If, among a given number of employees, we have more than twice as many accidents as Germany, and if more than half of Germany's accidents are avoidable, it would seem probable that more than three-quarters of ours are avoidable.

If only two-thirds of our industrial accidents are unnecessary, then our industrial army suffers every year as many *needless* casualties as the total number inflicted on each other by the Russian and Japanese armies in the late war.

The whole world was interested in stopping that bloodshed; and we were proud of the part our President played as international peacemaker. But the public is apathetic touching this perpetual war on humanity, although this blood-letting is on our own soil instead of Asia's.

Soldiers suffer because they are professional destroyers; but the members of this great industrial army who are struck down every year in this country suffer because they are *producers.* This is the price they pay for serving the public and promoting civilization.

Japan does not begrudge the cost of the late war. The sacrifices of our civil conflict were not wasted. There was a revelation of heroic daring that forced brave men on both sides to respect each other. The curse of slavery was forever removed, and the perfect union of North and South was made possible. The price was great, but not too great for the purchase of a free and united country; and that price was paid once for all.

But what outcome of good has industrial slaughter? It adds no names to the roll of heroes. It bequeaths to future generations no traditions which quicken the blood and kindle patriotic zeal. It is not a sacrifice for country which ennobles those who make it, and transforms death into a ministry to larger life.

This industrial slaughter is utter, utter waste—wasted resources, wasted anguish, wasted life. And although the greater part of this sacrifice is as needless as it is useless, it goes wearily on year after year. The price of our selfish indifference is never paid.

How shall we account for this stolid indifference? This destruction of life and limb does not take place in a corner. Doubtless many accidents occur which are never reported, but every day the papers repeat the sickening story; and this, perhaps, is the very reason why the facts fail to impress us. We become hardened by the endless repetition. If by some miracle of prudence or of Providence all accidents of every sort could be prevented for a year, and if, then, a half-million should occur in a single day, the shock would arouse the nation and something would be done. But the dead are quite as dead, the bereaved are quite as desolate and the maimed are quite as mutilated and helpless when these casualties are distributed through every day of the year as if, like the losses of a great battle, they had been crowded into a single day.

It is well to end the barbarities of war. Is it not time to place some limit to the barbarities of peace?

To this end the American Institute of Social Service is to hold an exposition of Safety Devices at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, January 28th to February 9th, 1907. The Hon. Grover Cleveland has accepted the First Vice-Presidency. The active cooperation of European Museums of Security has been secured; and the interest manifested by American manufacturers is a pledge of its success.

JOSIAH STRONG.

THE FUTURE IN CUBA.

BY WILLIAM INGLIS.

DURING the late revolution, a period of nearly two months, I was the correspondent in Cuba for "Harper's Weekly." Therefore it was my business, not only to see and hear everything possible about the acts of war, but to discover, as far as a stranger could, the causes that led to the war, the temperament of the Cuban people and their power of self-government; as well as their foibles, prejudices and weaknesses that tended to impair the power of self-government.

We Americans have suffered more, perhaps, than any other nation under the hasty pronouncements of foreigners who have darted through our country in a few weeks and run home to write about us. Therefore an American must feel all the more reluctant to utter a sudden judgment on so vital a subject as the capacity of a people to administer their own affairs. Nevertheless, some facts stand out so clearly that no visitor to Cuba can miss them. By considering these facts any one can form his own opinion as to whether the Cubans shall ever be independent, or whether the Government of the United States, under the obligations of the treaty of Paris and the Platt amendment, will be compelled to remain indefinitely in the island as guarantor of good order and guardian of the peace.

We may dismiss at the outset the yearning for perpetual American supervision expressed by every substantial property-owner in Cuba, whether he be Cuban, Spaniard, Briton, American or German. For it would be folly to give undue preference to mere property rights as against the rights of citizens, especially such citizens as those of Cuba who freely gave their lives and their fortunes to establish the young Republic. Yet, as I look back over a most interesting sojourn in the island, the

thing that remains most prominent in memory is the remark of a Cuban sugar-planter who fought for independence in the Four Years' War.

"When the American flag was hauled down in 1902," he said to me, "I was sorry to see it go, and I asked myself how long must it be before the Americans come back and save the Cubans from themselves. For, you know, our Cuban Constitution is founded upon Spanish ideas, experience, prejudice—all of which are hostile to the very existence of a republic. There is not to-day in this country the public opinion upon which a republic must rest."

While it is true that the recent revolution was an armed protest against the frauds and violence practised by the Moderate party in the elections of 1905, yet it is equally true that the hope of holding public office, of living on public money, was what attracted thousands of Liberals to the field. When Secretary Taft proved that the Moderates had kept themselves in power by force of arms, the Government officials made no denial.

"We did it for the good of the country," they declared, "and if the Liberals had been in power they would have done the same thing."

How much truth there was in this plea any one who has lived in Cuba can tell. It is manifestly absurd to accuse all the members of any political party of corruption; yet there is no doubt that, wherever Moderates were in power, they ruthlessly crushed the Liberals, and, wherever the Liberals were in control, the Moderates were cynically swept aside. We have not been without experience of this sort of thing in the United States. But our defeated parties do not fly to arms by way of protest against fraud. The Cubans do. President Palma spoke bitter truth when he said in the midst of the late war: "Cuba was left an orphan too soon. The United States should have remained here twenty years longer."

The revolution was so successful that it would be easy to begin another on the slightest pretext. In the recent disarmament none of the good arms were surrendered. Those who know most about the situation say that at least forty thousand excellent modern rifles and countless cartridges are still hidden away, ready for use in the next revolution.

"I know that not one good gun was surrendered in this

province," an American friend writes me from Pinar del Rio, "and that we shall have another row as soon as Uncle Sam leaves Cuba. When it begins, be sure to drop in and see me."

It is certain that three-fourths of the fighting-men in the late war were negroes of varying shades of color. They are all hungry for office. They do not like to work. They want "fat jobs," full of honor, with few duties and high pay. They cannot understand why the fruits of victory have not already been handed to them. They feel that every Moderate should be turned out of office, and that they, the true patriots who saved the country by yelling "*Viva*" and firing rifle-shots in the air, should be put in their places. They yearn to be Rural Guards, policemen, letter-carriers, government clerks, municipal employees — anything that yields money and requires slight exertion. The action of Governor Magoon in cutting down the number of the employees of Congress to less than one-third of what it was, has greatly alarmed these heroes. It is no exaggeration to predict that, if the American forces are withdrawn any time within the year, a new revolution will be begun very soon.

"We are in danger of becoming another Hayti if left to ourselves," a prominent tobacco-grower said to me recently. "You have noticed among the soldiers in the rebel army many negroes with their front teeth filed down to sharp points like saw-teeth. That is a form of personal decoration in vogue among the black dandies of the Congo. There are in this island many thousands of negroes not one step higher in civilization than those you find in the African jungles. These fellows will take the field with any leader to whom they are attached. They do not ask why they are taking up arms, so long as they are following their chiefs, living on the fat of the land and hoping for a life of ease in office when the so-called 'war' is ended."

From all I have observed in Cuba, I believe the tobacco-grower is right. There happens to be at hand a concrete illustration of his theory. The first man killed in the late revolution was General Quintin Banderas, a black negro about fifty years old. He had been a colonel in the War of Independence, an adept in guerilla warfare and brave to the degree of rashness.

When the Americans withdrew from Cuba in 1902, honest Quintin thought that a grateful country should give him his just due by making him collector of customs at Havana. True,

he could not read or write, but he thought it would be an easy matter to hire some one to do that for him, while he was enjoying the pay and dignity of office.

When another man was made collector, Quintin decided that he would like to be chief of police of Havana. He had no qualification for that post except his bulldog courage. He did not get the office. Instead, he was made doorkeeper in the Cuban Senate on a small salary. Forthwith, Quintin began to make speeches about the ingratitude of the republic. In cafés, in the streets, wherever he could find a few listeners, he would harangue them about the injustice done to him and the great revenge he would enjoy some day.

He thought the day had come when the late revolt was begun. He gathered a band of negroes in Havana and took to the woods. In the first skirmish he was badly wounded, and on the next day, as Quintin Banderas was lying helpless in a hammock, Rural Guards hacked him to pieces with machetes. The Government had his body paraded in Havana as a warning to all rebels. That had no effect. By thousands the laborers in all parts of the island flocked to the Liberal armies.

One cannot forget that there were also in the rebel armies many men of excellent character and lofty ideals and aims; but there is no doubt that the great majority of the fighters were of this loose, irresponsible and labor-hating type.

The average Cuban leader wants office. He will get it through the ballot if possible. Disappointed at the polls, he turns naturally and easily to armed protest, knowing that he can readily enlist a big force of reckless adventurers. Therefore, it seems to me, the United States, as guarantor of order under the Paris treaty, must remain in charge of the government of Cuba until a new generation shall arise, a Cuban people who believe that ballots, not bullets, shall govern their island.

WILLIAM INGLIS.

THE MOROCCAN QUESTION AS SEEN FROM MOROCCO.

BY ASAAD KALARJI KARAM.

THE doors of the Conference of Algeciras closed after three months of deliberation and discussion. The delegates there drew up and agreed upon a programme for reforming Morocco in the way which seemed to them most suitable under the circumstances. This programme of reform consists of: (1) The organization of a police force; (2) The establishment of a national bank; and (3) An increase in the customs tariff. And so the Conference came to an end, and the delegates returned to their respective countries. The whole world believed that the conclusions of the delegates as embodied in their programme represented the highest skill and wisdom, and chiefs of states conferred upon them decorations and titles. Thus, the Conference of Algeciras having decided upon the programme of reform, it now remains for the conference of the foreign ministers at Tangier to enforce the articles of the Algeciras programme.

It is to be hoped that the ministers in Tangier will not fail to make a thorough investigation of the causes which have reduced the Government of Morocco to its present condition of lamentable corruption and the people of Morocco to poverty and wretchedness. The causes of these evils once being found, it would not be difficult to find a cure for them. It is such action as this that we expected from the Conference of Algeciras. We hoped that the delegates to that Conference would at least obtain a general knowledge of the Moors and of their social condition, in order to be able to prescribe the medicine of reform. But, alas! none of the delegates ever studied the industries of the country, the conditions surrounding the people or the cause of the rebellions in the interior.

But the door of the Algeciras Conference has been closed, and there is no hope of its being reopened. What has been done has been done. The only hope now is that the Conference of the ministers, which is soon to take place in Tangier with the object of putting in motion the machinery of reform, will remedy certain things which the Conference of Algeciras has overlooked. Moorish delegates will attend this conference. It is to be hoped that its deliberations will be carried on in a spirit of frankness and good faith towards Morocco, for upon its decisions will depend the welfare or the misery of the Moorish people.

It is worthy of note that, in official communications to foreign Ambassadors, the Moors have always employed the following form: "To the most beloved, the wise, the striver to establish good understanding between the Governments," etc., for to them this was what an Ambassador was supposed to be. Many foreign representatives in Morocco have proved to be so little deserving of these epithets that the Moorish authorities have sometimes been forced to complain to this or that foreign Government without the knowledge of its accredited representative in Tangier. Consequently, we cannot blame the Moors for mistrusting the diplomatic agents of foreign Powers. Foreign Governments have devoted so little attention to Morocco that they remain to this day in dense ignorance of its internal affairs. Europeans and Americans have but a dim and hazy idea of Moroccan geography, and, indeed, many of them are still capable of addressing letters to "Tangier, *Algiers,* Africa."

It was expected by the Moors that foreign Ambassadors and their *attachés* would know the language of Morocco in order to perform properly the duty of promoting good relations between their own and the Moroccan Governments, for it is only a knowledge of the language that would enable them to study the character and the mode of life of the people. Experience has proven that it is only those rare Ambassadors who have possessed a command of Arabic that have succeeded in dealing with the Moors on a satisfactory basis.

The confidence of the Moors in foreigners in general, and in the Ambassadors in particular, has been sadly shaken by repeated outrages upon the people of Morocco. The abuses of the system of "protection" alone are sufficient to explain the distrust of Moors for Europeans. And what is this "protection"?

In theory, it is meant to secure European merchants in Morocco against losses occasioned by the arbitrary interference of Moorish officials with the native commercial agents, or with other native employees of such merchants. By the treaty of Madrid in 1861, it was stipulated:

(1) That Moorish servants in the employ of Europeans were to be exempted from taxation, and were not to be arrested, or interfered with in any way, by the Moorish officials without the consent of the foreign consul directly interested;

(2) That foreign merchants should be permitted to choose, from among the Moors, certain persons to serve as their commercial agents in the interior. Such agents *(Semsar)* were to be regarded by the Moorish Government as subjects of the country of their foreign employer. Foreign merchants were also to have the privilege of forming partnerships with Moors. The Moors thus taken into partnership were to enjoy the same immunities and privileges as Moorish servants in the employ of foreigners. But the practice under this system is now that any Moor of bad character, who wishes to escape the Moorish authorities, can purchase, for a handsome sum of money, the protection of some foreigner. Such protected Moors often gather about them the worst characters of their neighborhood. To these, in turn, they extend a sort of elastic semi-official protection. In this way, through the action of foreign diplomacy, bands of lawless rascals are formed here and there throughout the country. These men become the terror of their districts. They indulge in all sorts of violence and crime, and set the Moorish authorities at defiance.

It sometimes happens that, after such a *protégé* has amassed a considerable fortune, his Christian protector will, for a good round sum, sell him to the Moorish Governor of his district. The blood-money having been paid down, the foreigner places in the hand of the Governor a written statement to the effect that he withdraws his protection from A or B. The Governor then arrests and throws into prison A or B, together with all his family, friends and followers, and confiscates their property for his own private use. The Moorish Government has often complained of these things to the Powers, but none of the Powers has taken heed or attempted to remedy the abuses of the system.

And now the Powers are setting out to reform Morocco ac-

cording to the latest civilized methods. The establishing of a police force in Morocco is much desired by the Europeans; but to the Moor himself this innovation is by no means desirable. He does not feel the need of it, nor can he be brought to believe that any good can come of it. As long as the mental attitude of the Moors remains unchanged, it will not be possible to establish a police force in Morocco on the lines laid down by the Conference of Algeciras. And, supposing that a police force is formed, the officers of this force must be foreigners, and foreigners in the Moorish service have never yet been of any real benefit to anything except their own pockets. See what has been accomplished by them in the military service! They have spent more than a quarter of a century instructing the army; and yet, face to face with the rabble forces of Bou Hamara, the conduct of the imperial army reflected anything but credit upon its instructors. Probably the chiefs of the new police force will be of much the same material as the instructors of the army. Moreover, the action of the police is to be limited to certain restricted localities where their protection is hardly needed. What influence can they have upon the people of the interior, who have little or no regard for authority of any sort?

And in regard to the bank. The Moors have not the least comprehension of the workings of a bank, and, moreover, their religion forbids them to deposit their money in one. Moors who have money bank it in the ground. Many of them die without disclosing to any one else their place of deposit. No Moor dares to appear rich for fear of being cast into prison and despoiled by the officials of his Government, or for fear of assassination at the hands of other robbers. The Government has no public works, and the mass of the people have no arts and trades. The bank will find it next to impossible to deal with the Moors.

The increase in the customs tariff which has been agreed upon by the Conference of Algeciras is but another way of robbing the nation, because it is the nation itself that must pay the piper, and the nation cannot sustain any further burden. The Conference should have induced the Moorish Government to revive the arts, increase trade and encourage agriculture, but at the same time to impose a high duty on alcoholic beverages and upon articles which compete with the rare native manufactures.

The Conference of the foreign ministers in Tangier should

realize that the real reform required in Morocco consists of two things. The first is the reform of the legations. The Ambassadors and their subordinates ought to be, in themselves, examples of justice. But the actions of some of them have redounded to the discredit of all. The Moor is only human, like his Christian brethren. He generally appreciates a good deed and seldom forgets a bad one. At present, he believes that foreigners are his enemies and that they should be treated as such. When the legations are reformed, and the deeds of foreign representatives are more in accord with their words, the Moors will, no doubt, come to trust them and take their advice. We often hear from the Moors that no justice is to be had of foreigners. They say that cases brought before the consuls are invariably decided in favor of the foreigners. In addition to the vexations of litigation before the consuls and the evils arising from the protection of native rascals by foreigners, the Moors suffer from another great abuse—namely, the contraband trade in arms. The Moors themselves say that the legations wink at the smuggling of arms into Morocco by Europeans, and that, when the ignorant and fanatical population of the interior have been supplied with guns and cartridges in abundance, the legations blame the Moorish authorities for the resulting disorders. Sometimes permits are obtained from the legations for passing through the custom-house cases, marked "Mineral Water," etc., of which the real contents are rifles and cartridges. Another method of having arms passed through the custom-house is for the smuggler to buy the complicity of the native soldiers of the legation. In this case, the soldier goes to the custom-house and states that the minister or consul has sent him to claim such and such boxes of goods. The boxes are thus passed unopened, and, once through the custom-house, are taken to the house of the real owner.

The second part of real reform is the application of the Koranic law by competent and honest judges. The Mohammedan Law contains all that is necessary for the good government of the country. The Moor believes in the infallibility of his Law; it is the only thing which he can fall back upon in cases of doubt; he honors it; he respects those charged with its administration; he swears by it. History tells us that the Mohammedans, in the high tide of their conquests, carried their Law with them and enforced it wherever they went, carefully preserving it

in its integrity. In the history of Morocco we read that several sultans devoted themselves to the study of their Law, and by their personal attendance at the universities encouraged its exposition. But times have changed. Modern rulers of Morocco care little for the Law. Moorish judges respect no law in their decisions, but twist and turn the code to their own private gain. To the mind of a modern judge the cleverest and most convincing argument is a goodly bribe. Litigants are often forced to abandon their cases because they find themselves unable to satisfy the greed of the judges. The following is an example of modern justice: Two adversaries present themselves before the judge. The plaintiff states his case. The defendant (who has already sent to the judge's house a handsome mirror) states *his* case, at the same time casting a significant glance at the judge. The judge is about to decide in favor of the defendant, when the plaintiff (who is not at law for the first time) gives the judge a knowing look and begs that judgment may be deferred until the following day. The request is granted. The following morning, the plaintiff goes personally to the judge's house with a magnificent mule. He finds that the judge has already gone to the court, so he leaves the mule and instructs the servants to inform the judge of the animal's arrival. The plaintiff then goes on his way to the court, where he finds the judge and the defendant. While the adversaries are standing before the judge, a servant of the latter enters, and announces that "The mule has smashed the mirror!" Judgment is at once rendered in favor of the plaintiff.

The most important thing for the Conference of the ministers at Tangier to consider is how to enforce in Morocco a strict application of the Mohammedan Law. If they only inquire into the means by which England has brought about the prosperity of Egypt, they will find that Lord Cromer is a protector of the Mohammedan Law, the strict application of which has shielded the poor Egyptians from the rapacity of the officials and of the upper classes. There is in the hands of every judge in Egypt an epitome of the Koranic Law—"The Book of Justice." This volume could easily be adapted for use in Morocco as a guide to the proper administration of justice. In fine, Morocco is in great need of reform, not on Christian but on Mohammedan lines.

ASAAD KALARJI KARAM.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR, F. TABER COOPER, CLAYTON HAMILTON AND LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

"CHARLES DICKENS: A CRITICAL STUDY."*

READERS of his briefer essays might easily suppose this book to be merely a renewed invitation to watch the sparks fly from Mr. Chesterton's metallic intelligence. It is considerably more than that. At the same time, it is more characteristically frolicsome, less restrained and direct, than the same author's study of Browning. Yet the discussion of Dickens has plainly been a more congenial exercise, because the general view (and it is the general view that Mr. Chesterton has always in mind: he is not addressing students) regards Browning more consistently than it regards Dickens, and is, therefore, less amenable to critical horseplay. The book almost presents itself in the form of a pantomimic dialogue between Mr. Chesterton and the Public—both agreeing at the start that Dickens is "great," but that certain apologies are to be made for him. "But," the Critic challenges his Public with a hearty laugh and a loud bang on the table, "you don't know, after all, why Dickens is great, and the things you apologize for are the wrong things." As the Public opens its eyes and drops its jaw, the merry and muscular critic trips its feet, deftly punches its body, blindfolds it, plays tricks on it from behind. At the end, it is so befuddled that it is willing to concede that Dickens's greatness is of any order Mr. Chesterton suggests. A critic who gives this impression of robust tirelessness has, perhaps, the same advantage as the disputant with the loudest voice in a general discussion. Might prevails.

* "Charles Dickens: A Critical Study." By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

After this first superficial impression, it is at once discoverable that the book has that paramount essential, a profoundly sympathetic understanding. That is to say, if a more conventional critic had written it, we should probably call it an "appreciation." This is all the more important because the subjects with which Mr. Chesterton is thus fortunately equipped to deal are, it may be inferred from his essays, few. His value as a general touchstone and interpreter is, at most, disputable. But his understanding of Dickens is real enough to be reckoned as a talent. He understands even better than he is always willing to admit, for certain of his apologies are insincere, certain of his extenuations unnecessary. He is literally hampered by his tumultuous impatience with cut-and-dried criticism, with the tribe of "literary" critics; for his reaction results in the most unnecessary emphasis, the most violent generalities. If you see faults in Dickens, it is because there is a mote in your own eye, he maintains—and frequently contradicts himself afterward. "There is plenty to carp at in this man if you are inclined to carp; you may easily find him vulgar if you cannot see that he is divine." He is so jealous of his hero's supremacy that he has not always the heart quite to tell the truth about him.

For the really original contributions that Mr. Chesterton has made to the tremendously interesting subject he has chosen, it is necessary to look beneath the broad divisions of his work. His opening chapter on "The Dickens Period" is a labored and foggy effort to relate Dickens to his age. Such a chapter as that "On the Alleged Optimism of Dickens" is a kind of thicket where you may now and then encounter a savory and pungent bush. There is one considerable section, however, wherein, with highly successful adroitness as well as sound critical sense, the author insists on the folly of criticising Charles Dickens's novels as "unreal." The Dickens world, like the Homeric, is superhuman; its characters live long before the beginning of the story and long beyond the end of it, and the interest and awe that they excite are very different from the start of bored recognition which we give the offensively real little characters about whom people nowadays write short stories. "Dickens did not strictly make a literature" is Mr. Chesterton's penetrating summary; "he made a mythology." "He did not always manage to make his characters men, but he managed at the least to make

them gods." "Mr. Pickwick," it is delightfully urged, "was a fairy." Undoubtedly this is Mr. Chesterton's sanest and subtlest point. It gives his book a flavor of permanence.

Otherwise, the value of the book abides to a great degree in certain trenchant sentences. These condensed observations are less often literally true than they are, in our modern cant, "suggestive"; but to the literal-minded Mr. Chesterton could never be more than an irritation. It inclines one indulgently toward the critic's sins to read that "Dickens had to make a character humorous before he could make it human"; or that "The children of his fancy are spoilt children. . . . They smash the story to pieces like so much furniture"; or that the great novelist "had all his life the faults of the little boy who is kept up too late at night. . . . Dickens was always a little too irritable because he was a little too happy." It is also observed with great truth that Dickens never travelled out of England, that his journeys were rather made in "Dickensland." And there are some delicious pages setting forth a fact dear to Mr. Chesterton's sense of paradox—namely, that Dickens chose the time when he was in Italy to write tales "full of fog and snow and hail and happiness." "In the sunlight of the southern world . . . he dreamed a lovely dream of chimney-pots." "Amid the white cities of Tuscany, he hungered for something romantic and wrote about a rainy Christmas."

The quality of such observations as these is quite distinct from that of the multitude of arbitrarily balanced sentences, tumbling precipitately away from their unnaturally conspicuous semicolons, with which Mr. Chesterton chooses to arrest attention and deform his style. None of his critical antagonists can suffer as severely from his rough-and-tumble methods as his own phrases do. His sentences are too often like trained animals, forced into difficult but meaningless attitudes which nature never intended sentences to assume, and which it seems scarcely kind to contemplate. The only value of such sentences as, "It was not the aim of Dickens to show the effect of time and circumstance upon a character; it was not even his aim to show the effect of a character on time and circumstance," is to illustrate the extent to which a rhetorical vice may develop. Similarly cumbrous of the text, and obscuring of its genuine criticism, are those frequent passages where Mr. Chesterton employs his amazing ver-

bal necromancy to maintain points that could appeal only to an insatiable sense of absurdity. He has so mastered a certain illegitimate dexterity that it is just as easy for him to prove a thing as to assert it—and a good deal more bewildering. His prose, therefore, has often something of the nightmare humor of a limerick. If you are not too much irritated by its preposterous implications, you will find yourself applauding its ingenuity. He is easily able to prove, for instance, that the English, in their strong liking for comfort and in their effort to secure it, are "suffering for an idea"; that this longing is spiritual and poetic, and that the Briton's "surliness is at root romantic." But Mr. Chesterton makes no more pretence of a cosmopolitan breadth of vision than he attributes to Dickens himself. He sounds the loud jingo note of English preeminence, political, social and literary; and, by way of apologizing for Martin Chuzzlewit, refers to the "coarse, rank refinement" that Dickens encountered in America. It is his fairly thoroughgoing comment that "America will always affect an Englishman as being soft in the wrong place and hard in the wrong place; coarse exactly where all civilized men are delicate, delicate exactly where all grown-up men are coarse."

An admirable sense of proportion, prominent among Mr. Chesterton's virtues, has compelled a light and discreet handling of the biographical material, a subordination of that human story that has always so strong a tendency to spread and stifle criticism. He has not the tedious and squalid conscientiousness of less vigorous and less muscular minds. He does not ask us to pry in irrelevant corners or to split historical hairs. And, of course, it matters very little that all this may be in Mr. Chesterton as much a necessity as a virtue. He is blithely equal to the skilful suppression entailed by a summary or a survey when it is possible that his restless temper would resent the demands of an elaborate biography. There is a cheerful breeziness and an air of being in a legitimate hurry in Mr. Chesterton's most serious critical utterances. Far from smelling of the lamp, at least the library lamp, they distinctly reflect the glare of the electric bulb, if they do not actually echo the sound of the presses; and suggest being written late at night in a newspaper office, rather than at a quiet desk in the sane and sober interval preceding luncheon. It must surely have been under some such stimu-

lating conditions, and with perhaps the added aid of coffee and cigars, that he conceived this description of Dickens's personal appearance: "His face had a peculiar tint or quality, . . . a sort of pale glitter and animation, very much alive and yet with something deathly about it, like a corpse galvanized by a god. . . . Brown of hair and beard, . . . he had . . . eyes that were always darting about like brilliant birds."

A writer employing the meditative and scholarly, rather than the recklessly impressionistic, method, might in the end arrive at Mr. Chesterton's own conclusion—that Dickens is the greatest of nineteenth-century novelists, the most stupendous imaginative force of his age. In which assumption, it seems possible that Dickens has only just begun to be written about, that future critics will neglect him far less frankly. Meanwhile, such a book as Mr. Chesterton's will help much in precipitating a sane estimate of the man on whom not idolatry, nor contempt, nor the profitless habit of contrasting him with Thackeray, has shed an adequately interpretative light.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

"THE SANDS OF PLEASURE."*

THE right to deal in fiction with the more unsavory facts of life, like the license to compound or administer powerful remedies, is one which the weight of public opinion concedes most cautiously, and only to such novelists as vindicate themselves by their method of using such material. No amount of specious argument will help a book that ventures to probe the plague-spots of our social structure, unless the book contains within itself its own ample justification. It must be the product of assured knowledge and worthy motive; its mood must not be hysterical, or brutal or gloating; but, like a skilful surgeon, it must do the probing with sympathetic understanding and unflinching purpose. And because a writer who combines these qualities is rare, when occasionally such a book as Mr. Filson Young's "Sands of Pleasure" is unobtrusively put forth, it is not only a duty but a privilege to give it the fearless and cordial recognition which its purpose and its workmanship deserve.

* "The Sands of Pleasure." By Filson Young. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.

There is, however, one initial obligation resting upon the reviewer of such a book as "The Sands of Pleasure," and that is to say, in unmistakable terms, that it is not a volume to put indiscriminately into the hands of every reader of fiction, regardless of age and sex. It is meant for serious men and thoughtful women, who have learned to look upon life's realities calmly and undismayed, and not, as the author puts it, "with shudderings and averted eyes." However salutary, as a tonic, strychnine may sometimes be, it is customary to label the bottle containing it with a warning symbol. Mr. Young has similarly prefixed his warning to the public, in the shape of a frank and sane introduction to a book which throughout is conspicuous for its brave frankness and its splendid sanity. He wishes every one who opens its covers to understand at the outset that it deals with the social and moral problems offered by the "half-world," which are as old as civilization itself. Of his heroine, he says with grave significance:

> "The profession of Toni is a very ancient one, and has been held honorable in other times than ours; and although, in spite of the determined idealism of some people who write and speak of it in ignorance, it is in fact dishonorable and degraded, its social influence is too great to be ignored. In obscure ways it impinges upon some of the finest characters among mankind, takes its part in their education, and through them makes its mark on the whole world."

A dozen volumes rise up in the reader's mind to challenge comparison; but they are almost all of them from the pens of Frenchmen — Balzac's "*Splendeurs et Misères*"; Murger's "*Vie de Bohème*," which painted the sins and the sorrows of the Latin Quarter with too indulgent an irony; Zola's "*Nana*," which, although insisting too much upon the physical side of life, shows more relentlessly than any other novel the gradual spread of the social miasma, upward through the successive social strata, until it became one of the potent influences which overthrew an empire. And, of course, to an English reader the two books most likely to occur, because made familiar through the medium of the stage, are Dumas's "*Dame aux Camélias*," and Daudet's "*Sapho*"—the latter offering the nearest approach in spirit to Mr. Young's story; while "*Camille*," with its false standards and its mawkish sentimentality, affords the sharpest contrast. In taking up the plot of "The Sands of Pleasure," nothing serves

so well to emphasize its strong and yet delicate art as to contrast it with the well-known plot of the younger Dumas.

But, while Mr. Young may be accredited with having written a story far more true to life than did the author of "*Camille,*" there is no intention to suggest that this brave and promising venture of his in fiction equals at one leap the masters of French realism, but merely that "The Sands of Pleasure" would not be greatly out of its proper place somewhere on a shelf in the vicinity of Daudet and of Maupassant—the Maupassant of "*La Maison Tellier.*" In assigning him so high a place, it is necessary to accredit him with having done three things unusually well. First, the technique of both the construction and the elaboration of his plot is excellent. The symbolism of his title is effectively carried into the very backbone of the story itself. His Richard Gray, like many another man in real life, has learned effectively to build his house upon the rock, so far as the hard, concrete, business interests of life go on. To be explicit, he is by profession a designer and builder of lighthouses, spending his years in grappling with the material forces of nature, calculating the side-thrust of storm-driven waves, priding himself that his structures will defy the passage of time. But the other side of his nature, his human, emotional side, has been systematically neglected and starved; until one summer, when his first youth has almost passed by, chance takes him on a brief vacation to Paris, and plunges him, under the guidance of a friend who knows it well, into the bewildering and meretricious glitter of the underworld. Because he has so long starved the human, passionate side of his nature, he becomes reckless over the happiness suddenly thrust upon him.

Other men, who have strolled long and often over the sands of pleasure, can recognize its treacherous and unstable nature. But Richard knows no better than to lay the foundation of his happiness in sand.

Secondly, Mr. Young has given us, in Toni, one vital, enduring character, and one which refuses to be forgotten. From the instant when she first brings into the pages of the book the perverse charm of her little red mouth, alluring and repellent, and "eyes that contradict the innocence of her face with their deep, golden fire," her personality haunts the reader, like the memory of some living woman of rare physical charm; her soft,

dainty voice, with its odd Polish accent, rings in your ears: "My dear, I give you my vord, I never laugh so much in all my life!" Indeed, it is not too much to say that, in the whole range of recent fiction, there is no portrayal of a woman so intensely alive, so vitally, unmistakably individualized as Toni.

And, lastly, Mr. Young has not tried to interfere with the characters in his story; he has been content to bring them together and let them work out their own destinies—all of which is only another way of saying that he has developed the psychology of his story with rare subtlety. Richard Gray, like Armand Duval in "*La Dame aux Camélias*," has founded the structure of his happiness upon shifting sand. Both authors understood this fact, both built the last act of their drama upon it. But a chasm yawns between the two stories. Dumas saw his Marguerite Gautier through a fog of idealism. To wreck the edifice of Armand's dreams, aid from the outside world must be invoked; the father must intervene, with all the social prejudices and family interests that he represents. Mr. Young saw the facts with far greater clarity. He knew that no outside interference was needed, because the happiness of Richard and Toni was bound to fall by itself, by its inherent weakness, by the world-wide gulf between their natures. Toni, though for once in her life she knew the stirrings of a passion which was closely allied to love, possessed the prejudices and limitations of her class. She lived in a different world, she spoke a different language from the man who loved her. The break between them is logical, inevitable, foreordained; and, when it comes, one forgets the shame, the sordidness, the pitiful triviality of the motive; one thinks only of the fine art which has wrought out a scene so intensely, poignantly human. And yet, if the author had chosen to end his story here, at the moment of this unavoidable rupture, it would have left behind it a sense of gloom and discouragement.

But he carries it forward just far enough to show how a man of strong nature will save himself from the wreck of his shattered happiness, bringing with him out of the ruins something permanent, something which will make all his future building better and finer than it would have been had he never built upon the sands.

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

"KATE: A COMEDY."*

THE dean of American dramatists, Mr. Bronson Howard, after a regrettable silence of several seasons, has composed a new comedy, entitled "Kate." This play he has published in advance of its production, breaking thus the habit of a lifetime. Hitherto only two of Mr. Howard's many successes have been published, "Saratoga" and "Young Mrs. Winthrop"; and these only in acting editions, illegible to him who runs as he reads. Realizing that the appeal of the printed page is less vivid than the appeal of theatrical production, Mr. Howard has taken pains, in preparing "Kate" for the press, to do all in his power to aid the reader to visualize the action of the piece. Mr. Bernard Shaw, to be sure, with his careful descriptions of scenes and characters and his quaintly thorough stage directions, made us realize some time ago that the publication of a play was in itself a delicate feat of literary art; but Mr. Howard has gone far beyond him in suppressing those intrusive technicalities that distract the attention of the average reader from the movement of the story. At the first glance, his book looks like a novel. Instead of stage directions, the reader is given passages of description and narrative that make him really see the people of the story and the setting in which they live and move. The lines are not labelled with the names of the characters that speak them; the business is indicated by narrative, rather than expository, means; and the reader finds to his astonishment that the whole play is acting itself before his mind's eye without demanding any exercise of his own contributive imagination. The book, therefore, is likely to attract that large class of novel-readers that hitherto has shuddered away from the mental task of reading plays. As an experiment in publication, the venture is a surprising success; and this success makes us hope that Mr. Howard may be led to prepare similar reading versions of some of his earlier plays.

The present comedy handles a timely subject with that sincerity of purpose and that honesty of execution which are constant qualities of Mr. Howard's work. The first three acts take place in England, and the fourth act in New York; and the basis of the story is a prospective marriage of the sort that

* "Kate: A Comedy in Four Acts." By Bronson Howard. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

American newspapers are fond of calling "international alliances." Kate is a New York society girl with wealth; Archibald Pengrue, Earl Catherst, is an English nobleman without it: and their families prepare a fair exchange of fortune for nobility. There is no love between them. Archibald really loves Bianca Dunn, a wild-blooded girl that he has played with as a child; and Bianca returns his love with passionate intensity. She is, however, blessed with neither lineage nor fortune; and she loves the Earl too well to stand in the way of his advancement. Kate, on her side, has been unable to stamp out of her mind the image of a man whom she has met at Nice a year before. This man, Lord John Vernor, was at that time a gay and reckless army officer; but he has since entered the Church, to retrieve his wrecked finances by accepting a comfortable living at three thousand pounds a year. The Reverend Lord John has not forgotten the girl he met at Nice; but, in his desire to reform his life, he has become engaged to the Honorable Dorothea Catherst, a demure and sanctimonious maiden. Thus, at the beginning of the play, each of the main characters finds himself in a false position. For financial, for social, or for religious reasons, each is lying to the world and to himself; and each is driving himself toward a marriage of expediency with a person that he does not love.

The play proceeds with an interchanging clash of character on character that results finally in the triumph of the truth. At first there is a misunderstanding between Kate and Lord John. Believing that he despises her because of the loveless engagement she has entered into, Kate persuades herself that she hates him; until Lord John saves her life at the risk of his own, and Kate, while attending him through the delirium resultant from his accident, kisses him on the lips, and learns. The love of Archibald and Bianca grows to its natural consummation. Bianca, to permit Archibald to marry Kate, throws herself into a mill-race, but is rescued. Kate understands that Bianca is hopelessly in love, but thinks it is with the Reverend Edward Lyell, Lord John's curate, to whom the girl had once been engaged. Dorothea understands nothing. Half an hour before Kate is to marry Archibald, he sends word to her by Lord John that Bianca has born a child to him. The truth triumphs. Archibald marries Bianca; and Kate becomes engaged to Lord John Vernor. Dorothea has already married Mr. Lyell.

This hasty exposition of the plot can give no suggestion of the dignity with which the theme is handled. Throughout the play, Mr. Howard insists upon the thesis that marriage is not a matter of legal or religious contract, but a matter of love. As soon as a man and a woman have given themselves sincerely to each other because of love, they are married in the sight of God; and no legal or religious ceremony can make a man and a woman married unless they have so rendered up their bodies and their souls. In the last act, Kate cries out:

"If Archibald and I should kneel together at the chancel-rail! The blessing of the Church would rest upon our union and Bianca Dunn would be lying in her bed with his child by her side. Which of us would be his wife?—and which his mistress?—in the eyes of God!"

But throughout the drama runs a deeper theme, perhaps subconscious with the author. What we call "Society" is to a great extent an organized system of life-lies. For the sake of wealth or position, men and women are tempted to pretend to the world and to themselves that they are other than they really are. They try to show themselves capable of baseness that is not really native to them, and shelter their perfidy behind an armor of light laughter. But, in the great passionate crises of their lives, the truth is beaten into them, and they learn unwillingly what has been so ably expressed in that sentence of The Pilgrim's Scrip—"Expediency is man's wisdom: doing right is God's." This is the lesson that each of Mr. Howard's people learns in this four-act comedy of "Kate."

The play proceeds on a plane of high comedy throughout; but the theme is one that might have been used for sterner drama, or even for profoundest tragedy. Given these people, each tangled in his special life-lie, Henrik Ibsen would have shattered them with punishment. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones or Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero would have driven them finally to compromise between the lie and the truth; and then Mr. Jones would have preached, or Mr. Pinero would have cynicized, about the compromise. In lifting the play to the plane of comedy, and showing how the characters succeed gradually in attaining truth, Mr. Howard exhibits a sanity of optimism rare indeed in the drama of the present. We have been told too often in our plays how men and women sink to ruin, or niggardly contrive to save their

skins through compromise. Here is a play that tells us how men and women realize themselves, and thus are saved.

Technically, this drama is interesting because it stands at the culmination of its author's long career. Mr. Howard's plays have always exhibited a craftsmanship on a par with the best dramatic accomplishment of their time. But most of them were written many years ago, at the time of stage conventions now outworn. The aside and the soliloquy, both reflective and constructive, and those other labor-saving devices of a former generation, were used by Mr. Howard in the plays of his earlier period, just as they were used by Mr. Pinero in his early farces. For this reason, plays as good as "The Henrietta" and "The Banker's Daughter" seem old-fashioned in form when they are revived by stock companies to-day. But Mr. Howard's art has grown with this growing age. His workmanship in "Kate" is rigid and compressed: there are no soliloquies or asides. As in Ibsen's later pieces, much of the action takes place off the stage, and the play concerns itself not so much with exhibiting the main events of the story as with exhibiting the effect of these events upon the characters. That Mr. Howard, thus late in his career, should entirely revise his methods of construction in order to keep pace with the progress of the stage is a striking indication of that thoroughness which has always been apparent in his work.

"Kate" requires for its presentation a company of even excellence throughout—such a company as is seldom aggregated nowadays in our American theatres. But it is to be hoped that the play may shortly be produced by a cast of the required competence. Meanwhile, it is fortunate that we may read it in book form. It is pleasing as an entertainment, and profitable as a criticism of life.

CLAYTON HAMILTON.

"THE BREATH OF THE RUNNERS."

WHAT is it the American novel lacks? We hear the question continually, and the answers are various. An historic setting, background, atmosphere, art—the lack of all these makes for the peculiarly harsh angularity of the American product. When "The Divine Fire" appeared, a critic of high standing said: "The sad part of it all is that it could not be an American novel; it has the charm, the fulness, the ripe beauty of centuries

of ease and leisure and scholarship." "The Breath of the Runners" is an American novel, and yet it has as much charm as an English novel; while, in intricate and skilful structure, not only sentence and paragraph building, but chapter balancing chapter, opening forecasting the end and the end striking again all the notes of the beginning, the clever leading in and weaving together of separate *motifs*, the gathering up all the threads at the most complex point in the middle, the slight episodical interlude, holding back the action before the catastrophe, in all these matters of skilful and artistic rendering one can only compare the book with French art; not with the massive work of the world's greatest geniuses, those who have revivified an age or made some great world-struggle come into life at their touch, but with the work of fastidious craftsmen who deliberately choose a narrower field in order to perfect it more highly; with writers like Merimée, Stendhal and Loti, all craftsmen *par excellence*—standing by the art of these men, Miss Mears's book is not shamed.

In the medallion on the cover is a group of The Runners, the group which we know as it stands in sun and rain in the Luxembourg Gardens; on the back is an adorably blithe little figure of Victory, with palm and wreath outstretched, footing it lightly over the top of a globe. We need no telling that Miss Mears is an artist among artists, the book cover tells us that. The motto is taken from Taine: "To succeed—this word, unknown a century ago, is to-day the sovereign ruler of all lives." This, then, is the main theme, the breath of the runners, the chase for preeminence, and the recurring *motif* of the story is the refrain of the shoes, beginning with the misfits which Gaston made in his little French shoe-shop on East Twenty-third Street, occurring again when Beulah returns from that visit in which she first declares her intention to be a sculptor and sees the shoes which the customer had brought back, sitting "with their mute, returned look" on the shelf. "O, the tale of the shoes! If men would but look they could read many a fine biography." It is never quite mute, this *motif* of the shoes; it recurs when Beulah finds of her dead friend only the little slime-bespattered boots; and away off there in Paris, a mature woman bearing the sorrows and the rude awakenings of middle life, the vision rises again before her, and instead of the passing scene she sees her father's shop, "filled with twilight, and herself a girl standing at the door of

it. Eagerly she watched the feet of the passers-by—some dragging, some limping, some hurrying, some even running, all intent on an object." Yes, the panting breath of the runners, the clatter of feet, the hurrying past of human bodies intent on a distant goal are the flowing accompaniment to this exquisite tale of friendship, of love and of art.

In this atmosphere of the studio, "The Breath of the Runners" stands alone among American novels; there is nothing to compare it with. It is known that the author practically grew up in studios. Herself the sister of a well-known sculptor and a close friend of the greatest sculptor our country has ever produced, it is natural that the story should be impregnated with art; but, beyond that, the author has achieved the miracle of dropping a veil of romance and of artistic impulse and struggle over New York City. Shall we ever walk down Twenty-third Street again without looking for Gaston's shop and thinking of the little narrow enclosed court at the back, embowered with vines, where Elizabeth of the Madonna face played with her babies, a little court which he had beautified twenty years before for his young wife, copying it from the background of a Da Vinci in the Louvre? Shall we ever pass the corner where the Lexington Avenue car sweeps round the curve without looking for the window of the house and wondering at which window we may see the pale, tense face of Enid watching?

In every book which we read seriously at all, criticism eventually concerns itself with the personality which projects the work. How full, how deep, how original is the mind behind the book? What has the writer to give that is vital or significant? In "The Breath of the Runners," the peculiar and marked gift of the author is that of the artistic perception; the keenness and trained development of the visual faculty predominating over all others are evident on each page—the tall red-faced building that looked like a glutton, licking the pavement with its front steps like a tongue, glaring with its second-story windows, this is a fantastic bit of vision; but Beulah's hair, of the neutral tone which varies from the color of wet sand to a quite blond lightness, that is the painter's keen eye for shades and *nuances;* James Wooding with his lean face and hollows under his cheekbones, his nose an ugly stump and his eyes two crows that watched, and Matthias, in color like a shell and in shape pure Gothic, all these

bits of observation proclaim the artist. There are two wonderful pictures of cities, the one New York, in the afternoon, when the sun lay low along the streets and the people seemed wading in sunshine; the other, a Roman street scene at night, which, however alien the subjects, yet seems to be treated in words exactly after the manner of Monet with the brush; at least one may feel sure that the old painter and the young author looked at dripping light and slow-rising darkness through the same veil of emotion.

Miss Mears's novel has many snatches of condensed wisdom:

"The utterances of mature wisdom are often the sayings of youth, with the stamp of the divine washed off."

"What first love is to the heart, first achievement is to the mind—the golden age. But it must ever be our first love—the first achievement. Later our happiness may stretch to the mortal limit, but only once can we know the proud sense of power—that divine egotism—that joy of the gods that foresees in the future neither failure nor the satiety of success—that takes no note of the stretches of darkness because of the stars that still beckon us on."

"The hold of a miser on his gold cannot be compared in tenacity with the hold of a mind over the least ray of genius which is its own. Work is an ocean into which we can plunge and lose all our worries; for, thus submerged, the largest of them grow unimportant, trivial. The individual in us hangs its head, the universal comes to life."

Miss Mears has recently said in an essay on methods of work: "My ideal is this, that a novel should flow over the consciousness of the reader with something of the emotional truth of music." With the emotional truth of music and with the exciting exhilaration of fine painting this novel touches us—an individual, an exalted and a poetic vision of the world with its great hurrying procession of human beings, making whither no man shall say. It is difficult to think of another first novel of the same power and promise, except one of two decades ago, which, with all its brilliancy and fervor, remained the sole fruit on its tree. It is pleasant to know that Miss Mears is well advanced on another novel which promises to be of larger scope than this one, though he would be difficult, indeed, who should wish it of more exquisite quality. There is something in the youth and the freshness, the first poetic outlook upon dawning life, never to be seized a second time, but which permeates "The Breath of the Runners."

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

WORLD-POLITICS.

BERLIN: WASHINGTON.

BERLIN, *October, 1906.*

THE Congress of German Social Democrats at Mannheim appears to have scotched, if it has not killed, the spirit of revolutionary romance which for some years past has pervaded the councils of the party. Three years ago at Dresden, August Bebel, the impetuous veteran, awakened that uneasy spirit by his impassioned invocation of the orthodox doctrines of Marxianism against the forces of political opportunism. The party had emerged from the turmoil of the general elections amazingly strong in numbers, but weak and uncertain as regards its principles. So, at least, it seemed to Bebel, who, in mustering the new group of Social Democratic deputies, discovered that the Old Guard of incorruptible Irreconcilables had been augmented by a dapper body of academicians, writers and lawyers, whose daily habits had little in common with the working-classes, and whose views inclined strongly towards compromise and cooperation, for particular purposes, with the radical *Bourgeoisie.* These "intellectual" Socialist parliamentarians disputed, where they did not ignore, the tactical counsels of the leader whose word was law with the masses; and they were bent on revising, in their application to practical politics, the dogmas upheld by the Marxians. On them, accordingly, Bebel declared war to the knife. He mounted the party tribune at Dresden, and anathematized their "insidious attempts" to devitalize the revolutionary movement. The Congress responded, as it has never failed to do, to the fascinating vehemence of Bebel's oratory, and essayed to exorcise the ghost of revisionism by the formulation of a resolution in which homage was rendered to the cataclysmic theory promulgated by Marx, while all comrades were adjured to direct their labors not

to the reformation, but to the overthrow, of the existing capitalist order of Society and to the substitution for it of the Socialist Republic. The academicians, who suddenly perceived that they were leaders without a following, proved their opportunism by denying it. Instead of quitting the party, they proclaimed their orthodoxy and insisted on voting for the resolution which aimed at their destruction.

Bebel, none the less, deemed himself definitively triumphant. The debate had reinstated him as Dictator of the Masses; and he predicted that it would act as a "fountain of youth" on the further progress of the movement. The easy victory he had gained over the revisionists quickened his appetite for mastery, and in the succeeding Congresses, at Bremen and Jena, he set to work to subjugate the Trades-Unions, as he had previously subjugated the revisionists, to the will of the political Directorate. To this end, he lent his powerful influence to the propagation of the general strike as the most effective instrument of the proletariate in their fight for political liberty and the Socialist millennium. The originators of this propaganda formed the so-called Anarcho-Socialist wing of the German party. At Jena, Bebel, who seemed himself to be afflicted with the Slavic disease, supported or seemed to support the Anarcho-Socialists in their ambition to bring about a German edition of the Russian struggle. He delivered a firebrand speech, affirming that, in the event of a revolution, entire regiments would make common cause with the proletariate, and ended by urging the adoption of a resolution setting forth that "one of the most effective fighting instruments, designed to avert the commission of a political crime against the people (such as the abrogation of the principle of manhood suffrage, or the restriction of the right of coalition), or to conquer an important fundamental right for the people, is considered by the Congress to be, in given circumstances, the most comprehensive application of the strike *en masse*." As the Congress never disobeys Bebel, the resolution was carried, together with a rider designating manhood suffrage in all state elections as a "fundamental right" to be acquired by the people. In view of the growing agitation for the abolition of the three-class franchise in favor of universal manhood suffrage and of the tone and attitude of the Congress, which indulged in frequent panegyrics on the Russian revolution, the Government and the governing classes sounded

a vigorous alarm, with results that were described in an earlier issue of the REVIEW. But the Trades-Unions were even more perturbed.

In theory, the German Trades-Unions are politically neutral institutions; in reality, the vast majority of them are officered and manned by acknowledged "Comrades." Like the "academicians" and "intellectuals," the Union leaders, however, have earned for themselves the suspicious regards of the political captains of Social Democracy and, in particular, of Bebel, who dislikes their conservative and cautious spirit and their evident disinclination to risk the funds they have laboriously collected, in the service of Social Democratic ideals. The Trades-Unions had scouted as absurd the idea of "a general strike," and in a Congress held at Cologne, just prior to the Jena meeting, had issued a general warning to their members to refrain from all association with the propaganda "carried on by anarchists and people devoid of all practical experience of the struggle between capital and labor" in favor of a general cessation of work.

The action of Bebel at Jena was a deliberate attempt to override the authority of the Trades-Union leaders with their own following and to subordinate them to the Party Executive. In this matter, the Autocrat of the Masses proved himself a poor judge of human character; for, while his utterances met with the enthusiastic approval of the Congress, they were stubbornly opposed by the Union chiefs who, being men of a calibre very different from that of the "academicians," declined to submit to the yoke, or to deliver up the vast funds entrusted to their administration, and the interests represented by those funds, to the mercies of a purely political agitation. The consequence was a confusion, threatening disaster, in the ranks of the proletariate. Whom should the rank and file of the Trades-Unions follow?—the heroes of their political ideals or their own officials? It speedily became obvious that this distraction of feeling was exercising a disastrous influence on the unity of the party. The flood of Social Democratic election successes began to ebb. At the bye-elections, the Socialist majorities declined or were converted into minorities. These ominous symptoms, combined with the ostentatious determination of the Government to quell, with a relentless military hand, even the slightest disturbances of public order, at length gave pause to the party Directorate. Bebel and his coadjutors

decided to compromise. They furnished the Central Commission of the Trades-Unions with reassuring statements, and appeared at the Mannheim Congress as the outspoken opponents of Anarcho-Socialist schemes. As usual, the orations of Bebel constituted the chief feature of the Congress; they were couched in terms which contrasted significantly with his fanfaronade at Jena. He dwelt, it is true, on the saving clauses of his last year's speech with the object of proving that he was guilty of no inconsistency; *mais c'est le ton qui fait la musique,* and Bebel, who last autumn depicted the country as being on the possible eve of revolution, now confessed that the capitalist order of society stood on, as yet, unshaken foundations He averred that the idea of "provoking a revolution" was alien to the spirit of the Social Democratic campaign; that it was hopeless to expect the South German proletariate to set their existence at stake in order to assist the North German comrades to secure the suffrage; and that the general strike had proved a failure in Russia and would, in present circumstances, be fraught with worse failure in Germany. For "Germany," exclaimed Bebel in an admirable outburst of candor, "is a state which has no counterpart in the civilized world. Though we [the proletariate] have grown in power, the power of the established authorities has grown enormously, too; and this fact we must bear constantly in mind and frame our actions accordingly." In other words, the man who fifteen years ago committed himself to the definite prediction that the grand upheaval —the cataclysm of Marxian theory—would occur in Germany in the year 1896, confesses in 1906 that the forces of Social Democracy would be hopelessly worsted in an armed conflict with the state, and that their leaders would be criminals if they were to sanction the experiment. Bebel's confession formed the prelude to a declaration of peace with the Trades-Unions which had deprecated the general strike as a weapon which would be bound, if employed, to provoke street-fighting and a revolutionary struggle. He admitted that the political party, whose registered comrades do not exceed four hundred thousand, cannot hope to organize even a defensive strike *en masse* without the concurrence of the Trades-Unions, whose membership rolls number one and a half million. The upshot of this admission was a formal resolution affirming, with an egregious disregard of actual fact, that no discrepancy existed between the attitude of the Unions at Cologne

and of the Congress at Jena, and that the Party Directorate should "confer with the Unions as soon as it shall consider a strike *en masse* to be necessary." Every conceivable satisfaction was rendered to the Trades-Unions. Bebel, and with him, of course, the Congress, disowned—a unique occurrence—the official party theorist and Marxian high-priest, Kautsky, who demanded the adoption of a statement defining Social Democracy "as the highest and most complete form of the proletariate class-fight," and declaring that no "movement of the proletariate" (meaning the Trades-Unions) can "adequately fulfil its function unless it is informed with the spirit of Social Democracy." Both this and another proposition to the effect that the Trades-Unions must submit in all fundamental questions to the authority of the Congress were rejected without a vote; and in their stead was accepted a diplomatic acknowledgment that the "Unions are indispensably necessary to the work of improving the well-being of the working-man within the framework of the capitalist society," and that they are indeed "not less necessary than the Social Democratic Party, which is charged with the function of conducting the fight for the elevation of the working-classes and for their equal rights with the other classes of society in the political domain."

With these resolutions and the explanations by which they were accomplished, the Congress has definitely dissociated itself from the extremists who, with Bebel's temporary assistance, had succeeded in impregnating the party councils with a vague and romantic longing for a more exhilarating form of class battle than that which is waged at the polling-booths and in the parliamentary arena. The return of eighty Social Democratic deputies to the Reichstag in 1903 on the basis of a three-million vote had engendered a feeling, to which subsequent events in Russia gave a passing impetus, that the political power actually exercised by the party was disproportionately small and insignificant when contrasted with its resources, and that the constitutional agitation, if it were to find expression in tangible results, required the assistance of a policy of demonstration and revolutionary menace. Fortunately for the party, Bebel, whose influence is supreme, has recognized the futility of this feeling, and with a heroic contempt for personal consistency has suppressed it, without apparently sacrificing any of the halo which surrounds him in the eyes of the

multitude. His action is a practical deduction from the trend of events since 1903, which has plainly demonstrated that, as "an aggressively revolutionary party," Social Democracy cannot count upon the united support even of the working-classes, to say nothing of those *bourgeois* voters who, at the polling-booth, subscribe to the Socialist ticket, not because they believe in the economic tenets of Marx, but because they desire to intimidate the Imperial Government into pursuing a path of liberal reform. It is not improbable that 1907 will see the Empire in the throes of a premature general election; and, in the contemplation of that not unlikely eventuality, the Socialist leaders have grown suddenly conscious of the advantages of parliamentary power, which it has been the fashion in recent years to decry, and of the imperative necessity, if the successes of 1903 are to have a happy sequel, of eschewing all superfluous issues in order to restore unity to the ranks of the Democracy. Outwardly, at all events, that unity has been established by the Mannheim resolutions; and, in the coming year, the party will consequently be free to concentrate its energies on the perfection of its electioneering machinery. If the signs of the times are not deceptive, its future conduct will be "revisionist" in practice, if revolutionary in theory. The Mannheim Congress, in fact, signifies that, notwithstanding Dresden, the party is growing ripe for practical political work within the existing system of society, much as it may seek to hide the fact behind a menacing mask of revolutionary Marxian theory.

When Prince von Bülow returns to his official residence in Berlin next month, the political and parliamentary season will be in full swing. Six months have elapsed since the dramatic fainting fit which the Chancellor suffered in the debating hall of the Reichstag; and, though in the mean time the Emperor has announced that in November Prince von Bülow will resume his duties in their entirety, doubts continue to be expressed as to whether his health is sufficiently restored to justify him in retaining the reins of office for any considerable period. Men in the position of Prince von Bülow are, moreover, subject to other than mere physical maladies; and, while the country has listened with interest to the Monarch's panegyric on the services rendered by Bismarck's third successor to the Empire and to the cause of European peace, it has not forgotten that a similar eulogy in the case of Count von Caprivi was followed in

a few short months by that Chancellor's retirement. Prince von Bülow, before his illness, had effected a settlement of most of the problems of internal legislation that were awaiting solution—under his guidance the Navy, Tariff, Finance, Prussian School and Military Pensions Bills have been rendered into law. In consequence of these successes, he is, in the cynical language of German politicians, no longer indispensable. He might have retired in the spring, despite the criticisms which his foreign policy had evoked, amid the sympathetic acclamations of his countrymen and a reputation for sound statesmanship. But he missed his chance of a good stage exit, and the opportunity will not easily recur. He has, it is true, scored an excellent political stroke by the selection of Herr Dernburg, the "American" financier, to reorganize the administration of the Colonies; but, on the other hand, he has lost heavily in prestige by his futile quarrel with General von Podbielski, the Prussian Minister of Agriculture. For years Prince von Bülow has been credited with the design of finding a successor to that Agrarian Minister, who has contributed more than any of his colleagues to swell the volume of political discontent by his "frankness" in proclaiming that his duty is to care for the welfare, not of the community at large, but of the agricultural interest. But General von Podbielski was able to regard the Chancellor's thinly veiled hostility with amused tolerance, owing to the intimacy of his relations with the Emperor, with whom he habitually plays "Skat." In the course of the past summer, however, the jovial Minister was gravely compromised by the report that he was financially interested in a firm of Government contractors who had succeeded in inducing the Colonial Department to enter into a questionable and certainly unbusinesslike arrangement with them. It was alleged that the weight of von Podbielski's name had sealed the notorious contract, and that, even if this were not the case, the Minister had sinned against the most sacred traditions of his office by his indulgence in investments which derived advantages from his association with the Government. As revelation followed revelation regarding the dealings of the implicated firm with the incompetent Department for the Colonies, a storm of public indignation broke over the Minister's head; and Prince von Bülow profited by the opportunity to demand explanations from General von Podbielski. These the General gave in a letter couched in his

customary slipshod epistolary manner. The Chancellor interpreted the letter as a request on the part of the Minister of Agriculture to be allowed to resign—a request which he immediately communicated to the public through the medium of the semiofficial press. General von Podbielski, to the general surprise, promptly denied the allegation of the Chancellor and declared that he had not resigned. There for two months the matter has rested. Prince von Bülow has not resigned, and at the moment of writing General von Podbielski is the guest of his sovereign at his hunting-lodge in East Prussia. The General has played his cards admirably, and has succeeded in convincing the Emperor that, Prince von Bülow notwithstanding, the attacks directed against him were in reality aimed at the personal friend of the Monarch. It is in this fashion that questions of high political moment are too frequently decided in Germany; and Prince von Bülow is censured universally for his failure to insist either on the immediate resignation of his subordinate, which he erroneously announced, or on the acceptance of his own resignation as Chancellor.

WASHINGTON, *November, 1906.*

IN the Federal capital, as elsewhere, the outcome of the elections held on November 6th is, of course, considered from two points of view—first, the immediate effect produced on the next House of Representatives, and, secondly, the ultimate effect which it is likely to have on the National Conventions of 1908, with regard both to candidates and platforms. That the Republican majority in the House should have been cut down from 112 to about 62 is not in the least surprising; for, although the Republicans have retained control of that chamber since 1896, it had previously been a common occurrence for the party in power to lose preponderance in the House of Representatives in non-Presidential years. Thus, two years after Mr. Cleveland's phenomenal victory in 1892, a Republican Speaker was chosen. If the details of the recent elections be analyzed, they justify the belief that the Republicans might have met with a similar reverse this year, had they not made Mr. Roosevelt's personality the pivotal issue. The President himself asked the voters to give him a Republican House, in order that he might be upheld in his campaign against oppressive corporations. That advantage

the Republicans will not possess in 1908, if Mr. Roosevelt persists in his determination not to accept another nomination.

If, from the national contest for ascendency in the House of Representatives, we turn to the competition for State offices, we find not a few indications of a popular revulsion in favor of Democracy. The Democrats elected Governors in Rhode Island, Minnesota and North Dakota; and, had they not been disabled by the incubus of Hearstism, they would probably have been equally successful in Massachusetts, California and New York. The returns from the old Bay State show that, if Moran, the representative of Hearstism, could have been persuaded to stand aside in favor of Mr. Whitney, or of ex-Governor Douglas, the former possibly, and the latter almost certainly, would have secured the Governorship. In California, the votes cast for Langdon, the Hearst candidate, prevented Bell, the regular Democratic nominee, from being elected Governor. In New York, the fact that almost every nominee for a State office on the Democratic ticket, except Hearst, who headed it, seems to have been successful, goes far to prove that, if the Republicans had nominated Higgins or Bruce for the Governorship, and if a decent and popular Democrat had been put forward at Buffalo, the latter would have obtained a considerable plurality. The difference between the vote cast for Hearst and that given to other Democratic nominees for State offices may seem, at the first glance, to measure the number of Democrats who refused to be bound by the bargain which assured to the candidate of the Independence League the endorsement of the Democratic State Convention. As a matter of fact, many of the Democrats, who held that Hearst was the nominee, not of the Buffalo Convention, as it came from the people, but of the law-breaking committee on contested seats, are believed to have voted, not a split ticket, but a straight Republican ticket. Be that as it may, the repudiation of Hearst by the Empire Commonwealth should plainly, on the face of the returns, be credited to Democrats, though Mr. Hughes made a gallant fight on his own behalf. Whether he will be put forward by his own State as a candidate for the next Republican nomination for the Presidency depends obviously on the use which he shall make of his opportunities during his term of office. If it be assumed that the Republican National Convention will meet in June, 1908, he will then have been Governor about a

year and five months, and will have greatly enhanced, or much impaired, his political reputation. Whether Mr. Hearst will succeed in controlling the New York delegation to the next Democratic National Convention depends largely on the maintenance of his alliance with Tammany Hall, which is by no means assured. It is true that Tammany Hall owes, or thinks it owes, to its combination with the Independence League the election of its State Senators and Assemblymen, and of all but one of the nominees on its judiciary ticket. It must, at the same time, recognize that Hearst will never have a better chance to carry New York than he had this year, and that his availability will be weakened daily as Democrats comprehend the damage which he inflicted on their party. Not only do they justly impute to him the loss of the Governorship in New York, but they hold that, but for him, they might have had a chance of carrying the Legislature of that State. To him also they are warranted in ascribing the failure of Democratic candidates to obtain the Governorship in Massachusetts and California, and their failure to elect judges and a sheriff in Chicago. They cannot help looking on Hearst as a Jonah who must be thrown overboard if the Democratic ship is to have a prosperous voyage in 1908.

About the effect produced on the New York campaign by the remarkable speech which Secretary Root delivered at Utica on November 1st, opinions are not unanimous, some holding that the President's interposition in a State contest was likely to repel many voters who otherwise might have been inclined to support Hughes. The great majority of observers, however, think that the case made for interference this year was incomparably stronger than that which was presented in 1882, when President Arthur interposed to obtain the nomination to the Governorship of New York for Judge Folger, his Secretary of the Treasury. No one at that time could pretend that the public welfare would suffer from the election of a Democratic Governor, but this year the election of Hearst would have meant the triumph of the malignant and abhorrent forces evoked by persistent and sinister appeals to the passions of jealousy and envy. The logical, if not the actual, outcome of the spirit of class hatred engendered by the Hearst publications is assassination, and the preponderant conviction is that President Roosevelt and Secretary Root were justified in pointing out the fact. Nor can it, on the whole, be

doubtful that the stern accusation launched at Utica had much to do with Hearst's failure to keep pace with his companions on the Democratic ticket. The only answer made to the charge by Hearst himself or on his behalf was the assertion, uttered late on the evening of November 5th, that Czolgolz, the assassin of McKinley, could not have been influenced by the Hearst publications, inasmuch as he could not read English. The assertion is scarcely credible, for the reason that Czolgolz was born in this country, and, for a time, at all events, attended its common schools. At any rate, the fact remains that Czolgolz was neither blind nor deaf; and that, consequently, he could see the caricatures, and have read to him the editorials, in the Hearst newspapers.

If it be considered by and large, the result of this year's elections must be deemed to have put an end to Hearst's chance of obtaining the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Who will be put forward by the Democracy is not so clear, for the objection to Mr. Bryan's proposal that trunk railways shall be owned and operated by the Federal Government has lost none of its validity. Close observers of the drift of public opinion believe that, if that project were made a pivotal issue in 1908, its advocates would meet with an overwhelming defeat. With both Bryan and Hearst eliminated, the field would be open for the selection of an upright and eminent Democrat from the walks of private life, who, though no professional politician, is known to be thoroughly grounded in political history, and in the study and application of sound political principles—like President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University. Nor can it truthfully be said that the Democratic party is destitute of experienced statesmen and jurists of great ability and high character. As regards the issues on which the next Presidential contest is likely to turn, there are indications in the results of the elections just concluded that the people will force tariff revision to the front, unless the Republican party itself shall make a sincere and effective movement in that direction during the first or long session of the Sixtieth Congress. It is at present hard to see how, if Mr. Roosevelt is not a nominee in 1908, it will be possible for the Republicans to make the anti-trust campaign an issue, as the President's trust-curbing policy has received cordial and sturdy support from the Democratic minority in Congress.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

WEDNESDAY, *November 7.* To Power and Wealth: A Warning.

THE election of the Republican candidate for Governor of New York was not a definitive triumph of good over evil; it was only a temporary deliverance from impending disgrace; above all, it was a warning. It could not have been achieved, for example, if (1) the present Governor had accepted the renomination tendered to him, or (2) practically any candidate other than Mr. Hughes had been nominated, or (3) precedent had not been utterly disregarded by the National Administration, or (4) the radical candidate had possessed character as well as daring, or (5) conservative Democrats by tens of thousands had not placed patriotism above partisanship, or (6) the radical candidate had never let loose the torrent of personal abuse which, too late, he abruptly stopped, or (7) close association with disreputable "bosses" had not vitiated his claim of independence, or (8) Democratic and Independent newspapers had been lukewarm, or even perhaps (9) the weather had been inclement. In not all, but in *any one* of these contingencies, barring possibly the last mentioned, the appeal of an utterly descredited political adventurer to the spirit of discontent would have been made not in vain. Surely the wrath of God was upon us for our sins; why it failed to descend, or how long it will be withheld, He alone knows.

Despite undying faith in democratic government, we find the outlook from a condition that induced six hundred thousand citizens of a single commonwealth to swallow the personal disgust they must have felt, that they might make public protest against the existing order, distinctly unfavorable, if not indeed depressing. In such circumstances surface indications count for naught; underlying causes must be sought and, when found, removed.

Why, then, in the midst of unprecedented prosperity, this discontent? It is a time for plain speaking. For a long time have been heard mutterings of disapproval of the extraordinary activities of our Chief Magistrate in summoning, at frequent intervals, to the support of paternalistic measures the mighty forces of public opinion, normally dormant, yet ever quick to respond to the call of class jealousy; but it remained for the demagogue, through impudent implication of the identity of his purpose with that of the President, to enforce expression of these whisperings. First came the official repudiation of his pretensions at the lips of a cabinet officer, "by authority of the President," sincerely indignant, yet truly amazing from its apparent necessity. And now the public journals on the morning after the day of election!

The "Sun":

"Theodore Roosevelt in his summer home at Oyster Bay was watching the fate of his native State with a solicitude as intense as was ever aroused in him by any event in his career. None better than he appreciated the crisis. He knew it was no question of mere party success or supremacy. He knew that something was about to take place which concerned the very vitals not of the party but of the State, and not of the State alone, but of the whole country. He knew, he recognized, the forces which he had himself unchained, and there must have dawned upon his consciousness a sense of whither, if they were not instantly checked, they inevitably must lead. Envy of the rich, hatred of class for class, intolerance of the law, impatience with the Constitution, resentment against Judges, a restless, troubled surging of the mass, no set ideas, no definite conviction of anything, but everywhere a deep, dull susceptibility to a man with a torch!"

The "Times":

"Mr. Hearst's uncomfortably near approach to a victory should serve as a warning, also, to those who have led or joined in intemperate assaults upon the business of the country, to men who in high or humble places have by profuse and ill-judged utterance roused the spirit of chastisement and correction to a pitch of passion far beyond the public need."

A caustic writer to the "Evening Post," after quoting the declaration of the distinguished lawyer, Mr. Edward M. Shepard, to the effect that "it is a crisis for the nation, for it must not be forgotten that this wave of recklessness and irresponsibility that is sweeping over us is the direct result of the utterances and actions of a Republican President," continues:

"Does any reasoning man presume for a minute to believe that Hearst would have had the hardihood to seek a Presidential nomination, or the governorship of New York, without the career of Roosevelt before him? Hearst had seen success come to him in the newspaper field from noise and sensationalism, but it is hardly to be thought that the idea ever entered his head that loud pretence, theatrical display, and blatant self-praise could win the Presidency until he saw the thing actually tried and done. . . .

"Now, in all fairness wherein is Hearst any worse than Roosevelt? Any more anarchistic, any more self-seeking, any more indifferent as to the kind of means to gain his ends? Hearst has been denounced for his criticism of the courts. Is this criticism on the part of a newspaper, a private enterprise, half so improper, half so indecent, as similar criticism on the part of the President of the United States in a message to Congress? Hearst has been excoriated for posing as a reformer, denouncing bosses and then striking hands with them when it suited his purpose. Did not Roosevelt ally himself with Addicks and Quay and Penrose and Platt and Odell, and even make up with the notorious Lou Payn, when he needed the votes they commanded? Was there ever a more purely demagogic appeal in the Hearst papers than the Roosevelt protest to Russia about the treatment of the Jews, or the utterly irrelevant passage in the 'anti-muckrake' speech about limiting great fortunes? Suppose that the charge so frequently made that Hearst buys his support is true. Mr. Hearst is spending his own money and not the Government's. He is not raiding the United States Treasury by means of an executive order to purchase old soldier votes; he is not diverting Indian funds contrary to law to gain the political adhesion of a religious sect; he is not extorting money from insurance companies to swell his campaign fund."

We have no doubt that the editors of these great independent journals responsible for these utterances are as firmly convinced as ourselves or our readers of the fervid patriotism and lofty ideals of the President, whom the Emperor of Germany pronounces the greatest the Nation has ever known, but clearly they feel and as plainly intimate that, in his eagerness to serve the people, he has heeded the dictates of zeal rather than of wisdom and unwittingly has played the part of a Frankenstein. No good purpose would be served by attempting now to fix the share of responsibility that should be thus ascribed, but if to the mind and conscience of him most deeply concerned there should seem, upon reflection, to be the smallest, we may rest assured that the suggestion will be received, not with scoffing, but as a lesson to be taken to heart.

But the true cause of discontent lies not in its fomentation but

in deep-seated conviction of injustice and inequality before the law. Daniel Webster, from the floor of the Senate in 1838, thus graphically depicted the demagogues of his day:

"They excite the poor to make war upon the rich. . . . They complain of oppression, speculation and the pernicious influence of accumulated wealth. They cry out loudly against all banks and corporations and all the means by which small capitals become united in order to produce important and beneficial results. They carry on a mad hostility against all established institutions. They would choke up the fountains of industry and dry all its streams.

"In a country of unbounded liberty they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality they would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more equally divided than anywhere else they rend the air with agrarian doctrines. In a country where the wages of labor are high beyond any parallel, . . . they would teach the laborer that he is an oppressed slave.

"Sir, what can such men want? What do they mean? They can want nothing but to enjoy the fruits of other men's labor. They can mean nothing but disturbance and disorder, the diffusion of corrupt principles and the destruction of the moral sentiments and moral habits of society."

Such, in some respects, is the situation to-day. The country continues to afford "unbounded liberty" and unparalleled wages of labor; attempts to excite the poor against the rich represent now as then a desire to enjoy the fruits of other men's industry, and tend to diffuse corrupt principles and destroy moral sentiments and moral habits. It may be, too, that perfect equality continues to prevail, in theory, before the law, but it is not a fact now that this is a country "where property is more equally divided than anywhere else." The reverse, indeed, as we all know, approximates the truth, and these are the branches, but only the branches, of the dissatisfaction. The root lies in the conviction of the people that the great inequalities in property possession are due to unwarranted fostering and protection by the law itself, and that titles to many, if not all, of the colossal fortunes accumulated in recent years are morally defective, even if legally valid. We venture no opinion of the correctness or error of this view; we merely state a patent fact as of common belief that must be reckoned with.

What, then, is to be done to avert a possible cataclysm? What course should sober-minded, patriotic citizens, sincerely desirous of applying effective remedies and accomplishing genuine re-

forms, advise and pursue? Upon one point we all, rich and poor, agree, namely, that capital, whether wrongfully or rightfully acquired, does not bear its just burden of taxation. The very tariff that protects it is supported by those in moderate circumstances and the poor. Reduction of the rates would reduce the cost of living, which is already burdensome and threatens to become unendurable. Supplement such a reduction and supply the deficiency in revenue consequent upon it by graduated inheritance and income taxation, and a long step would be taken towards that equality which must be had by gradation or will some day be achieved by force and swept into license. The time has passed, if indeed it ever existed, when spectacular assaults upon corporations will satisfy the people. They may be deserved and essential to the full performance of public duty, but the utmost results that could possibly be expected from them fail to afford the relief demanded, and might easily check the progress upon which common prosperity depends. The two specific remedies, clearly defined, the one supplementing the other, are reduction of tariff duties to a point not yet even contemplated, and direct taxation of inheritances and incomes. Stupid "vested interests" will resist the former, interposing the familiar argument as to the business complications it would involve, and no less obdurate possessors of great wealth will struggle greedily to retain to the last penny their hoardings, without regard to the just claims of a government which made their acquisitions possible, or the temper of the people; but both must yield or take the consequences.

The undivided responsibility rests upon a Republican President and a Republican Congress. In 1896, in 1900 and again in the critical State election which has just taken place, citizens of the Democratic faith who placed country above party elected the Republican candidates. We say to Republicans plainly and, we believe, with accurate knowledge, that if they look for similar aid in 1908, they will look in vain, unless in the meantime they shall prove by their works their sincerity and earnest determination to really relieve, and not fatuously deceive, the people. Hearst is dead, but Hearst*ism* is alive and growing apace, not in one class, but in all classes except that which is numerically insignificant. If ever there was a time in the history of our beloved country when Bourbonism and pecuniary gluttony should, from no higher motive than selfishness

itself, make way for breadth, patriotism and consideration of the common weal, this is that time. Else the whirlwind!

THURSDAY, *November 8.* **The REVIEW to Teach Esperanto.**

As a result of painstaking inquiries made personally in France and England, and through agents in Germany and Switzerland, we have become convinced that Esperanto will soon be recognized, the world over, as a language capable of universal use, and that, in consequence of such recognition, it will be generally adopted and acquired. The need of such a vehicle of expression, not for the displacement of any existing language, nor for the purposes of literature, but for ordinary service in business, travel and communication, has long been admitted, and indeed is so obvious as to render the setting forth of reasons therefor superfluous. As long ago as 1668, the learned Bishop Wilkins, in his "Essay toward a Real Character and a Philosophical Language," undertook to solve the problem; and many subsequent attempts, equally abortive, were made before Johann Martin Schleyer, in 1879, riveted the attention of the world upon his invention of Volapük. Despite the wide opportunity afforded this ingenious, though complicated, contrivance of expression, it not only failed to stand the test of application, but gave rise to a feeling of disgust which seriously retarded progress in the search for a suitable medium.

Several efforts ensued, but each quickly proved futile from lack of merit, until 1887, when the Russian scholar, Zamenhof, published his first brochure entitled "An International Language" and signed it "Dr. Esperanto," from the Latin "*sperare,*" signifying "one who hopes." Many eminent scholars promptly conceded the merit in Dr. Zamenhof's suggestion, but the general public in all countries were so reluctant to manifest an interest so soon after the collapse of Volapük, that it is only within five years that Esperanto has begun to win the appreciation it deserves. During this short period, however, great strides have been made, first in Russia, then in Sweden, Norway, Austria and Germany, and lately in both England and France. Last summer, more than one thousand delegates attended the Esperanto Congress at Geneva, and all spoke readily and exclusively the new language. The fact was revealed at this Conference, that there are now in various parts of the world nearly one hundred thousand registered students of Esperanto, rendering the estimate

not unreasonable that there are several hundred thousand actively interested in it. In Great Britain alone there are more than sixty societies, supplemented by outlying groups in Australia, New Zealand, India and Malta. The new language has already won the official approval of the London Board of Trade, is taught in many commercial schools throughout the British Empire, and is being seriously considered as an essential acquirement in the Consular service.

Despite the efforts of such eminent scholars as M. Beaufront, official France has been slow to extend recognition to the new language, presumably because of a desire to maintain the position of their own as that of the world's diplomacy; but we know from personal inquiry in the smaller towns that the French people are really enthusiastic over Esperanto, nearly every village containing a small group of students, and even the more intelligent innkeepers giving it earnest attention. A strong movement, destined apparently to be crowned with success at no distant date, to add Esperanto to the curriculum of the public schools is now well under way. Canada has many ardent supporters, and in enterprising Japan a single school comprises nearly four hundred students. In this country comparatively little progress has been made, although many of the Universities have small organizations, and the foundation of an International Association has been laid in Boston. Many newspapers and periodicals, devoted exclusively to the language, are published in various parts of the world; and it is a pleasing indication of the spirit of the new West that the first journal of this character to appear in the United States is published in Oklahoma. Briefly, wherever the new language has been introduced it has taken root and achieved almost instantaneous popularity.

The primary cause of its success undoubtedly may be found in the ease with which it can be acquired. We are convinced by personal experience of the justice of the claim that application of one hour a day, by a fairly well-educated person, for a period of three months, is sufficient to ensure reasonable proficiency. Indeed, with the aid of a simple key, intelligible communication may be had immediately with a member of any other nationality possessing like means of translation. That the strength of Esperanto lies in its really amazing simplicity is indicated by the following comparison:

In *English*.—"The international language should be comprehensible to the whole educated world; but no man on earth, except the Volapükist, would comprehend even the word 'Volapük.'"

In *Volapük*.—"Pük bevünetik pakäpalom fa vol lölik pekulivöl; abu men nonik tala sesumü volapükels, kapalom püki lekanix 'Volapük.'"

In *Esperanto*.—"La lingvo internacia estas komprenita de la tuta mondo edukita; sed nenia homo sur la tero eksklusive la volapükistoj komprenas la artan lingvon 'Volapük.'"

According to the official definition adopted by the International Congress, it is a "neutral language, which, while neither intruding upon the interior life of the nations, or in any wise aiming to do away with existing national languages, will enable men of different nationalities to understand one another, will serve as a pacific language in those countries where diverse peoples are at strife on account of language, and in which can be published works that have an equal interest for all peoples."

But it is an error to assume that Esperanto is a purely artificial language. Proof of the feeling and emotion that may be communicated through it is found in the peroration of Dr. Zamenhof himself at Geneva: "Oh, break down the walls between the peoples, give them the means of communicating on neutral ground, for then only will disappear that hatred which we see everywhere."

Having become convinced, as we remarked at the outset, of the practicability of Esperanto as a universal language, we shall soon begin a regular presentation in this REVIEW of primary lessons by competent teachers, supplemented from time to time by authoritative articles, in the hope of arousing general interest. The precise plan of procedure we are unable as yet to define, but it will lack neither system nor such efficient aids as are afforded by comprehensive elucidation, text-books and personal communications compassing queries and answers.

FRIDAY, *November 9*. Newspapers on Woman Suffrage.

CLOSE upon the declarations of mid-Western journals in favor of woman suffrage, already noted in this Diary, come others from various sections. The Troy (New York) "Press" "feels most grateful" for our advocacy of the reform, and the New Haven (Connecticut) "Palladium," having quoted the reasons set forth upon these pages, adds:

"This is stating the case strongly; almost too strongly. We hold that suffrage should not be universal, this cheapens it, but based upon qualifications other than those of sex. Illiteracy, pauperism and inability to read the English language—these things might be added advantageously to the limited disqualifications for voting (barring those of sex and age) now in vogue. As a general proposition, it is against public policy to permit of women who are illiterate, or lack the means or ability to support themselves, to have a voice in government. The average intelligence of the electorate should be heightened by the institution of suitable qualifications for suffrage.

"But THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is right in maintaining that the time has arrived when no distinctions in political privileges should be made between the sexes."

Whether or not there should be an educational qualification is a question not germane to the present discussion; such a restriction would apply with the same force to both sexes as to one.

The Columbus (Ohio) "Journal" declares "the real issues of the day precisely stated" to be "so overwhelming that mere political policy is buried out of sight." "The very fact," it adds, "that the REVIEW wants the assistance of the women in settling these problems is a conclusion that they are greater than woman suffrage, or tariff, railroad rate, food laws or anything else, for if these abuses and injustices are corrected the incidental policies settle themselves," a declaration to which, while maintaining the advantage of our proposed safeguard, if not complete solution, we take no exception.

The Salt Lake City (Utah) "News," after asserting the propriety of permitting those who are compelled to bear taxation and obey laws to participate in enactment of statutes, and pronouncing unfitness for military service a specious argument, since millions of men who hold the franchise are legally incapacitated for such work, says:

"The right to hold office may be maintained by the same reasoning as that concerning the suffrage. There are some offices for which women are not adapted, and there are many men, perhaps the majority of them, who are also unfitted for offices in the gift of the people. The same reasons offered against women apply with equal force to many men. The good sense of the public has to be exercised in reference to male candidates, and it can therefore be left with safety to the discretion of the voters as to women candidates. We are pleased to see so influential a magazine as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW take the rational side of a long dispute."

The Scranton (Pennsylvania) "Times" regards "the conversion of an important and conservative monthly to full suffrage without distinction of sex as an encouragement to woman suffragists everywhere and likely to give their cause a new forward impulse," but thinks—and we agree—that "so long as the great majority of women continue indifferent to equal suffrage there is little likelihood the boon will be granted."

The conservative "Evening Post" of New York city, making a prompt application, wondered "how women would vote in the present (Hughes-Hearst) campaign," and, while conceding that "thousands of working women would vote for the California millionaire, in the touching belief, shared with many men, that his election would mean an immediate increase in their earnings," yet was "inclined to think that women would be quicker to see through his shams and be far more repelled by his personal career than are the men to whom he appeals"—an opinion likely to find general concurrence.

The Chicago (Illinois) "Inter-Ocean" and the Topeka (Kansas) "Capital" would appreciate better results in Colorado before encouraging extension of the franchise in other States, thus maintaining an attitude perhaps justifiable if the assumption be granted that mining communities afford a fair test. This assumption, however, upon general principles and for manifest reasons closely related to the almost invariable inaccuracy of conclusions based upon peculiar and purely local conditions, we cannot admit. The actual results in the State and cities of Colorado we shall summarize in due course of time.

SATURDAY, *November 10.* **Of Friendship among Women.**

CAN women be friends? History and tradition abound in evidences of great and enduring attachments among men. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David" so firmly that the Hebrew prince did not hesitate to invite the wrath of the great king, his father, and himself forfeit the crown; the Pythagorean Damon was happy to pledge his very life for the doubtful reappearance of Pythias; even the egoist Montaigne was so much affected by the death of La Boëtie that, to escape from his melancholy, he "chose a new mistress," and at intervals to the day of his death, in the words of his own journal, "was suddenly seized with such painful thoughts of his friend, and it was so

long before he came to himself, that it did him much harm."

Subjecting this emotion to analysis, in conformity with his custom, he reached the conclusion that true friendship could exist only between beings wholly independent one of another. A father could not hold the relationship towards his son, because of the stronger paternal attitude and the necessary disparity in age prohibiting equal comprehension of all subjects; between brothers, "the complication of interests, the division of estates, the raising of the one at the undoing of the other, strangely weaken and slacken the fraternal tie," since of necessity pursuing fortune and advancement by the same path they must often jostle and hinder one another; betwixt the sexes love intervenes, "more active, more eager, more sharp, but withal more precipitous, fickle, moving and inconstant, a fever subject to intermission," whereas true friendship is "a general and universal fire," temperate and equal, constant and steady, easy and smooth, "without poignancy or roughness"; indeed, even among themselves, women are pronounced incapable of maintaining the sacred tie, not being "endued with firmness of mind to endure the constraint of so hard and durable a knot."

In this final, brusque declaration the philosopher readily accepted the teachings of the ancient schools without regard to the fact, which even then he must have surmised, that recognition of his own great powers was to depend upon the unselfish devotion and untiring efforts of the adopted daughter, whose soul, he predicted, would "one day be capable of very great things, and, amongst others, of the perfection of that sacred friendship to which we do not read that any of her sex could even yet arrive." We can but conclude that, in common with the majority of his sex, the great man was convinced that a happy exception had been made for his particular benefit in suitable recognition of his extraordinary talents.

But it is easy to convict a verbose philosopher of inconsistency; the question whether women are temperamentally capable of true friendship still remains. Sacrifices for the sake of love of man and offspring are recorded without number, but female Davids and Damons are not readily discovered in either history or legend. Professions of Platonic affection continue to evoke jeers of incredulity, and the traditional disingenuousness of "dearest

friends" still plays well its part in caricature. The changeableness of woman's nature has become axiomatic. Can it be that, throughout the ages, even to these enlightened days, it has retained consistency in this respect alone? It suffices for us to raise the question; to others of more certain mind we relinquish the hazardous privilege of adducing evidence and passing judgment.

MONDAY, *November 12.* **Threescore Years and Ten.**

WHEN we speak of threescore years and ten being the allotted period of human life, the reference is general, of course, implying no arbitrary limit of physical existence, mental capacity or moral usefulness, since the Psalmist himself concedes fourscore years "by reason of strength." Many men we know, some of whom we shall name presently, find themselves, at seventy, at the zenith of their development and their powers at full maturity. The idea the great singer intended to convey was doubtless that there does come a time in life when it behooves one to stop and think—and perhaps change his course or restrict his energies. Our great humorist has views upon this subject, as indeed upon all others, and one year ago, at a celebration of his own safe arrival, he expressed them after this pleasing fashion:

"The seventieth birthday! It is the time of life when you arrive at a new and awful dignity; when you may throw aside the decent reserves which have oppressed you for a generation and stand unafraid and unabashed upon your seven-terraced summit and look down and teach—unrebuked. . . .

"Threescore years and ten!

"It is the Scriptural statute of limitations. After that, you owe no active duties; for you the strenuous life is over. You are a time-expired man, to use Kipling's military phrase: You have served your term, well or less well, and you are mustered out. You are become an honorary member of the republic, you are emancipated, compulsions are not for you, nor any bugle-call but 'lights out.' You pay the time-worn duty bills if you choose, or decline if you prefer—and without prejudice—for they are not legally collectable.

"The previous-engagement plea, which in forty years has cost you so many twinges, you can lay aside forever; on this side of the grave you will never need it again. If you shrink at thought of night, and winter, and the late home-coming from the banquet and the lights and the laughter through the deserted streets—a desolation which would not remind you now, as for a generation it did, that your friends are sleeping, and you must creep in a-tiptoe and not disturb them, but would only remind you that you need not tiptoe, you can never disturb them

more—if you shrink at thought of these things, you need only reply, "Your invitation honors me, and pleases me because you still keep me in your remembrance, but I am seventy; seventy, and would nestle in the chimney corner, and smoke my pipe, and read my book, and take my rest, wishing you well in all affection, and that when you in your turn shall arrive at pier No. 70 you may step aboard your waiting ship with a reconciled spirit, and lay your course toward the sinking sun with a contented heart."

Such are the undisputed privileges of those who arrive at the pier; but others have rights, nevertheless, which cannot be ignored, one of which was exercised by the friends of this man when they gathered to pay him homage. If we had been writing the ninetieth psalm, we should not have left the impression that threescore years and ten signified even the beginning of the end; we should have suggested that as a suitable time for the recognition of genius, worth, friendship, character, good deeds. Such would surely be a pretty custom and one tending to enliven our ill nourished and sadly neglected sympathies. If it now prevailed, what a harvest of tributes the coming year would bring forth! Only the other evening was celebrated the seventieth birthday of Henry Mills Alden, America's foremost magazine editor, simultaneously with pleasing recognition of the arrival at the same milestone, to the very day, of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, America's most brilliant poet; in March pier Number 70 will be reached by William Dean Howells, America's first man of letters, and Grover Cleveland, her first private citizen; in April, by John Pierpont Morgan, the greatest financier America has had from the beginning of her history; in November, by Andrew Carnegie, the most striking example of the opportunities she has accorded brains and industry; in December, by George Dewey, her only and, since Paul Jones, her greatest Admiral. A more illustrious group of true Americans could not be formed; let us then be merry and give them feasts, not failing, however, after Paul's advice to Titus, to adjure them hereafter to continue "sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity, in patience."

TUESDAY, *November 13.* American Girls and Boys.

WE have received the following interesting communication from one of the editors of the "St. Nicholas" magazine:

To the Editor of The North American Review:

SIR,—Under the head of "The Editor's Diary" for October 19th appears this rather surprising statement:

"We find little that is interesting in the American girl of to-day between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two. She has failed to keep pace in any respect with the American boy, whose advancement we recently remarked with satisfaction. Indeed, if the blunt truth be spoken, she is an intolerable bore, self-conscious, ignorant, and concerned chiefly with matrimonial aspirations."

Now, it so happens that I have had rather exceptional opportunities for comparing the American boy and girl, or rather their intellectual exhibits, with resulting conclusions somewhat different from those set down by the editor of the REVIEW. For more than seven years it has been my privilege to conduct for the "St. Nicholas" magazine a department in which the features are supplied by young people who compete for monthly prizes. To this department, poems, short sketches, stories, drawings, photographs, and puzzles are contributed in great numbers by children of all ages up to eighteen; and as the subjects are supplied by the editor and selected to cover a pretty wide educational range, it would seem that from the returns a fair deduction might be drawn as to the comparative mental activity of the sexes within the competitive age limits. I shall not assume to speak as one having authority of what may happen after these young people have passed their eighteenth birthday, for my direct observation ends at this point, though it seems unlikely that with the passing of this particular milestone the boys should suddenly become all wisdom and the girls all vanity, nor do I believe this to be the case.

Now, let us see: I have the magazines before me, I can count the returns in a minute. In the year just closing (volumes 1 and 2, 1906) there were sixty-three winners, fifteen years old and over, of the highest distinction, that is to say, gold and cash prizes. Of these, twenty-nine were boys and *thirty-four were girls*, an advantage of over nineteen per cent. in favor of the girls. Nor is this an unusual year. Those who care to consult the volumes will find that in some years the percentage has been greater.

It is supposable that there are as many boys as girls in families where "St. Nicholas" is taken, and if, as may be the case, the boys take a lesser interest than the girls in this particular department, then this fact of itself constitutes an argument against the REVIEW'S position, for the reason that, as before indicated, the subjects given are by no means abstractly artistic and literary in tone (and it would not help the REVIEW'S case even if they were), but educational as well, often selected for the express purpose of developing a knowledge of the world's progress and history. Let us go a little farther, and quote an example or two of work done by American girls. Here is a poem by an American girl of fifteen, the earliest age included by the REVIEW editor in the period allowed to her for ignorance and frivolity:

"THE FOREST VOICE.

"Do you not hear them call you, dear, away?
Sweet, scarce distinguished voices of the night,
Spreading before you o'er the field and brae,
To where the first dark trunks shut out the light.

"The sombre, brooding branches in the dark
Hold out strange treasures; winds that sing and sigh,
And moonlight drifting down, spark after spark,
From the far, high-lit altar of the sky.

"They sing you night songs, half articulate,
They lead you, fairy child, along the path
Where—but the forest-led may roam and wait
The visions which the world-old forest hath.

"The wistful trees bend closer unto you;
Dream-child, you long so earnestly to pace
The great dim roads no mortal ever knew,
Forever in the darkness and the space.

"Childhood is gone, night vanishes, the song
Is stilled. Go also back from fancy's gleam,
Leave the dream forest where you lingered long,—
But take with you the memory of your dream."

This is a poem which almost any one, of either sex or any age, who is addicted to verse (and most of us have sinned) might be willing to sign, and it is wholly the work of the girl who sent it, for all contributions are endorsed by the sender's parents as to "age and originality." The highest-class publication does not always print better verse than that.

Such work may be found in almost any number of the department mentioned. The body of the magazine finds it difficult to get anything as good; and here is a little prose sketch by a League girl which might serve as a standard of excellence even for the NORTH AMERICAN:

"MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY

"It has always been said that to judge fairly of the life and character of some famous historical man or woman, one must take into consideration the age and country in which he or she lived. Environments and circumstances have such an important influence toward the molding of ideas. But Joan of Arc's life history is exceptional in this particular. Her actions were influenced by no personal motive, but by purely religious and patriotic enthusiasm. She was honorable when people in the highest stations had forgotten the very existence of honor; delicate and loyal when it was the common practice to be coarse and false, to keep no promises, and to espouse no cause except for love of money or personal advancement. She was truthful when almost everybody lied, unselfish and refined when many were hard, selfish, and given to sinful luxury.

"Many have called her fanatical. If absolute devotion to one's God, one's king, and one's country, regardless of self, asking no reward, can be called fanaticism, let us have more such fanatics! Her military genius was remarkable. Generals of long experience regarded her schemes of attack with great respect, and she is the only person in the world, of either sex, who has ever had supreme command of the forces of a nation at the age of seventeen.

"In spite of all her devotion and heroic struggle, her dastardly king deserted her; did not even make one attempt to rescue her, but left her to her horrible fate. Her captors wore out her physical strength by long, tedious examinations and cruel imprisonment, forced her to sign a foolish confession of sorcery, and then broke all their promises and burned her—Joan of Arc, the deliverer of France, though only a

child in years—at the stake! Such ingratitude and cruelty is incomprehensible; but her name will go down through countless ages, while they will be known only as the murderers of the loveliest character in history."

As a matter of fact, whatever the boys may do later, and they will do much when the day of their development comes—as they always have—I think we may set it down as a fact that, so far as general intellectual advancement and attainments are concerned, the girls between the ages of fifteen and eighteen have them beaten—if the REVIEW will pardon the slang phrase for the sake of its picturesque strength—"hands down."

In what, then, is the American girl inferior to the American boy? In sports and athletics, which require endurance and physical strength? Certainly. In business, mathematics and mechanical engineering? Very likely—these are the American boy's peculiar heritage, even as the American girl's estate lies in making herself and her surroundings lovely, and in her early knowledge of domestic economy. Does the boy excel her in deportment? Never. In languages? It is unlikely. But, admitting all that the boy may fairly claim and a little more for good measure, it does seem to one who has had the opportunity of observing pretty carefully that the wide and inclusive deduction of the REVIEW that the American girl is "an intolerable bore, self-conscious, ignorant and concerned chiefly with matrimonial aspirations," and that she has "failed to keep pace in any respect with the American boy," is not sufficiently justified, to say the least.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

That a majority of the prizes referred to were won by girls is not, to us, surprising; we wonder rather that so many boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen found time to engage in the competition. The evidence of literary deftness afforded by the pretty verses are surely encouraging, though, we fear, they are of the exceptional character which tends to indicate the rule.

UPHAM'S CORNER
READING ROOM.

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—VII.

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

I WAS always heedless. I was born heedless; and therefore I was constantly, and quite unconsciously, committing breaches of the minor proprieties, which brought upon me humiliations which ought to have humiliated me but didn't, because I didn't know anything had happened. But Livy knew; and so the humiliations fell to her share, poor child, who had not earned them and did not deserve them. She always said I was the most difficult child she had. She was very sensitive about me. It distressed her to see me do heedless things which could bring me under criticism, and so she was always watchful and alert to protect me from the kind of transgressions which I have been speaking of.

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When I was leaving Hartford for Washington, upon the occasion referred to, she said: "I have written a small warning and put it in a pocket of your dress-vest. When you are dressing to go to the Authors' Reception at the White House you will naturally put your fingers in your vest pockets, according to your custom, and you will find that little note there. Read it carefully, and do as it tells you. I cannot be with you, and so I delegate my sentry duties to this little note. If I should give you the warning by word of mouth, now, it would pass from your head and be forgotten in a few minutes."

It was President Cleveland's first term. I had never seen his wife—the young, the beautiful, the good-hearted, the sympathetic, the fascinating. Sure enough, just as I had finished dressing to go to the White House I found that little note, which I had long ago forgotten. It was a grave little note, a serious little note, like its writer, but it made me laugh. Livy's gentle gravities often produced that effect upon me, where the expert humorist's best joke would have failed, for I do not laugh easily.

When we reached the White House and I was shaking hands with the President, he started to say something, but I interrupted him and said:

"If your Excellency will excuse me, I will come back in a moment; but now I have a very important matter to attend to, and it must be attended to at once."

I turned to Mrs. Cleveland, the young, the beautiful, the fascinating, and gave her my card, on the back of which I had written "*He didn't*"—and I asked her to sign her name below those words.

She said: "He didn't? He didn't what?"

"Oh," I said, "never mind. We cannot stop to discuss that now. This is urgent. Won't you please sign your name?" (I handed her a fountain-pen.)

"Why," she said, "I cannot commit myself in that way. Who is it that didn't?—and what is it that he didn't?"

"Oh," I said, "time is flying, flying, flying. Won't you take me out of my distress and sign your name to it? It's all right. I give you my word it's all right."

She looked nonplussed; but hesitatingly and mechanically she took the pen and said:

"I will sign it. I will take the risk. But you must tell me

all about it, right afterward, so that you can be arrested before you get out of the house in case there should be anything criminal about this."

Then she signed; and I handed her Mrs. Clemens's note, which was very brief, very simple, and to the point. It said: "*Don't wear your arctics in the White House.*" It made her shout; and at my request she summoned a messenger and we sent that card at once to the mail on its way to Mrs. Clemens in Hartford.

When the little Ruth was about a year or a year and a half old, Mason, an old and valued friend of mine, was consul-general at Frankfort-on-the-Main. I had known him well in 1867, '68 and '69, in America, and I and mine had spent a good deal of time with him and his family in Frankfort in '78. He was a thoroughly competent, diligent, and conscientious official. Indeed he possessed these qualities in so large a degree that among American consuls he might fairly be said to be monumental, for at that time our consular service was largely—and I think I may say mainly—in the hands of ignorant, vulgar, and incapable men who had been political heelers in America, and had been taken care of by transference to consulates where they could be supported at the Government's expense instead of being transferred to the poor house, which would have been cheaper and more patriotic. Mason, in '78, had been consul-general in Frankfort several years—four, I think. He had come from Marseilles with a great record. He had been consul there during thirteen years, and one part of his record was heroic. There had been a desolating cholera epidemic, and Mason was the only representative of any foreign country who stayed at his post and saw it through. And during that time he not only represented his own country, but he represented all the other countries in Christendom and did their work, and did it well and was praised for it by them in words of no uncertain sound. This great record of Mason's had saved him from official decapitation straight along while Republican Presidents occupied the chair, but now it was occupied by a Democrat. Mr. Cleveland was not seated in it—he was not yet inaugurated—before he was deluged with applications from Democratic politicians desiring the appointment of a thousand or so politically useful Democrats to Mason's place. A year or two later Mason wrote me and asked me if I couldn't do something to save him from destruction.

I was very anxious to keep him in his place, but at first I could not think of any way to help him, for I was a mugwump. We, the mugwumps, a little company made up of the unenslaved of both parties, the very best men to be found in the two great parties — that was our idea of it — voted sixty thousand strong for Mr. Cleveland in New York and elected him. Our principles were high, and very definite. We were not a party; we had no candidates; we had no axes to grind. Our vote laid upon the man we cast it for no obligation of any kind. By our rule we could not ask for office; we could not accept office. When voting, it was our duty to vote for the best man, regardless of his party name. We had no other creed. Vote for the best man— that was creed enough.

Such being my situation, I was puzzled to know how to try to help Mason, and, at the same time, save my mugwump purity undefiled. It was a delicate place. But presently, out of the ruck of confusions in my mind, rose a sane thought, clear and bright—to wit: since it was a mugwump's duty to do his best to put the best man in office, necessarily it must be a mugwump's duty to try to *keep* the best man in when he was already there. My course was easy now. It might not be quite delicate for a mugwump to approach the President directly, but I could approach him indirectly, with all delicacy, since in that case not even courtesy would require him to take notice of an application which no one could prove had ever reached him.

Yes, it was easy and simple sailing now. I could lay the matter before Ruth, in her cradle, and wait for results. I wrote the little child, and said to her all that I have just been saying about mugwump principles and the limitations which they put upon me. I explained that it would not be proper for me to apply to her father in Mr. Mason's behalf, but I detailed to her Mr. Mason's high and honorable record and suggested that she take the matter in her own hands and do a patriotic work which I felt some delicacy about venturing upon myself. I asked her to forget that her father was only President of the United States, and her subject and servant; I asked her not to put her application in the form of a command, but to modify it, and give it the fictitious and pleasanter form of a mere request—that it would be no harm to let him gratify himself with the superstition that he was independent and could do as he pleased in the

matter. I begged her to put stress, and plenty of it, upon the proposition that to keep Mason in his place would be a benefaction to the nation; to enlarge upon that, and keep still about all other considerations.

In due time I received a letter from the President, written with his own hand, signed by his own hand, acknowledging Ruth's intervention and thanking me for enabling him to save to the country the services of so good and well-tried a servant as Mason, and thanking me, also, for the detailed fulness of Mason's record, which could leave no doubt in any one's mind that Mason was in his right place and ought to be kept there. Mason has remained in the service ever since, and is now consul-general at Paris.

During the time that we were living in Buffalo in '70-'71, Mr. Cleveland was sheriff, but I never happened to make his acquaintance, or even see him. In fact, I suppose I was not even aware of his existence. Fourteen years later, he was become the greatest man in the State. I was not living in the State at the time. He was Governor, and was about to step into the post of President of the United States. At that time I was on the public highway in company with another bandit, George W. Cable. We were robbing the public with readings from our works during four months—and in the course of time we went to Albany to levy tribute, and I said, "We ought to go and pay our respects to the Governor."

So Cable and I went to that majestic Capitol building and stated our errand. We were shown into the Governor's private office, and I saw Mr. Cleveland for the first time. We three stood chatting together. I was born lazy, and I comforted myself by turning the corner of a table into a sort of seat. Presently the Governor said:

"Mr. Clemens, I was a fellow citizen of yours in Buffalo a good many months, a good while ago, and during those months you burst suddenly into a mighty fame, out of a previous long-continued and no doubt proper obscurity—but I was a nobody, and you wouldn't notice me nor have anything to do with me. But now that I have become somebody, you have changed your style, and you come here to shake hands with me and be sociable. How do you explain this kind of conduct?"

"Oh," I said, "it is very simple, your Excellency. In Buffalo

you were nothing but a sheriff. I was in society. I couldn't afford to associate with sheriffs. But you are a Governor now, and you are on your way to the Presidency. It is a great difference, and it makes you worth while."

There appeared to be about sixteen doors to that spacious room. From each door a young man now emerged, and the sixteen lined up and moved forward and stood in front of the Governor with an aspect of respectful expectancy in their attitude. No one spoke for a moment. Then the Governor said:

"You are dismissed, gentlemen. Your services are not required. Mr. Clemens is sitting on the bells."

There was a cluster of sixteen bell buttons on the corner of the table; my proportions at that end of me were just right to enable me to cover the whole of that nest, and that is how I came to hatch out those sixteen clerks.

In accordance with the suggestion made in Gilder's letter recently received I have written the following note to ex-President Cleveland upon his sixty-ninth birthday:

HONORED SIR:—

Your patriotic virtues have won for you the homage of half the nation and the enmity of the other half. This places your character as a citizen upon a summit as high as Washington's. The verdict is unanimous and unassailable. The votes of both sides are necessary in cases like these, and the votes of the one side are quite as valuable as are the votes of the other. Where the votes are all in a man's favor the verdict is against him. It is sand, and history will wash it away. But the verdict for you is rock, and will stand.

S. L. CLEMENS.

As of date March 18, 1906. . . .

In a diary which Mrs. Clemens kept for a little while, a great many years ago, I find various mentions of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who was a near neighbor of ours in Hartford, with no fences between. And in those days she made as much use of our grounds as of her own, in pleasant weather. Her mind had decayed, and she was a pathetic figure. She wandered about all the day long in the care of a muscular Irishwoman. Among the colonists of our neighborhood the doors always stood open in pleasant weather. Mrs. Stowe entered them at her own free will, and as she was always softly slippered and generally full of animal spirits, she was able to deal in surprises, and she liked to do it. She would slip up behind a person who was deep in

dreams and musings and fetch a war-whoop that would jump that person out of his clothes. And she had other moods. Sometimes we would hear gentle music in the drawing-room and would find her there at the piano singing ancient and melancholy songs with infinitely touching effect.

Her husband, old Professor Stowe, was a picturesque figure. He wore a broad slouch hat. He was a large man, and solemn. His beard was white and thick and hung far down on his breast. The first time our little Susy ever saw him she encountered him on the street near our house and came flying wide-eyed to her mother and said, "Santa Claus has got loose!"

Which reminds me of Rev. Charley Stowe's little boy—a little boy of seven years. I met Rev. Charley crossing his mother's grounds one morning and he told me this little tale. He had been out to Chicago to attend a Convention of Congregational clergymen, and had taken his little boy with him. During the trip he reminded the little chap, every now and then, that he must be on his very best behavior there in Chicago. He said: "We shall be the guests of a clergyman, there will be other guests—clergymen and their wives—and you must be careful to let those people see by your walk and conversation that you are of a godly household. Be very careful about this." The admonition bore fruit. At the first breakfast which they ate in the Chicago clergyman's house he heard his little son say in the meekest and most reverent way to the lady opposite him,

"Please, won't you, for Christ's sake, pass the butter?"

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

THE GOSPEL OF WEALTH.—II.

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE.

THE problem of wealth will not down. It is obviously so unequally distributed that the attention of civilized man must be attracted to it from time to time. He will ultimately enact the laws needed to produce a more equal distribution. It is again foremost in the public mind to-day.

We have evidence of this in the President's recent speech (April 14th, 1906), in which he gives direct and forcible expression to public sentiment. We quote:

"It is important to this people to grapple with the problems connected with the amassing of enormous fortunes, and the use of those fortunes, both corporate and individual, in business. We should discriminate in the sharpest way between fortunes well won and fortunes ill won; between those gained as an incident to performing great services to the community as a whole, and those gained in evil fashion by keeping just within the limits of mere law-honesty. Of course, no amount of charity in spending such fortunes in any way compensates for misconduct in making them. As a matter of personal conviction, and without pretending to discuss the details or formulate the system, I feel that we shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as that of a progressive tax on all fortunes beyond a certain amount, either given in life or devised or bequeathed upon death to any individual—a tax so framed as to put it out of the power of the owner of one of these enormous fortunes to hand on more than a certain amount to any one individual; the tax, of course, to be imposed by the national and not the State government. Such taxation should, of course, be aimed merely at the inheritance or transmission in their entirety of those fortunes swollen beyond all healthy limits."

It is seventeen years since THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW published "Wealth," written by the writer (republished September 21st, 1906), which strongly urged graduated taxation of estates at death of possessors as the easiest and best mode of

insuring for the community a just share of great fortunes. He is in full accord with the President's views, as quoted, upon this vital question. Continued study has only confirmed him in his conviction of their justice, their beneficent effect upon society, and their necessity in the not-distant future. Much has been written of a contrary character. Graduated taxation has been denounced as unjust and Socialistic, fatal to Individualism and sure to sap the springs of enterprise. If the writer thought it favorable to Socialism or Communism, or in the least degree opposed to Individualism, he would be the last to favor it, for of nothing is he more fully convinced than that in Individualism lies the secret of the steady progress of civilization. Except we build upon the foundation of "As ye sow so shall ye reap," we labor in vain to establish a higher, or even to maintain the present, civilization. Virtue must bring reward, vice punishment, work wages, sloth misery. Energy and skill must win a prize denied to indolence and ignorance. He who sows the wind must reap the whirlwind.

The rights of private property emerged slowly from ages when property was held mostly in common; as civilization advanced men became less communistic and more individualistic. Public sentiment at last sustained private property because it was found favorable, and discarded Communism because it was found unfavorable, to progress; but there is nothing sacred about individual ownership except as man has established it as the system under which progress can be made. There is no cause to fear, therefore, that man is ever to turn round and creep backward toward the barbarism from which he has finally emerged. The law of evolution forbids, for his march is upward. Should he go too far in assessing wealth, he will inevitably reverse his action and adopt that policy which is best for the general good.

First, as to the justice of taxing large fortunes left at death upon a graduated scale for the benefit of the community. Graduated taxes are no new feature. Britain long since adopted them. They are advocated by no less an authority than Adam Smith, who says, "The subjects of every state ought to contribute to the support of government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities."

Let us go to the root of the matter and inquire how these fortunes are created, from whence and how they arise.

Imagine an honest hard-working farmer who finds himself able to give to each of his two sons a farm. They have married admirable young women of the neighborhood, of good kith and kin, friends from youth,—no mistake about their virtues. The sons find farms, one in the centre of Manhattan Island, the other beyond the Harlem. They cast lots for the farms as the fairest method, thus letting the fates decide. Neither has a preference. The Harlem farm falls to the elder, the Manhattan to the younger. Mark now the problem of wealth, how it develops.

A few hundred dollars buy the farms, and the loving brothers set out for themselves. They are respected by all; loved by their intimates. To the extent of their means, they are liberal contributors to all good causes, and especially to the relief of neighbors who through exceptional troubles need friendly aid and counsel. They are equally industrious, cultivate their farms equally well and in every respect are equally good citizens of the state. Their children grow up and are educated together.

The growth of New York City northwards soon makes the children of the younger millionaires, while those of the elder remain simple farmers in comfortable circumstances, but still of the class who, fortunate in this beyond their cousins, have to perform some service to their fellows and thus earn a livelihood.

Now, who or what made this difference in wealth? Not labor, not skill. No, nor superior ability, sagacity, nor enterprise, nor greater public service. The Community created the millionaire's wealth. While he slept, it grew as fast as when he was awake. It would have arisen exactly as it did had he been on the Harlem and his brother on the Manhattan farm.

The younger farmer, now a great property-holder, dies and his children in due time pass away, each leaving millions, since the farm has become part of a great city, and immense buildings upon it produce annual rents of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

When these children die, who have neither toiled nor spun, what canon of justice would be violated were the nation to step in and say that, since the aggregation of their fellow men called "the community" created the decedent's wealth, it is entitled to a large portion of it as they pass away. The community has refrained from exacting any part during their lives. The heirs have been allowed to enjoy it all, because although in their case the wealth was a purely communal growth, yet in other cases

wealth often comes largely from individual effort and ability, and hence it is better for the community to allow such ability to remain in charge of fortune-making, because most likely to succeed, and in so doing develop our country's resources.

It would be unwise to interfere with the working bees; better allow them to continue gathering honey during their lives. When they die, the nation should have a large portion of the honey remaining in the hives; it is immaterial at what date collection is made, so that it comes to the National Treasury at last.

In a prosperous country, increasing rapidly in population, like our own, by far the greatest amount of wealth created in any department comes from enhanced values of real property.

The Census shows that from 1890 to 1900 the value of Real Estate increased from $39,544,544,333 to $52,537,628,164—an increase of $12,993,083,831.

The obvious creator of this wealth is not the individual but the community, as we see in the case of the two brother farmers. Property may pass through many proprietors, each paying more for it than his predecessor; but whether each succeeding owner sells to his successor at a profit depends almost solely upon whether the surrounding population increases. Let population remain stationary and so do values of property. Let it decline, and values fall even more rapidly. In other words, increased population—the community—creates the wealth in each successive generation. Decrease of population reduces it, and this law holds in the whole of that vast and greatest field of wealth, Real Estate. In no other field is the making of wealth so greatly dependent upon the community, so little upon the owner, who may wholly neglect it without injury. Therefore no other form of wealth should contribute to the nation so generously.

Let us now trace the acquisition of wealth by the active business man who has some personal part, and often not a small one, in creating it.

Imagine four brothers, sons of another hard-working farmer. The first settles in New York City, the second in Pittsburgh, the third in Chicago and the fourth in Montana. The first sees that railroads in every direction are essential to the coming Metropolis and devotes himself to this field, obtains large interests therein; and, as the population of the country increases and that of New York City bounds ahead into the millions, these

lines of transport laden with traffic justify increasing bonded debt. Having the figures under his eye, he sees that the shares of these railways are sure to become dividend-paying, that even already there are surplus earnings beyond the bonded interest, which, if not needed for pressing extensions, could be paid in dividends and make the stock par. He strains his credit, borrows great sums, buys the shares when prices are low, and, floating upon a tidal wave of swelling prosperity, caused by the increased traffic of rapidly increasing communities, he soon becomes a multi-millionaire and at his death his children are all left millionaires. In the consolidation of the various short lines into one great whole there was margin for a stupendous increase of capital; and in other collateral fields there lay numerous opportunities for profitable exploitation, all, however, dependent upon an expanding population for increased values. Now, while the founder of the family must be credited with remarkable ability and with having done the state some service in his day and generation, it cannot be denied that the chief creator of his wealth was the increasing communities along the railroads, which gave the traffic that lifted these lines into dividend-payers upon a capital far beyond the actual cost of the property.

In the work and its profits the nation was an essential partner and equally entitled with the individual to share in the dividends.

The second son is so fortunate as to settle in Pittsburgh when it has just been discovered that some of the coal-fields of which it is the centre produced a coking-coal admirably adapted for iron-ore smelting. Another vein easily mined proved a splendid steam-coal. Small iron-mills soon sprang up. Everything indicated that here was indeed the future iron city, where steel could be produced more cheaply than in any other location in the world. Naturally, his attention was turned in this direction. He wooed the genius of the place. This was not anything extraordinarily clever. It was in the air. He is entitled to credit for having abiding faith in the future of his country and of steel, and for risking with his young companions not only all he had, which was little or nothing, but all they could induce timid bankers to lend from time to time. He and his partners built mills and furnaces, and finally owned a large concern making millions yearly. This son and his partners looked ahead. They

visited other lands and noted conditions, and finally concluded that a large supply of raw materials was the key to permanent prosperity. Accordingly, they bought or leased many mines of iron ore, many thousands of acres of coal and of limestone and also of natural-gas territory, and at last had for many long years a full supply of all the minerals required to produce iron and steel. This was wise policy, but it did not require genius, only intelligent study and good judgment, to see that. They did not produce these minerals; they saw them lying around open for sale at prices that are now deemed only nominal. Much of the wealth of the concern came from these minerals which were once the public property of the community, and were easily secured by this fortunate son and his partners upon trifling royalties.

Their venture was made profitable by the demand for their products, iron and steel, from the expanding population engaged in settling a new continent. Without new populous communities far and near, no milliondom was possible for them. The increasing population was always the important factor in their success. Why should the Nation be denied participation in the results when the gatherers cease to gather and a division has to be made?

The third son was attracted to Chicago, and quite naturally became an employee in a meat-packing concern, in which he soon made himself indispensable. A small interest in the business was finally won by him, and he rose in due time to millionairedom, just as the population of the country swelled. If Chicago to-day, and our country generally, had only the population of early days, there could have been no great fortune for the third son. Here, as before, it was the magnitude of the business, based solely upon the wants of the population, that swelled the yearly profits and produced prodigious fortunes.

The fourth son, attracted by the stories of Hecla and Calumet, and other rich mines which "far surpass the wealth of Ormus or of Ind," settled in Montana and was lucky after some years of rude experience. His ventures gave him the coveted millionairedom. The amount of copper and silver required by the teeming population of the country and of other lands kept prices high, and hence his enormous profits mined from land for which only a trifle was paid to the General Government not so long ago.

He did not create his wealth; he only dug it out of the mine as the demands of the people gave value to the previously worthless stones. Here especially we cannot but feel that the people who created the value should share the dividends when these must pass into other hands.

The fifth son had a melancholy career. He settled in New York City while young and unfortunately began his labors in a stock-broker's office, where he soon became absorbed in the fluctuations of the Exchange, while his fond mother proudly announced to all she met that he "was in business." From this the step was easy to taking chances with his small earnings. His gambling ventures proved successful. It was an era of rising values, and he soon acquired wealth without increasing values, for speculation is the parasite of business feeding upon values, creating none. A few years and the feverish life of the gamester told upon him. He was led into a scheme to corner a certain stock, and, as was to have been expected, he found that men who will conspire to entrap others will not hesitate to deceive their partners upon occasion if sure it will pay and safe from exposure. He ended his life by his own hand. His end serves to keep his brothers resolute in the resolve never to gamble. The speculator seldom leaves a millionaire's fortune, unless he breaks down or passes away when his ventures are momentarily successful. In such a case, his ill-gotten gold should be levied upon by the state at the highest rate of all, even beyond that imposed upon Real Estate values. Wealth is often, we may say generally, accumulated in such manner as benefits the nation in the process; here the means employed demoralizes the getter as well as the people, and lowers the standard of ethics. It is taken without returning any valid consideration.

There is one class of millionaires whose wealth in very much greater degree than others may be credited to themselves. Graham Bell of the telephone, Edison of numerous inventions, Westinghouse of the air-brake, and others, who originated or first applied processes hitherto unused, and were sufficiently alive to their pecuniary interests to hold large shares in the companies formed to develop and introduce them to the public. Their wealth had its origin in their own inventive brains. All honor to the inventor! He stands upon a higher platform than the others.

It may be said that in greater or less degree our leading manufacturers, railroad-builders, department-store projectors, meat-packers, and other specialists in one line or other had to adopt new methods; and, with few, if any, exceptions, there can be traced in their careers some special form of ability upon which their success depended, thus distinguishing them from the mass of competitors. No doubt this is correct, yet the inventions or processes used were the work of others, so that all they did was to introduce new methods of management or to recognize and utilize opportunities. This the inventor class have also done if they have become millionaires, but in addition they have invented the new processes. So that these deserve to reap beyond the other class, yet only in degree, because both classes alike depend upon increasing population—the masses, who require, or consume, the article produced, so that even the inventor's wealth is in great part dependent upon the community which uses his productions.

It is difficult to understand why, at the death of its possessor, great wealth, gathered or created in any of these or in other forms, should not be shared by the community which has been the most potent cause or partner of all in its creation. We have seen that enormous fortunes are dependent upon the community; without great and increasing population, there could be no great wealth. Where wealth accrues honorably, the people are always silent partners.

It is not denied that the great administrator, whether as railroad-builder, steamship-owner, manufacturer, merchant, banker, is an exceptional man, or that millions honestly made in any useful occupation give evidence of ability, foresight, and assiduity above the common and prove the man who has made them a valuable member of society. In no wise, therefore, should such men be unduly hampered or restricted as long as they are spared. After all, they can absorb comparatively little; and, generally speaking, the money-making man, in contrast to his heirs, who generally become members of the smart or fast set, is abstemious, retiring and little of a spendthrift. The millionaire himself is probably the least expensive bee in the industrial hive, taking into account the amount of honey he gathers and what he consumes.

An Income Tax is sometimes proposed as one of the best possible modes of correcting the uneven distribution of wealth, but of all taxes this is the most pernicious. It demoralizes a nation.

Mr. Gladstone, one of the greatest financial ministers, advocated its abolition in Britain, alleging that it made a "Nation of Liars." During the Civil War, we had such a tax and paid it loyally, but public sentiment demanded its repeal and it was the first tax remitted when war ceased—justly so because it penalized the honest citizen. Its imposition would be strenuously opposed unless it were graduated and the exemption line placed high, so that the tax should be restricted to the few enormous fortunes. The Supreme Court has declared such a tax to be unconstitutional. No great gain would result to the state from it compared to what would accrue from the easier plan of exacting heavy taxes at death. The date of collection matters little, so that the payment is certain at last. Such proportions can be exacted as are deemed proper from time to time, unless it is generally agreed that great wealth at last pays its fair share to the people of the Nation, who were so highly instrumental in creating it or from whom it was gathered.

The collection of an Income Tax would require a large trained body of permanent officials to collect from indignant, discontented people, naturally resenting intrusive inquiries regarding their private affairs. The honest would always pay, the dishonest would usually escape. Much better that Corporations should be required to pay a dividend tax to the Nation which would be really a tax upon Incomes. It is by doing so that Britain realizes such enormous sums from its Income Tax. Were she to attempt to collect these direct from each individual, it would be found much less productive. So should we find if we made the attempt. There is no reason for so doing. Every dividend-paying Corporation can be made the rigid collector of Income Tax for the Government.

It is clearly at the rich man's death that the community should exact a large share of estate, a graduated share, increasing in proportion to its extent. It should be paid over to the Government and applied to the service of the people, the silent but contributive partner from whom it has been so largely derived. The graduated death duties exacted by Britain might guide us in the beginning. The maximum assessment upon estates to the lineal successors is eight per cent. upon the valuation, but to distant legatees it is very much higher. Smaller estates pay less in proportion.

Such contributions from the owners of enormous fortunes at death would do much to reconcile dissatisfied but fair-minded

people to the alarmingly unequal distribution of wealth arising from the new industrial conditions of our day and the era of unprecedented prosperity our country has enjoyed for years.

The millionaire himself should rejoice at the thought of being a useful laborer in the national vineyard and in knowing that his contribution to the general fund at death will lessen the drain upon the scanty resources of his less successful fellows. Wealth left at death seldom does better service than this.

The people see how equivocally in many cases, how unfairly in others, fortunes have been made. Especially have the numerous failures of prominent men in official position to perform their duties properly deeply impressed them, and produced a strong feeling of antagonism to wealth and millionaires as a class. The appeal to them in the June number of this REVIEW should not pass unheeded. As wealth comes mainly from the community, it should be administered as a sacred trust, by the temporary recipient, for the public good. Property in one sense is a mere creature of the law. Whether the holder be permitted to bequeath it to his successors and to what extent and how, are simply questions of policy for the people through the Government to determine. France has long restricted it. Our States generally designate the widow's share. There is here no question of right or wrong, but simply one of policy,—what is best in all respects for the nation.

Fortunes have recently been more easily made with us than ever, both in number and amount, with the inevitable result that sudden wealth is bound to produce in a new land, which, not so long ago, was much freer from immense fortunes than the older lands of Europe. Millionaires are a recent growth in the Republic. Multi-millionaires were unheard of before our day.

Some sixty-odd years ago, Britain, then in the beginning of the speculative period of railroad construction and manufacturing supremacy, had a somewhat similar experience. Greater fortunes were made than ever before; but the makers, imbued with the aristocratic ambition to become great landowners and county magnates, were soon absorbed into that class. They regarded wealth only as a means to an end,—entrance to the aristocratic and fashionable circle. This refuge new millionaires lack under our democratic system, hence the vulgar, extravagant and offensive character of the follies to which they are driven, that evoke

so much adverse criticism from people of education, good sense, and quiet respectable living, with whom mere dollars count for little. Funds collected by the Government from the estates of the millionaires at death would never be likely otherwise to be put to so good a use as the payment of Government expenditures, relieving the people in part from the burden of taxation.

We are yet as a nation in the heyday of youth. In time we shall tone down and live simpler lives and create different standards. Wealth will be dethroned as higher tastes prevail, its pursuit become less absorbing and less esteemed, and, above all, the mere man of wealth himself will come to realize that in the estimation of those of wisest judgment he has no place with the educated, professional man. He occupies a distinctly lower plane intellectually, and in the coming day Brain is to stand above Dollars, Conduct above both. The making of money as an aim will then be rated as an ignoble ambition. No man has ever secured recognition, much less fame, from mere wealth. It confers no distinction among the good or the great.

Meanwhile, as the masses become more intelligent, they may be expected to criticise and denounce the growth of fortunes which fail to contribute largely to the public good, and finally to insist that they shall be made to do so. The first step to this end should be heavy graduated death taxes upon wealth, in pursuance of Adam Smith's dictum already quoted.

Indications of alarm are sometimes seen regarding present conditions. Fears are expressed that a war of classes may arise. On the contrary, there are none but healthful signs in the awakening intelligence and deep interest of the masses in this problem. Its final solution upon right lines cannot but place the body politic in a much better position than before.

The American people can be trusted to deal with improper methods of business and excessive wealth accumulations wisely and well, to the advantage of the Nation, as they have met and solved other pressing problems, some of which for a time were thought by many likely to cause serious trouble, whereas the commotion only indicated that another step nearer the light was about to be taken. So will it be with this new problem of regulating, as needed, both corporations and individuals, that there may be fairer acquisition and fairer distribution of wealth.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

IS THE UNITED STATES A WORLD POWER?

BY IGNOTUS.

THE San Francisco incident is a capital illustration of the justness of the assertion that the United States is a "World Power," and thus entitled to sit at the international table where the interesting, the fruitful and, sometimes, the dangerous game of diplomacy is played. Once more, but this time most curiously and even searchingly, the Powers that are able to redeem their pledges, or that may be compelled to redeem them, are studying this conglomerate of sovereignties that insists upon calling itself sovereign.

What are the admitted facts, so far as they bear upon the question to which our curiosity, and indeed our interests, seek an answer? These facts do not necessarily include all which go to the merits of the controversy which Japan has raised with the United States, and in which there may, or may not, be an injection of malice, a touch of Oriental cunning, a wicked desire to claim what would not be allowed at The Hague, but which might be enforced on a field where Japan has recently met with a success of the splendor and completeness of which the Oriental Island Empire and her people are justly proud. But we are not now concerned with the motives of Japan, nor even, in essence, with the alleged treaty obligation, nor with the Japanese claim as a claim, but simply and solely with the question of the power of the United States, a question that has been made pertinent by this incident. What, then, are the admitted and the pertinent facts?

In a brief special despatch from Tokio which was printed in the New York *Sun* of October 21st, we read of an intense excitement in Japan which was said to be due to the "exclusion of Japanese children from the public schools of California, John

D. Rockefeller's utterances on Japan's commercial treachery, and Congressman Kahn's bellicose threats coupled with the declaration that Japan is unprepared for a fight." There was so much that was grotesque in these asserted causes of international wrath that the despatch was properly presented in an inconspicuous column and in a subordinate place in that column. But on the following day there was published another despatch from Tokio; and this time it became evident that the Japanese mind, or at least the Japanese newspaper mind, was excited by reason of the alleged "exclusion of Japanese children from the public schools of California." The other causes were dropped. It was now stated that the Japanese Government considered the "situation as extremely dangerous." The Japanese Government sought, indirectly, of course, and through the agency of its press, to put itself in an intelligent, and, therefore, the right position for the contest, diplomatic or other, which might be coming on. It admitted that the trouble was purely local, but began to intimate that niceties of distinction between the National and State Governments of the United States would not be patiently listened to, or even understood, by the people with whom the Government had to reckon. Thus early the suggestion was thrown out, unofficially, that the United States would do well to repudiate the anti-Japanese sentiment which had so roused the wrath of the "child-loving nation."

It turned out that this sentiment was even more local than had been asserted in these Tokio despatches. The action complained of was really that of the San Francisco Board of Education and not that of the State of California, and the Board had not excluded Japanese from the schools, but had directed that they and all other Oriental children be taught, not with white children, but in separate schools. So the excitement in Japan was due to the action of a city, and not of one of those greater divisions which citizens of older World Powers may regard as United States counties.

So far we had no official assertion or representation by Japan. Nevertheless, the Government of the United States became strangely disturbed. It may be pardonable to observe that its activity was of that kind which is indulged in by both Governments and persons who realize their powerlessness to meet a possible situation which they dread or foresee. The despatches from

Washington informed us, "with much emphasis," that "the members of the Federal Administration, from the President down, have no sympathy whatever with the discrimination against the Japanese, or the attempts to stir up opposition to them." These official gentlemen were said to be of the solemn opinion that the agitation was "ill advised." The fear was expressed, still in official circles, be it understood, that Congress would enact a law "placing the Japanese upon the same basis as Chinese who desire to enter the country." What could this mean? Those who perform the public tasks of the ancient "World Powers" could understand how a cynical great nation might take away by legislation the rights of unresisting Chinese, but is there any Power in the world which would undertake so to deal with Japan —Japan, fresh from its triumph over Russia; Japan, whose mighty navy is so near to the undefended Asiatic frontier of the United States? Although the international law which the United States professes is very different from that which is practised by the older nations of Europe and Asia, no one who had long sat at the international table could believe her capable of such a folly.

And yet the Washington despatches asserted that there might be passed an exclusion law which would deprive Japanese of treaty rights, and that President Roosevelt could interpose nothing but his veto. What an incredible assertion! A statute can repeal a treaty! The legislature of a "World Power" can break the solemn international engagement entered into by the authority whose duty it is to speak for the nation in its dealings with other nations! How can the Powers which are able to keep their promises, to pay their stakes, regard with equanimity the entrance into the game of one that may slip under the table the moment he is called upon to pay his losses?

But let us proceed with the examination of the perturbation of the United States Government when it heard that the Government of Japan was concerned by the excitement of its people, and that it was manifesting that calm politeness which, when shown by a self-respecting man or Government, so often denotes alarming readiness for a fight rather than eagerness for peace. Instead of exhibiting an amiable haste to avoid real trouble, a haste which would have indicated that diplomatic errors would not be permitted to bring on war, since there could be no dispo-

sition anywhere to take advantage of such errors, the Japanese Government seemed to seasoned diplomats to be carefully establishing proof that no display of ill-temper by itself had precipitated a conflict. On the other hand, it seemed to the same observers, cynical and unfriendly, if you will, but almost brutally impartial in discussing the troubles of others, as if the Government of the United States was so irrationally nervous that it was clearly attempting to avoid an awkward situation over which it would have no control, but for which it might be held wholly responsible. Indeed, it was stated that the Administration "finds itself powerless to prevent misunderstanding in the present crisis in its relations with Japan." Veiled threats came to it from persons in "high position" in Japan. A Japanese boycott of American goods, more serious than that of the Chinese merchants, was suggested. An attempt was made to arouse the fears of the Eastern part of the United States for the ill results that might come to it on account of the manifestations of harshness and animosity against the Japanese by the people of the Pacific coast. Seemingly inspired despatches from Washington pleaded with Japan to remember the friendly sentiments of the United States for Japan in its war with Russia, and American services to prevent the partition of China among the Powers of Europe. It was a sad spectacle for the friends of the United States, that of this new-born "World Power" begging Japan to be kind; for this sort of thing is only resorted to *in extremis*. It is still the barbarian habit of the Powers to forget all friendships, and ignore the finer sentiments when these stand in the way of their designs, which, it may be admitted, are often far from righteous.

On the 24th, Washington found a grain of comfort in the fact that Japan had made no official representation, had as yet taken no official notice of the wrong done to her "little children." This was thought to be evidence that the Tokio Government understood the situation, realized that the United States was powerless to redress wrongs inflicted upon foreigners by a State, or by any inferior county, or by a city, while it was hoped that it also indicated that Japan would not exact the utmost, would not expose the frailty of her neighbor in the East, or take advantage of the "World Power" which was the easiest of all prey to the Japanese navy and army.

The next fact in the procession of events brought deep disap-

pointment to Washington. Japan took official notice of the San Francisco affair. To this time it had not appeared that Japan claimed that her treaty rights had been violated. The excitement of her people was apparently caused by the unfriendliness of the act of the San Francisco Board of Education. No legal obligation had been denied by the United States or by any part thereof. But, while this unfriendliness was an expression of race dislike, and might not break the law of nations, unlike the Chinese boycott it was a political act and the offenders constituted a political, or governing, body. Now, on the 25th of October, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Root, learned from the Viscount Aoki, the Japanese Ambassador, that his Government asserted that the "treaty rights of the Japanese in the United States had been infringed upon."

For the purposes of this exposition of the *affaire* San Francisco, as it has come to be called in the chancelleries, we must confine ourselves to the admission by the authorities of the United States that the Japanese Ambassador's representation was well founded, and that the children of Japanese in this country had the right by treaty with the United States to attend not only the public schools of the country, but the same schools as were attended by the children of native Americans; that the United States had agreed with Japan that there should be no discrimination in this respect either for or against the Japanese. Even if there were no such treaty right, it was clear that the Government of the United States did not care to discuss the question, or claim the advantage of a misplay. It seemed simply intent on assuring the Japanese Government that it regretted the incident; that it had no power to change or annul the order of the San Francisco school authorities; but that it would exert its influence, possibly sufficient, to secure from San Francisco action that would satisfy, perhaps gratify, the Government at Tokio and its people. We are not, however, dealing with the treaty of 1894. We are content to accept the views reputed to be held by both Governments and seemingly shared by the press of the United States, and by the Governments and press of Great Britain and of France. Moreover, according to a San Francisco despatch of the 26th of October, a United States judge issued an order directed to the Board of Education of San Francisco. This order was based on the theory that the exclusion of Japanese pupils

from the public schools was "in violation of the Constitution of the United States and also in violation of a treaty now existing between the United States and the Empire of Japan." We are dealing with the situation made by the general admission that Japanese children were possessed of the right to attend the public schools of California; that this right had been granted by the United States in a treaty the provisions of which gave to the United States consideration for its promise in the form of engagements on the part of Japan to grant what were regarded as reciprocal privileges to the people of this country; and that this treaty had been violated in the manner already indicated by a political body performing tasks of government in the United States.

Such was the situation as it appeared to those sitting around the international table on the 26th of October, after they had read of their colleague Aoki's representation to the American Secretary of Foreign Affairs. They looked, then, at their fellow "World Power" to see what it would do.

It is but simple justice to Mr. Root to say that he evinced his consciousness of the perplexity and awkwardness of the American situation by expressions of the deepest concern. Aoki told him that he and his Government understood—to use an expression which to a federal republican may seem harsh, but which to a monarchist must be true—the imbecility to which the Washington Government was reduced by its constitutional law. The Japanese Government understood that the affair was local, but the "people at home would misunderstand the situation." A feeble effort was made to complicate the question by allusions to the invasion of a seal-rookery by Japanese fishermen in violation of American treaty rights, but the allusion was not noticed, because Japan had no idea of permitting a diversion of attention from a situation in which, as Mr. Root himself recognized, she held the commanding position. Mr. Root finally determined that "something must be done," and the foreign observers expected that the United States would at once take steps to carry out its admitted promises, and to teach the intrusive local authorities their proper place in the government of the nation.

What was their surprise, however, to read, in a striking headline on the morning of the 27th: "Roosevelt acts for Japan. Moves to Protect Her Treaty Rights in California." Here was,

indeed, an astonishing assertion. The President of the United States was going to protect Japan against the assaults upon its own law by a public body of the United States. It would be his duty, of course, so to protect Japan from the breaking of the promises of his own Government, but how was he to set about it? Would he order the local authority to rescind its illegal action? Its order was illegal according to the admitted treaty rights and obligations of the two countries. A treaty is a law. In the United States it is made by the Constitution the supreme law of the land. In any country a treaty is a law and affects the relations of its citizens to foreigners and to its own Government, which is charged with the duty of enforcing the law. If the Japanese children had by treaty the right to attend the public schools, the action of the Board of Education of San Francisco was illegal; it was a violation of the law of the United States; it was, therefore, as it was performed wilfully, consciously, with intent to act in opposition to the treaty of the United States, a defiance of the Washington Government. How would the President act? How would he proceed to protect the other party to the international compact from this violation of the provisions of law which he must execute? Any of the really strong Governments which, to use an Americanism of the part of the country with which the President is supposed to be most familiar, were "sitting in the game," would have taken summary and effective action. They are not only "World Powers," but they possess and habitually exercise power over their domestic affairs. No subordinate division of any such Power would dream of infringing a law or a treaty of the general Government unless it were ready to resort to rebellion, and to an ultimate test of strength. But what did the President of the new "World Power" do in order that its promise to another Power might not be shattered by a local school board? Did he issue an order to the offenders? No; he acted for Japan by directing Secretary Metcalf, report says because he is a Californian, to go to San Francisco and to try to persuade the local authorities to rescind their action and to obey the law of the United States. It was stated in a Washington despatch that the "President wants mainly to emphasize that his interest in the situation is great enough to justify sending one of his own Cabinet to the scene." This is an extraordinary statement. The ruler of any other Power would have had

sufficient interest in any attempt by one of his local authorities to break one of his treaty promises to go himself to the scene, and, if necessary, to take force with him. But, after all, it is quite impossible to imagine such a situation in any Power whose treaties are effective, in whose central authority alone lies the power of keeping, or of breaking, international agreements. It would be strange, indeed, if the President were not interested in a situation the ultimate terms of which may be expressed by armies and navies. What is strange is that he should consider it worth while to express an interest. Such an expression naturally raises a doubt as to his ability to make his interest effective. This doubt was emphasized by the statement that Secretary Metcalf was "directed to confer with the Governor, the acting Mayor of San Francisco, the Japanese Consul, the school authorities and all others who might be able to throw light on the anti-Japanese situation and report to the President the exact conditions and the basis of the sentiment which served to bring about the discrimination against Japanese subjects."

This ambassador of the President accredited to the local authorities of San Francisco was to warn these recreant public servants that their conduct was likely to disturb the friendly relations of the United States and Japan, and to "endanger the commercial interests of the United States, not only in Japan but in China and elsewhere in the Far East." Secretary Metcalf was diplomatically to make the San-Franciscans realize the danger which lurked "in giving offence to Japan, and also the moral obligation which rests upon the Federal Government and its citizens to respect the treaty rights of the Japanese, who are assured of freedom from discrimination while residing within the borders of the country."

The Government which feels obliged to confine itself to persuasion, to exerting its influence, to appeals to its citizens, especially its official citizens, to be law-abiding, instead of compelling obedience to its laws, is a comical kind of "World Power." It may be that this Government may be able to raise troops and money; it may, according to the once-popular English Jingo tune, have the ships, the men and the money too, but, if it be a real "World Power," it ought to be able to prevent a war as well as to fight one when it can no longer be prevented. It ought to be able to prevent any of its citizens, certainly, from giving

cause for war by violating the treaty rights, or the rights recognized by international law, of a foreign people, or to punish those who do offend to the satisfaction of the offended state. It ought to be able to do this by its courts, or, if necessary, by its force. Its assertion that it is a "World Power" is ridiculous if it cannot act directly and immediately upon the sinning citizens, official or other. If it cannot compel all who dwell within its borders to keep the law embodied in one of its treaties, it is certainly a strange and unsafe partner in the international game. What Power would make an alliance with it for mutual aid in time of war, if an irresponsible School Board, or County Board, or State government, or a still more irresponsible mob, might precipitate a conflict of arms against the tearful pleadings of the Federal Government? It has been observed, by the way, by foreigners who also are studying the phenomena of government, that it is, say, temperamental in American publicists to speak of the central power as federal when a national obligation is to be avoided, and to emphasize its national character whenever its power is to be proclaimed. In the *affaire* San Francisco we hear exclusively of the Federal Government.

The President sent Secretary Metcalf to beg citizens of the United States, citizens holding public office, not to endanger the peace and commerce of the country by breaking its treaty. The head-lines quoted above assert that the President intended to protect the treaty rights of Japan, but how much more is it necessary for the United States to protect its own honor, its own promises, against the assaults of its own people? Can any nation be a "World Power" that is not a power at home? The real "World Power" does not, hat in hand, beg its citizens to refrain from plunging it into war by doing wrong to its treaty obligations. A real "World Power" would sternly and effectively prevent or punish defiant citizens. To beg its citizens to observe the law is comic, and, in the case of the United States, whom the Old World loves, is sad.

And yet Secretary Metcalf goes to beg the San-Franciscans to be good and law-abiding, to appeal to their better nature by reminding them that "Japan, through the Red Cross, sent more than $100,000 for the relief of San Francisco's earthquake and fire sufferers." To add to the fun of the comedy, it was announced on the 2nd of November that Attorney-General Moody

had instructed the United States District Attorney in San Francisco to aid, by his advice, perhaps by his presence, the counsel of the Japanese who were to seek, in a court of the United States, an injunction to restrain the local school board from denying to Japanese their treaty rights. Think of it! A "World Power" was ready to help the counsel of foreigners to enforce the "World Power's" law in the "World Power's" own courts. How full of laughter are the cynical onlookers who are familiar with proclamations, naval reviews, after-dinner speeches and editorials!

As one reads the history of the United States in the later years of the eighteenth century, one who has been taught in the school of nations that have long been able to do business with other nations—implying the power to observe their compacts—one wonders that even the mutual jealousies of the colonies could evolve so impotent an instrument of government as the Confederation. Speaking of its treaty-breaking function, an Englishman, the most recent, and perhaps most brilliant, of the many essayists on Alexander Hamilton, says that Congress "made alliances which could and would have been disowned by any State had it discovered a private advantage in the disavowals. When Congress finally came to make peace, the terms which it had agreed to were ignored and repudiated. In the harlequinade of human affairs, no pantaloon ever exercised less discipline and authority." The Constitution was framed in the hope of correcting this feebleness which made of the Confederation a despised bankrupt with which no nation would make a contract, for it was not possessed of power to keep its promise. Has this weakness indeed been corrected? No power in this country but the Federal Government can now make a treaty. No State can enter into a compact with a foreign Power. It is true that the keeping of treaties by the General Government is an invariable virtue, and, therefore, treaties are made with it; but it is also true that if the people of a locality, or the government of a locality, violate the treaty rights of others, the United States Government cannot force obedience to its law, a treaty, nor punish for violation of it. This was revealed in its controversy with Italy which grew out of the murder of Italian subjects in New Orleans. That case differs from the present one because the breach of the treaty rights of the Italians was committed by a mob, whose criminal members the General Government, accord-

ing to its own assertions, could not punish. In this instance, the breach of Japanese rights was that of a public official body, whose vicious order the United States cannot annul. Japan, it may be said, should have recalled the Italian incident; and so official Japan does, but the Japanese people know nothing of the constitutional knots which prevent the United States from keeping promises that are distasteful to any section of its citizens, and its voters. They know that their "dear children" have been excluded from schools, and, to them, the United States Government is responsible. Let us suppose a reversal of conditions. If a province of Japan, Sakiado, for instance, should deny to an American citizen his commercial or personal rights, would the people of this country be satisfied with the explanation of its refusing to satisfy the demand of Washington that the Emperor's Government could not redress the grievance of the American citizen because the Emperor had no jurisdiction over Sakiado, could not compel its people, or its local authorities, to observe Japanese treaty obligations? We trow not, unless the Washington Government fears Japan. Sometimes a quarrelsome lad hesitates, and finally refrains from going to extremes. The result of a measurement of the other lad's muscles, sinews and spirit, leads him to think well of peace, perhaps of arbitration. The so-called Great Powers are often like boys. A nation, "World Power" or other, does not make war if it believes that it will be conquered. This would be an impolite observation if he who uttered it had the United States in mind. It is not long since Japan was weak, and the Great Powers were quick to recognize that weakness. An interesting Japanese addressed a letter to the New York *Sun* which was published on the 31st of October. This letter referred to some historic cases similar to that which has been here imagined. From them we see how quick England and America were to respond with arms to the assertion that the Central Government of Japan was unable to compel a province of the nation to redress the grievance of a foreigner, which, the foreigner conceived, was the result of a violation of a national obligation. The first instance, widely known and remembered, was the murder of an English subject who had unwittingly, but sacrilegiously, crossed the processional train of the Daimio of Satsuma. In response to the representations of the British Government, the Shogun's Government stated that it had no power to

compel the Daimio to redress the grievance. Whereupon a British battle-ship was sent to the Daimio's province, and he was compelled to pay money for the satisfaction of the wrong done to the Englishman. The other incident is the firing upon an American war-ship as she passed through the Strait of Shimonoseki. To the polite American admiral who invited the attention of the Shogun's Government to the unfortunate incident, there came the same reply as that which was made to Great Britain in the other affair. Again the irresponsible Daimio, being behind Shogunate irresponsibility, was compelled, by the presence of a combined European and American fleet, to pay money for the exercise in which his gunners had indulged. The third instance is that in which Japan, dealing now with a weaker Power, brought to repentance and humility the Chinese Government which declined responsibility for the outrageous and murderous conduct of some unruly Formosans. The Japanese writer pertinently says:

"The three incidents cited above may prove how disastrous it is for a central government of a country to be unable to control a local government. In the case of the Shogunate government, it was overthrown in a few years after it had proved to be powerless over the local daimiate governments. In the case of the central Chinese Government it had to give an indemnity and a humiliating pledge."

There seems to be a lesson for the new "World Power" in these incidents, and it is a lesson which may fall upon ears not unheeding. Certainly, there ought to be no strutting—perhaps it may be permissible to say, no further strutting—as a "World Power" by a Central Government whose commerce, whose peace, whose law, whose honor are at the mercy of any mob, or of any local authority, which sees fit not only to entertain, but to put in practice, a race prejudice, by violation of the treaty rights of the race that is despised, or whose members are competing with voting labor-unionists. The drum-major of the band is not a fighting unit; he is the swollen and decorated figure of an unserious moment. The nation that takes a seat at the international table may speak of its prowess of the future, if it be so inclined; but it must not only play its cards and pocket its gains; it must be prepared to pay its losses or stand the consequences. A "World Power" that cannot control or account for a mob, or a School Board; that cannot execute its laws or keep its promises,

but must beg to be obeyed! Is this to be the end of the *affaire* San Francisco, as it was of the *affaire* New Orleans?

Is the great Republic once more to pay to a foreign Power a fine imposed upon it for its incompetency to deal with its own citizens who break its treaty pledges? And, if it once more submits to do so, ought it not to reconsider its self-complacent announcement that it is now a "World Power"? Can a nation rise to the proud height of a "World Power" by victory over a decrepit government; and can it retain its lofty seat after it has admitted that it cannot compel the School Board of one of its cities to obey its law?

IGNOTUS.

PENDING IMMIGRATION BILLS.

BY ROBERT DE C. WARD.

THE Fifty-ninth Congress has received very general and well-deserved commendation for much excellent legislation enacted by it during its first session, but one of the most important measures of all—the immigration bill—went over, in Conference, to the Short Session. The popular demand for a further regulation of alien immigration found expression in the introduction last winter, into both Senate and House, of an unusually large number of carefully drawn and well-considered immigration bills. These bills, in the usual course of procedure, were referred to the two Committees on Immigration and Naturalization, both of which Committees are composed of an exceptionally competent and representative body of men, including several members who have made a thorough and impartial study of the whole immigration question, and are abundantly qualified to deal with this legislation as experts.

In view of the present state of our knowledge of the immigration question, the Committees felt, as the public generally feels, that the subject has already been thoroughly studied, carefully considered, and exhaustively argued, and that there was no need of delay in perfecting new legislation. The demand for more time; for further hearings; for investigating commissions, and the like, comes from those who are selfishly interested in having conditions continue as at present, and who are even hostile to any immigration regulation whatsoever. To say, as some of these persons have said, that "great harm, injustice and inhumanity" would be done by the bill which passed the Senate last May is preposterous, as is the claim that any measure which has received so large and so general an endorsement is a piece of "class legislation." It is a very striking fact,

and one which should help to settle the minds of those who are honestly in doubt regarding their position on this question, that the bill which came before the House after its passage by the Senate last May embodied practically every one of the new provisions included in the bill already reported to the House by its own Committee on Immigration. This shows that, after careful consideration, the Senate as a whole, and the body of immigration experts on the House committee, had reached practically the same conclusion as to needed legislation.

As the Senate acted first, the Senate bill will be first considered. This bill, S. 4,403, generally known as the Dillingham Bill because it was drawn up and ably supported by the efficient chairman of the Senate Committee on Immigration, Senator W. P. Dillingham, of Vermont, passed the Senate, without division, on May 23rd, 1906. Senator Dillingham said in the Senate on May 22nd that this measure, if enacted into law, "will go a long way in the direction of making perfect the already excellent immigration act of 1903."

Section 1 increases the head-money to be paid on alien passengers, except citizens of the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico and Cuba, from two dollars to five dollars.

This money is paid by the steamship companies, and is simply added to the price of the passage-ticket. The immigrant himself knows nothing of the payment, and it therefore makes no additional "red tape" for him. The head-money is paid into the United States Treasury, forming what is known as the "immigrant fund," and is spent in maintaining the immigration service. An increased head-tax means a larger "immigrant fund," and that means more effective administration of existing laws and better care and protection of the immigrants. Larger and more adequate buildings at existing immigrant stations are very much needed, and new stations, with complete equipment, must be built at New Orleans, Charleston and other ports where immigrants are just beginning to be landed. Furthermore, a larger inspection force is imperatively demanded in order that our immigration officials shall not be obliged, as they now are, to be on duty daily—including Sundays and holidays. The comfort, health and efficiency of these men demand such an increase in the force. It is objected to an increased head-tax that the honesty and character of an immigrant do not depend upon his ability to pay a cer-

tain sum of money, and that undesirable persons, criminals, for example, might easily pay the tax. In answer to this objection it need only be pointed out that the higher head-tax is not to be substituted for the other restrictive clauses of existing law; it is to be added to them. Criminals, anarchists, convicts, beggars, paupers, would be excluded, if detected, even if they could pay the larger head-tax. The United States should not be chosen by an immigrant, as it often has been, because it is the cheapest country to go to. It should be selected because it is *the best,* and the best is worth paying for. Higher head-money becomes more necessary as the increasing facilities of land and water transportation make it easier and cheaper to come here. Furthermore, it has been objected to increased head-money that such an increase would debar the worthy and intelligent alien from northern Europe, with a large family, who comes here to settle, while admitting the single alien, who may be far less desirable, from southern Europe or western Asia. The answer to this objection is that, in the pioneer stage of emigration from any country, it is likely that most of those who leave will be men without their families, as is now the case with some of the nations which are beginning to send us large numbers of immigrants from southern and eastern Europe. Later, family immigration increases. This argument is of temporary value only, and has no weight in the general discussion. The argument that it is unfair to an alien who may be debarred from landing to make him lose the additional $3 which a head-tax of $5 would add to his passage rate, is met by the fact that our immigration laws are, or should be, well known abroad. Aliens who are likely to be debarred are probably aware of the possibility of that occurrence in the large majority of cases. They, and the steamship company which brings them over, take the risk of securing a landing, and it cannot be considered an unfair action on the part of the United States to raise the passage rate $3 when the alien himself is undesirable and is debarred by law.

Section 2 adds to the excluded classes:

I. Imbeciles, feeble-minded persons, and epileptics. The Act of March 3rd, 1903, excludes "idiots." Experience has shown that there are a good many immigrants who are certified by our medical inspectors as being "mentally deficient" or "feeble-

minded," and who should certainly be debarred by law. Our best interests demand that no distinction should be made between the idiotic and the feeble-minded or imbecile. The latter are as undesirable additions to our population as the former, and it is as dangerous to add to the American race the children of feeble-minded parents as of idiotic parents. A strong recommendation in favor of this amendment was adopted by the National Immigration Conference at New York last December. Obviously, this provision would affect only a very few aliens, and those of a highly undesirable class.

II. "Persons not comprehended within any of the foregoing excluded classes, who are found to be and are certified by the examining surgeon as being mentally or physically defective, such mental or physical defect being of a nature which may affect the ability of such alien to earn a living." This is one of the more important of the new provisions. In recent years there has come so marked a deterioration in the general physique of the immigrants that it is high time that all aliens of poor physique should be debarred from our shores. When we raise horses, or cattle, or dogs, or sheep, we are careful to select good, strong, healthy stock. If we have any concern for the physical development of our race, we should certainly be no less careful in the selection of our human stock. At the present time, our medical inspectors record thousands of aliens as being of such poor physique that their ability to earn a living is thereby interfered with, yet nearly all of these are admitted because there is no specific clause in our existing immigration law under which they can clearly and surely be excluded.

Our best insurance against race decadence is to be sought in the selection of good stock. We want none but honest, industrious, healthy and fit immigrants. We want them sound in body and sound in mind. We have by law debarred those of unsound mind. Our next step should be to debar those of poor physique. The clause of the Senate bill in the matter of physically unfit and degenerate aliens was carefully drawn, after consultation with the most competent immigration officials. It has commended itself to every one who, having looked at the matter impartially, has publicly expressed an opinion upon it.

No rational or valid argument can be advanced against the exclusion of aliens whose presence here lowers our physical stand-

ards, results in a deterioration of the American race, and adds to the number of our defective and dependent classes. The physical condition of our immigrants is of even more importance than their assimilation. A physical test was urged by the President in his last message, and was recommended by the Immigration Conference. Its adoption has also been strongly urged by the Commissioner-General of Immigration and by the present and former Commissioners of Immigration at New York. A physical test is uniform for all races of incoming aliens. It is not intended and cannot be used to exclude those of any special race. To say, as did a very misleading circular issued during the last Session of Congress, that "any malevolent or narrow-minded medical inspector . . . might be tempted to abuse his power," and exclude large numbers of aliens of some one nationality, is to impute dishonest, unpatriotic and wholly unworthy motives to the able officers of the United States Public Health and Marine-Hospital Service. Our medical inspectors may be trusted in this matter, as we already trust them in the detection and certification of "loathsome or dangerous contagious diseases." They are intelligent, able and honorable men. They will give certificates of "poor physique" only when thoroughly satisfied that all the conditions warrant them in so doing.

III. All children under seventeen years of age, unaccompanied by their parents, unless coming to join parents already in this country who are able to support them, or unless, in the case of death of both parents, they are coming to join brothers or sisters, or uncles or aunts, already in the United States who are willing and able to support them, and will furnish proper security therefor. The object of this clause, the adoption of which has been urged by officials of the Immigration Service, is to put a stop to the importation of alien boys brought here to work under the padrone system.

IV. Those whose passage is paid for, or who are assisted by others to come, unless they prove they do not come within the other excluded classes.

"But this section shall not be held to prevent citizens of the United States, or persons living in the United States who have declared their intention to become citizens of the United States, or women who have acquired a domicile in the United States, from sending for parents, wife,

husband, children, grandchildren, brothers, or sisters, or children of deceased brothers and sisters, who are not of the foregoing excluded classes."

For many years Congressional committees have paid attention to what is known as "assisted" immigration, that is, the prepayment of an alien's passage by a relative, or friend, or employer, on this side of the water, or by charitable societies, or local government authorities on the other side. There has always been much evil in assisted immigration. Aliens come here on tickets which are prepaid by distant relatives and friends in the United States who very often fail to support or to care for the newcomers after they have arrived. Employers, likewise, directly or indirectly, encourage the prepayment of passage in order that they may secure cheaper labor. There is no objection to assisted immigration when a husband sends for a wife, a brother for a sister, or a son for a parent. There is little danger that immigrants assisted to come in this way will become burdens upon the community. But the more distant the relationship, the less claim the new arrival has upon the person already here, and the less desirable on the whole is the assisted alien. Congress some years ago very properly recognized the danger in assisted immigration when it debarred from landing "any person whose ticket or passage is paid for with the money of another, or who is assisted by others to come." But, in order to make it possible for the members of a family to send for one another, the following words were added: "But this section shall not be held to prevent persons living in the United States from sending for a relative or friend who is not of the . . . excluded classes." The motive of Congress was excellent, but the phrasing of the law is too loose to meet present conditions. At present, about fifty per cent. of our total immigration is assisted, and, for an assisted immigrant, any one is a "friend," and any one up to a fifth or sixth cousin several times removed is a "relative." The time has come, with our present enormous immigration, to restrict to the immediate family the privilege of assisting other aliens. As a rule, it is safe to say that the less desirable immigrants are those who cannot pay their own passage. The clause in Section 2 of the Dillingham Bill is extremely liberal in making many exceptions in favor of members of a family. It is certain that this amendment would do much to diminish the number of those

who become public charges. It has heartily commended itself to our charitable societies all over the country.

The Law of March 3rd, 1903, provides:

"It shall be unlawful for any person, including any transportation company other than railway lines entering the United States from foreign contiguous territory, or the owner, master, agent, or consignee of any vessel, to bring to the United States any aliens afflicted with a loathsome or with a dangerous contagious disease."

For so doing, a fine of $100 is imposed for each alien so brought. All being agreed as to the necessity of excluding aliens suffering with loathsome and dangerous contagious diseases, we must also agree that the law of March 3rd, 1903, is right in fining a steamship company $100 for bringing over an alien afflicted with such a disease when "the existence of such disease might have been detected by means of a competent medical examination" at the time of embarkation. To make the steamship companies exercise suitable care in such matters is fair, not only to the diseased alien himself, who would otherwise have to be sent back, but also to the other passengers on the ship, who would be exposed to the risk of contracting the disease during the voyage. One of the distressing results of our present system is the large number of aliens who are denied admission after they have made the journey across the ocean. Commissioner-General Sargent has well said: "It is right that they should be denied admission; wrong that they ever should have started from home." The Immigration Conference at New York recommended that a fine of $100 be imposed on the steamship companies for each immigrant whom our inspectors reject *for any cause* under existing law.

The Senate Bill imposes a $100 fine in the cases of idiots, imbeciles, feeble-minded persons, insane persons and epileptics, provided their condition might have been ascertained by a competent medical examination at the ports of embarkation. The fine for aliens with loathsome and dangerous contagious diseases remains as at present.

As general medical inspection by American officials at foreign ports is not feasible, owing to the objection of certain foreign Governments, the only thing for us to do is obviously to force the steamship companies to make an examination themselves, and to fine them for bringing aliens whom we exclude, in all cases in

which an examination on embarkation may reasonably be expected to bring to light a cause of exclusion which we have named in our law.

Section 20 extends the time within which those becoming public charges may be deported to three years (it is now two years), a change which has received strong support from our boards of organized charities all over the country.

Section 26 gives authority to the Commissioner-General of Immigration to establish a division of information, whose duty shall be "to promote a beneficial distribution of aliens admitted into the United States among the several States and Territories desiring immigration." These "intelligence offices" may be established at any of the immigrant stations of the United States. Agents of the several States or Territories can present, to admitted aliens, the special inducements offered by their States or Territories to aliens, and displays of the resources and products of the different sections of the country may also be made at the same time. An appropriation of $20,000 is made for carrying out the provisions of this section.

This section is the result of a very general agitation for a more wide-spread distribution of the arriving aliens, and is the first official step in a movement which deserves support and encouragement. The demand for a better distribution of our immigrants from the congested city slums of the North and East has, however, been pushed far beyond the bounds of common sense. It is claimed by many persons that distribution is the real solution of the whole immigration problem, and that distribution, not further regulation, is what we should endeavor to bring about. It cannot be too often pointed out, in answer to this argument, that, as President Roosevelt well said in his last message, distribution is a palliative, not a cure. It can never solve the immigration problem.

To attempt to relieve our city slums by dispersing their inhabitants, without at the same time further restricting the number of newer aliens who will pour in, is very much like trying to keep a boat bailed out without stopping the leak. A recent writer has well said that distribution from our city slums is an aggravation of the immigration problem, "in that it tends to diminish the crowding in the slums in which our least desirable immigrants congregate, and thereby tends to make

of those slums a sort of suction-pump by which the worst class of immigration is drawn to this country, given a course in the slums of our great cities, and then sent out to spread the slum in other parts of the country."

A canvass of the different States, made within a few months, brought forth from the officials to whom the inquiries were sent a vigorous protest against the wholesale shipment of aliens from the city slums into their States. Several of the Southern States have emphatically stated what nationalities of immigrants they want, and their preferences are for people from the northern United States and for northern Europeans. A leading newspaper of the South has said that no such immigrants as have crowded the East Side of New York and the factories of New England are wanted in the South.

Congressman A. P. Gardner, of Massachusetts, was right when he said, regarding enforced distribution to remedy the shortage of labor-supply in some sections:

"Population in the United States has always distributed itself, and will continue to do so, wherever it is best paid and wherever employment is steadiest."

In other words, distribution is governed by natural laws. A recent effort on the part of an Immigrant Protective Society in New York to send out through the South large numbers of aliens from the slums of New York met with the following rebuke at the hands of the "Manufacturers' Record" of Baltimore, one of the leading trade journals of the South:

"The circular of the Society seems to be upon a basis of 'organized philanthropy.' We have come to view with extreme caution 'organized philanthropic' efforts in behalf of the South, originating in New York or elsewhere, however businesslike their aspect. For such efforts, no matter how kindly disposed and well-conceived they may be, or how lofty and altruistic their purpose, might in the very nature of things not result to the South's advantage."

Section 29 excludes:

"All persons over sixteen years of age and physically capable of reading, who cannot read the English language or some other language; but an admissible immigrant or a person now in or hereafter admitted to this country may bring in or send for his wife, his children under eighteen years of age, and his parents or grandparents over fifty years of age, if they are otherwise admissible, whether they are so able to read or not."

No plan for further selecting immigration has had more general support than the illiteracy test. Commissioner-General Sargent has said:

"This requirement, whatever arguments or illustrations may be used to establish the contrary position, will furnish alien residents of a character less likely to become burdens on public or private charity. Otherwise, it must follow that rudimentary education is a handicap in the struggle for existence."

And Dr. Albert Shaw has put the case clearly when he says:

"While ability to read and write one's own language is by no means conclusive as to the desirability of a particular immigrant, it may certainly be regarded as a mark of superiority when taken in the average."

It is objected that such a test would not keep out anarchists and criminals, but as President Roosevelt has pointed out, it would "tend to decrease the sum of ignorance, so potent in producing the envy, suspicion, malignant passion, and hatred of order, out of which anarchistic sentiment inevitably springs." Moreover, this test is not to replace existing grounds for exclusion; it is an addition to them. A criminal, an anarchist, a polygamist, would be debarred under the present law, even if he could pass the illiteracy test. No one has ever claimed that the ability to read is a test of moral character, but such a test would certainly lessen the burden upon our schools and upon our charitable institutions. Every nation should care for its own illiterates, as it should care for its own insane and its own paupers. It is time for us to stop shouldering the burden of European and Asiatic illiteracy. Nothing that the United States can do for universal common-school education would be so effective as the adoption of an illiteracy test for immigrants. Thus a recent writer who is well informed regarding the condition of Italian immigration says:

"An educational test for immigrants might be an effective means of applying a stimulus to popular education in Italy, and might really assist the Government materially in its efforts to get children to the common schools."

And our consul at Venice has reported that, when it seemed probable a few years ago that illiterates would be debarred from the United States, night schools were opened in Italy for the benefit of intending immigrants, but when the prospect of such legislation vanished, the schools were closed. The United States Industrial Commission said:

"If compulsory education is desirable as a preparation for American citizenship and as a protection to the citizens themselves, it is equally desirable for immigrants who are prospective citizens and for American children who are prospective citizens."

Our immigration laws should have for a leading object the protection of American citizenship. It is absurdly inconsistent for us to spend vast sums of money in the education of American children, and then open our gates freely to thousands of aliens who have not been required to obtain similar education.

There is no danger that the exclusion of illiterates would cause a scarcity of labor in this country. If there is a demand for laborers, the supply will be forthcoming from Europe. If the steamship companies cannot bring illiterates, they will fill their steerages with aliens who can read. And with the stimulus thus put upon education, the illiteracy in many of the countries of Europe would soon show a notable decline. There is plenty of labor now in our cities which would be better off in the country, where there is great need of farm "help." But the cities attract, and the farmer waits for his help. So it would be under the illiteracy test.

The illiteracy test has passed the House four times and the Senate three times in recent years. It has been recommended by Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt and by the Commissioner-General of Immigration, and thousands of petitions in its favor have been sent to Congress.

The Dillingham Bill, as passed by the Senate, embodies a series of amendments to existing immigration laws which have received the endorsement of the most competent, the most unprejudiced and the most trustworthy authorities on immigration in the country. Immigration officials; medical inspectors of the Immigration Service; boards of charity and of insanity; labor organizations; boards of trade; State legislatures; immigration conferences; and thousands of societies and organizations of various kinds have endorsed some or all of its provisions, and previous Congresses also have passed some of the most important amendments which it contains.

Congressman Gardner, of Massachusetts, on behalf of the House Immigration Committee, reported a bill (H. R. 17,941) on April 9th, 1906, prepared after a careful study of a large number of immigration bills introduced into the House during

the Session. After the Dillingham Bill had passed the Senate, and had been referred to the House Committee, the latter reported, as an amendment to S. 4,403, House bill 18,673, which was H. R. 17,941 with a few changes. The Gardner Bill, as it is generally called, raised the duty on alien passengers from $2 to $5; excluded (*a*) imbeciles and feeble-minded persons; (*b*) persons of such poor physique as to incapacitate them for work, if dependent for their support upon their own physical exertions; (*c*) assisted immigrants whose passage was paid by any corporation, association, society, municipality or foreign government; (*d*) unaccompanied children under sixteen; and (*e*) illiterates, and extended the period of deportation for public charges to three years. The bill also made provision for the establishment of a bureau of information at each immigrant station. The Gardner Bill is weaker than the Senate Bill in the provision for excluding persons of poor physique, which reads as follows in the former:

> "Persons who are dependent for their support upon their own physical exertions, and who are certified by the examining medical officer to be of a low vitality or poor physique such as would incapacitate them for such work."

By the wording, "who are dependent for their support upon their own physical exertions," the whole clause is made of little or no value. The large majority of aliens certified as physically unfit would find friends or relatives who would promise the immigration officers to help these physically defective immigrants to some extent, so that the latter would not be wholly "dependent for their support upon their own physical exertions." In other words, there would then be the same difficulty as exists at present in the case of aliens deemed liable to become public charges. Friends and relatives, the latter often very distant, assure the officials that these aliens will be taken care of, and will not become a public charge; the aliens are admitted—and the friends and relatives forget their promises. The only way to secure the exclusion of this most undesirable class of physically unfit, defective and degenerate aliens is to give the medical officer the whole authority in the matter, just as is now rightly done in the case of an alien suffering with a loathsome or dangerous contagious disease, or who is insane, or an idiot.

The House bill omits one important addition to the excluded classes which is made by the Senate bill, viz., assisted immigrants outside of the immediate members of a family. The bill also makes some changes in the administrative features of existing laws.

The House did not reach the consideration of the immigration bill until June 25th, in the last week of the Session. During these last few hours, as is well known, in the haste and confusion just before adjournment, when many members have already left Washington, it frequently happens that bills are amended, and then passed, without any adequate discussion or understanding of the changes which are actually being made. This was true of the immigration bill on June 25th last. By unprecedented tactics on the part of the Speaker and of a few of his lieutenants, and without question against the sober judgment of the majority of the House of Representatives, the immigration bill as passed after very hurried consideration was shorn of (1) the increased head-money and of (2) the illiteracy test. Two additions were made to the bill. One amendment provides for a commission consisting of two Senators, three members of the House, and two private citizens, to make "full inquiry, examination and investigation of the subject of immigration." There can obviously be no harm in the appointment of such a commission, nor, on the other hand, will anything be gained by such an inquiry, in view of the very considerable knowledge of the whole subject which all persons who choose to study immigration may obtain from publications which are already available. Another amendment, offered by Mr. Littauer, of New York, was as follows:

"That an immigrant who proves that he is seeking admission to this country solely to avoid prosecution or punishment on religious or political grounds, for an offence of a political character, or prosecution involving danger of imprisonment or danger to life and limb on account of religious belief, shall not be deported because of want of means or the probability of his being unable to earn a livelihood."

The intention of this clause is obvious and praiseworthy, but if enacted into law it would effectively break down the existing barriers against undesirable aliens which Congress has wisely set up. One of the most undesirable classes of aliens is clearly that of persons who are liable to become public charges. But to adopt the Littauer amendment would make it diffi-

cult or even impossible to exclude any alien on the ground of liability to become a public charge. For a very large majority of our immigrants would attempt to show, in some way or other, that they had come here "to avoid prosecution or punishment on religious or political grounds." Political, religious and economic reasons are among the most potent factors in inducing immigration to this country, and impending punishment for religious or political causes would be urged by many aliens as the reason for their coming, without the possibility of contradiction by our immigration officials. This amendment would practically nullify one of the most important clauses in existing law, and one which has universally commended itself. It is no wonder that, as Congressman Gardner said in the House on June 25th, "the Immigration Bureau seriously objects" to this clause. It is no wonder that Gen. Grosvenor opposed the amendment, saying that he feared that "very grave complications will grow up under this hasty style of legislation."

The situation in the Conference Committee is, then, the following: The Senate, acting deliberately, after unlimited debate, passed an immigration bill, without division, which embodies the results of years of the most careful study on the part of recognized experts. Every one of its provisions has had strong endorsement at the hands of competent, unprejudiced, and thoroughly trustworthy officials, as well as of the public generally. The Dillingham Bill is an adequate, well-considered, rational measure, which amends existing laws to meet present and future conditions in a thoroughly sane and satisfactory way. The House, under extraordinary pressure, after a very limited debate, in confusion and haste, with conflicting votes, completely emasculated the bill of its own Committee. More than that, at the end of the debate, without any adequate thought or discussion, an amendment was adopted which would tremendously weaken the present laws. In other words, the House took a step backward along the line of breaking down legislation which has been well built up in past years.

ROBERT DEC. WARD.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERY DISPUTE

BY P. T. MC GRATH.

No more vexatious international entanglement could well be imagined than the present fishery dispute between Newfoundland and the United States. While, superficially, it appears to be a mere question of whether the Colonial Government can hamper American fishermen in procuring cargoes of herring on the West Coast of the Island, it really comprehends the genesis of the dispute between the Republic and Canada respecting the whole Atlantic Fisheries, which has proved so difficult of solution during the past fifty years. A close study of the subject shows it to be fraught with serious problems and complicated offshoots, and to bristle with issues demanding the subtlest reasoning and most cautious presentments by jurists and statesmen.

The pending deadlock has its direct and serious bearing for Canada as well as for Newfoundland, because in the negotiations between Britain and America any basis of interpretation which may be reached respecting hitherto unsettled points as to the phraseology and bearing of the Treaty of 1818, must apply to those portions of Canada's seaboard where the American fishermen have treaty rights such as they possess on part of the Newfoundland coast; and, therefore, Canada will assuredly be called into conference, as well as Newfoundland, so as to make the conclusions final and absolute.

To a clear understanding of the merits of the present entanglement, a brief review of the history of this fishery dispute will be helpful. The American Colonists had common fishing rights in the waters of Canada and Newfoundland till the war of 1776. These were continued by the Treaty of 1783, but abrogated by the war of 1812. In 1818, the United States accepted rights on certain coasts, detailed below, and renounced them elsewhere.

From 1854 to 1866, the Reciprocity Treaty ruled, when the fish of either country had free entry into the other. From 1871 to 1886, the Washington Treaty allowed certain inshore fishing concessions to America in northern waters in return for a payment of $5,500,000. In 1887, a new fisheries treaty was negotiated, but rejected by the United States Senate. In 1888, a *modus vivendi* was concluded, giving American fishermen inshore privileges in the non-treaty waters of Canada and Newfoundland on paying a license fee of $1.50 per ship-ton. In 1890, Newfoundland and the United States framed the Bond-Blaine Convention for fisheries reciprocity, which Canada's protest to the British Government prevented being ratified. In 1895, and again in 1898, Canada sought reciprocity herself, but without effect. In 1902, she withdrew her objection to the Newfoundland Convention, and the Bond-Hay Treaty was arranged, which the United States Senate early in 1905 "amended to death," so that Newfoundland at once abrogated the *modus vivendi,* excluded the American fishermen from her non-treaty waters, and restricted them solely to their treaty rights in the areas where they possessed these.

The present difficulty between Newfoundland and the United States arises out of the Treaty of 1818. By that agreement the Republic obtained liberty for its inhabitants to take fish of every description forever in common with British subjects on the south coast of Newfoundland, from Ramea Islands westward to Cape Ray; on the west coast, from Cape Ray to Quirpon Islands; on the coast of Labrador, from Mount Joly, opposite Anticosti, eastward through Belle Isle Straits, thence northward indefinitely; and on the shores of the Magdalen Islands; with the supplementary right to land and dry their fish on the unsettled portions of Labrador and on the south coast of Newfoundland, but only while such seaboards continued unsettled. To all the rest of the British-American littoral the American fishermen were denied access, save for wood, water, shelter and repairs; and "for no other purpose whatever" might they enter.

It thus follows that, in the prosecution of their deep-sea fisheries, the Americans have no inshore waters wherein they may obtain bait or food-fishes, save those of the south and west coasts of Newfoundland and the Atlantic seaboard of Labrador, which is an appanage of Newfoundland; and in the Magdalen Islands

and the Laurentian frontal of Labrador, both of which belong to Canada. The right would appear to be amply clear, but there is nothing so uncertain as the meaning that may be given to treaty clauses. Thus, under the first reciprocity compact, lobsters were admitted duty free, but the cans containing them were levied upon; and it was proposed, later, to stop locomotives and cars at the American border, though the freight they bore had the right of free entry. These fishery disputes have been prolific of more friction between America, Britain, Canada and Newfoundland the past ninety years than any other disagreements.

The first issue which arises in respect to the Treaty of 1818 is what was meant by the word "coast" itself, for in the Peace Treaty of 1783 the people of the United States, while granted fishing rights on the Newfoundland coast, were forbidden to dry their catch on the "harbors, bays and creeks," so it was clear that some distinction was even then drawn between "coasts" and the bays and creeks, or indentations thereof. In the Treaty of 1818, this phraseology was repeated, and fishing rights were granted Americans on the "coast" of Newfoundland, on the "shores" of the Magdalen Islands, and on the "coasts, bays, harbors and creeks" of Labrador, while they were interdicted from three marine miles of any of the other "coasts, bays, harbors and creeks" of British North America, save to enter such "bays or harbors" when in distress. Before the Halifax Fisheries Commission, the Arbitration Tribunal which in 1877 fixed the sum to be paid by the United States for fishing concessions under the Washington Treaty of 1871, the question as to the distinction between "coasts" and the inlets thereof was exhaustively argued; but no attempt was ever made to give it practical effect until Premier Bond, in April, 1905, in introducing his retaliatory enactment against the American fishermen, because of the Senate's emasculation of the Bond-Hay Treaty, advanced the argument that the Americans, while entitled to fish along the west coast of Newfoundland, had no right to operate in the Bay of Islands or other inlets there. This bay is the principal seat of the winter herring fishery; and the effect of such a position, if upheld by the British Cabinet, the treaty-making and treaty-enforcing power, would be to deprive the New England fishermen of one of their most lucrative undertakings. The British Cabinet, however, declined to acquiesce in this construction

meanwhile, and the American fishermen are exercising this liberty now till a complete settlement is arranged.

In the prosecution of this fishery, though, the Americans could be prevented from obtaining the local aid which they had enjoyed formerly, and this course the Colony decided on. They could take fish themselves, it is true, but they could not buy fish, hire men, nor purchase necessities—and this prohibition was rigidly enforced. Thereupon, the United States vessels proceeded outside the three-mile limit, after arranging with local fisherfolk to follow them there. These fisherfolk, being beyond the Colonial jurisdiction, hired on board these vessels and returned into Colonial waters to catch herring for them, as members of their crews. This proceeding raised two distinct issues—first, Were American vessels which operated under a register fishing-craft? and, second, Were men so hired "inhabitants of the United States," to whom alone were the Treaty rights conceded? Respecting the first of these points, it is well to note that American fishing-vessels generally operate under a "fishing enrolment," whereas "merchantmen" carry a register. Many of the vessels engaged in the herring fishery use the latter certificate, and therefore are regarded as traders, not fishermen; and the right of traders to engage in fishing, the Newfoundland authorities questioned. The vessels affected appealed to Washington, and the State Department declared that a register embraced a "fishing enrolment" within it, and that such vessels could not be denied the right to fish.

Yet it is a curious fact that, in a despatch from Secretary Bayard to Ambassador Sackville-West on October 27th, 1886, the former asks "authoritative information of the Canadian laws regulating the sale and exportation of fresh herring from Grand Manan . . . a trade which has been carried on almost exclusively in American vessels for many years . . . for, although the vessels employed in this trade are duly registered in their home ports as fishing-vessels, yet, so far as the proposed trade is concerned, they are not manned or equipped nor in any manner prepared for taking fish, but their use is confined to the conveyance of fish as merchandise to ports in the United States, a commercial transaction *pur et simple*"; and the owners of these vessels wished to know if they could continue this trade after the abrogation of the Washington Treaty. Canada's reply was unfavorable, and as the above was virtually the status of the Amer-

ican vessels frequenting Newfoundlond waters until last year, they *buying* and not taking the fish, Newfoundland claimed authority to treat them similarly.

Secretary Root to-day maintains that such vessels must be regarded as legitimate fishing-craft, and Newfoundland admits the claim pending a final adjustment of the whole subject; but the course taken by Mr. Root has precipitated an entirely unexpected result in Maritime Canada, where these vessels frequently resort to hire men and procure supplies on their way to and from Newfoundland, which they could do without charge as "traders," but which as "fishers" renders them liable to the license fee of about $150 per craft, under the terms of the *modus vivendi,* by which alone American fishing-craft can obtain access to Canadian non-treaty waters. This is an unpalatable decision for the owners of these craft, but there is no alternative for them, save to risk being prevented from operating in Newfoundland waters.

Against the hiring of its people outside the three-mile limit in the manner practised, the Newfoundland Government has protested, as being against the letter and spirit of the Treaty of 1818, which cedes these fishing liberties to "inhabitants of the United States," whereas the effect of this invasion is that five-sixths of each crew are Newfoundlanders. This protest was based on the notable stand made by Ambassador Phelps during another phase of this fishery dispute in 1886, when, in his despatch to Lord Iddesleigh on the subject of the seizure of American vessels by Canadian cruisers, he declared:

> "If the British Courts should, nevertheless, find such authority in any existing Statute, the question, whether the Statute itself, or the construction given it, is warranted by the Treaty, would still remain; and also the still higher question whether, *if the strict technical reading of the Treaty might be thought to warrant such a result, it is one which ought to be enforced between sovereign and friendly nations, acting in the spirit of the Treaty.*"

Contending, then, that an interpretation of the Treaty which would prevent American shipmasters from enticing her men outside the territorial waters in small boats, at great risk to their lives, to "sign on" to these craft as part of their crews, would be but following the lines of Ambassador Phelps's despatch, Newfoundland has laid her case before the Mother Country.

The United States Cabinet having secured recognition for all classes of shipping, and the right for such to fish even in the harbors, bays and creeks, Newfoundland still claimed authority to board and overhaul them, and compel them to enter at the custom-houses, pay light dues and obey local revenue laws, and thus prevent smuggling and other lawlessness, or the invasion of the waters by vessels of other nationalities masquerading as Americans. This claim was likewise resisted by Secretary Root, who is represented by the Gloucester shipowners as having supplied them with the following memorandum to be forwarded to their vessels in those waters, as defining their rights therein:

"Vessels of American registry have the right to fish at any point, bay, harbor or inlet of the Treaty Coast of Newfoundland, with or without entering at Newfoundland custom-houses, for any kind of fish in any manner they think best, provided owner and master and mate are Americans, irrespective of nationality of crews or locality where crews are shipped, except Newfoundland crews shipped in Newfoundland territorial waters within the three-mile limit. If Newfoundland has any local law, which I do not think is the case, forbidding her citizens to ship in foreign ports or upon the high seas for the purpose of fishing in her own waters your rights may not be so clear, so far as Newfoundlanders are concerned."

In answer to this epitome of alleged American rights, Newfoundland has forwarded to the British Government a long and important communication, dealing with these several aspects of the question, and setting out, particularly, the manner in which Canada has been enforcing her interpretation of the Treaty on the Magdalen Islands and Laurentian Labrador, for over half a century, virtually on the lines which Newfoundland now contends for. The force of this answer lies in the fact that never before has there been any disagreement between the Newfoundland and United States Governments in regard to the Treaty, because Newfoundland has always been friendly with the New England fishermen heretofore, whereas Canada has invariably enforced the Convention in the most drastic and unfriendly fashion, and yet the Imperial Cabinet has nearly always upheld the Canadians in their views of that instrument.

All of these points, however, have been reserved for the two Cabinets to negotiate over, with a view to a satisfactory and final settlement, if possible. The matter of the liability of the American fishermen to the local fishery regulations is not new, for it

figured prominently in a famous fishery problem, the Fortune Bay Dispute. That was an outgrowth of the Washington Treaty of 1871, by which American fishermen acquired the right of free access and common usage of all the other Canadian and Newfoundland seaboards for twelve years, and under cover of which certain American vessels entered Fortune Bay, and on Sunday, January 6th, proceeded to take herring with purse-seines, in violation of three local ordinances prohibiting (1) all fishing on Sunday; (2) the "barring" or enclosing of fish in such seines; and (3) the seining of herring in the close season, between October and April. The coast folk forcibly intervened to prevent such violation of their laws, and compelled the Americans to desist, destroying one seine. The vessels affected put in bills for $105,000 damages; and, after three years of diplomatic correspondence, England paid $75,000 in full settlement, with the result that, as millions of dollars of the "Alabama" award are said to be still in the United States Treasury, nearly $20,000 of this amount remained unpaid after all claims had been proved.

England, however, in paying this amount, was careful to emphasize that she did so to satisfy the demands for redress for mob law; and she never receded from the position that she (or her colonies) possessed the sole right to prescribe the methods of administering and preserving these fisheries. This contention was supported by a circular issued by Secretary Marcy, at Washington, in 1856, in which he declared that:

"It is understood that there are certain Acts of the British North American Colonial Legislatures, and also perhaps executive regulations, intended to prevent the wanton destruction of the fishes which frequent the coasts of the colonies, and injuries to the fisheries thereon. It is deemed reasonable that both the British fishermen and the United States should pay a like respect to such laws and regulations, which are designed to preserve and increase the productiveness of the fisheries on those coasts. Such being the object of these laws and regulations, the observance of them is enforced upon the citizens of the United States in the like manner as they are observed by British subjects."

With respect to the Colonial claim of authority to search American fishing-vessels and compel them to report at the custom-houses, the demand for light dues is not an assertion of sovereignty, but an insistence that American fishermen using these Newfoundland ports should contribute to the coast aids provided, a position which every maritime country exacts for her-

self, and agrees to in her neighbors. The acquiescence of the American fishermen in these local laws is also a claim which Newfoundland considers herself justified in, because from the manner in which these American fishing-vessels now interpret Secretary Root's message, murder might be done on board them and they defy the Colonial officers to arrest the offenders. This is not an extreme position to take. Two years ago the master of a New England fishing-vessel shot and killed one of his crew in a Newfoundland port, and the right of the Colonial authorities to try the case was questioned in certain quarters.

It must be obvious, then, that the quoted declaration of Secretary Root, which is amplified in a despatch forwarded to Lord Lansdowne, in October, 1905, is one to which grave objection may reasonably be taken by the other party to the case, and contains propositions which, in the form laid down by him, the British Government cannot assent to, save by the sacrifice of all the principles which it has upheld in respect of this question for the past fifty years. It is true that most of the friction which arose came from evasions or breaches of the subsequent accords, and not of the original treaty, because, except for the advantage of exploiting the West Coast herring fishery, the Treaty shore of Newfoundland is now almost valueless to the Americans, being too remote from the Grand Banks to make a feasible baiting region, and too depleted by the local trawlers to serve as a satisfactory fishing-ground. But there exist sufficient precedents, in one form or another, to cover every phase of the problem which has become acute now, and to warrant Britain, Canada and Newfoundland in maintaining the views which they have placed on record in the past.

Another point which has long clamored for adjustment, and which this controversy has revived, is that respecting the extent of territorial jurisdiction seaward. In the recent trouble at Bay of Islands, the United States Fish Commission's schooner "Grampus," with an expert from that Department on board, Mr. Alexander, was stationed at the scene to watch the interests of American fishermen. The "Grampus," on each occasion when a United States "herringer" intended to go outside to ship men, preceded her and took up a position sufficiently far out to be beyond Colonial waters, and the fishing-vessel, sailing slightly farther out, received the men on board and so avoided any dis-

pute in which the United States Government would not support her. In all the fishing problems affecting Canada and Newfoundland, however, the three-mile limit has been a most irritating one. The same problem has affected all maritime boundary disputes, notably that respecting Alaska, recently settled. Generally speaking, the United States maintains that the three-mile limit should follow the sinuosities of the coast, whereas Great Britain contends for the "headland" theory, claiming all bays to be local waters and jurisdiction to extend three miles beyond an imaginary line drawn from the outer promontories. These antagonistic attitudes have been compromised in draft treaties arranged in 1866 and 1886, but never ratified by the United States Senate, though based upon the modern practice of European nations, that bays less than ten miles in width are regarded as territorial waters, while in larger bays jurisdiction is held to extend to the point where they are ten miles wide, the three-mile strip along the shore outward from there being also recognized. This problem is not so pertinent to the herring fishery on the west coast, where the bays are narrow and islands crop up so as to enable the three-mile limit to be strictly followed, but it applies more particularly to the larger bays, such as Fortune, Placentia, Conception, Trinity and Bonavista on the south and east coasts. In territorial waters to which the American fishermen have no right of entry under the Treaty of 1818, they were allowed access to purchase bait and supplies under the *modus vivendi* of 1888; but, in the spring of 1905, the Newfoundland Legislature cancelled this makeshift so far as her seaboard is concerned, though Canada still retains it in force. This policy Newfoundland's action is likely to induce her to terminate in the near future, as it is now apparent to the statesmen of both countries that there is no hope of obtaining reciprocity from the United States, and that they may really do better if they show a united front against American fishery aggression.

One of the American fisherman's grievances which Secretary Root lays the strongest stress upon is that the Newfoundland "Foreign Fishing Vessels Act," the statute directed especially against United States vessels, gives authority to Colonial officers to seize and bring into port, even on the Treaty Coast, any craft of the nationality and character of which they may be doubtful, and Mr. Root protests against it, emphasizing the fact that it

may lay American fishing-vessels open to serious interference in the conduct of their legitimate operations there. But the Colonial authorities, in their answer, point out that similar legislation has been enacted and ratified by the Imperial Government for enforcing this treaty since 1819, and by Canada in various measures since 1866, while it is also contended that such a regulation is necessary, in order to preserve order and regulate the fishing, treaty or no treaty.

Thirty years ago, after the Fortune Bay affair, Secretary Evarts expressed himself as of the opinion that "if there are to be regulations of a common enjoyment, they must be authenticated by a common or joint authority," and "such competent authority can only be found in a joint convention, that shall receive the approval of Her Majesty's Government and of our own." Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, contended for the absolute right of Great Britain, through her colonies, to impose upon foreign fishermen all restrictions which she in good faith imposed upon her own subjects. Secretary Blaine, when he took office, proposed to send American war-ships to Newfoundland to protect the fishery rights of his countrymen, and then advocated a joint naval fishery patrol, but nothing was done and the friction gradually ceased. In the present instance, it is not known with any degree of accuracy what the United States is contending for, or what the British Cabinet is upholding; but it is to be hoped that a compromise may be reached which will dispose of this difficulty in a way satisfactory to both sides, and thus avoid any rift in the present amicable relations between the British Empire and the American Republic.*

P. T. McGrath.

* On October 5th, 1906, a *modus vivendi* was concluded between the British and American Governments to regulate the herring fishery for the season from October 15th, 1906, to January 15th, 1907, whereby, to admit of further negotiations for a permanent treaty, the American fishermen were allowed to use purse-seines in Colonial waters and to ship Colonial fishermen outside the three-mile limit, but were required to abstain from fishing on Sundays and obliged to pay light dues and to report at the custom-houses when ice would not prevent, all Newfoundland's laws which might abridge these liberties being held inoperative by the British Ministry. The arrangement evoked a storm of protest from the Colony, and drastic measures were threatened at the opening of the Colonial Legislature in January, 1907.—P. T. McG.

THE CASE OF ESPERANTO.

BY GEORGE MACLOSKIE, PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF BIOLOGY IN PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

It is very evident that both in America and in the Old World, Esperanto is now in the air; and one is overwhelmed with the literature which is coming forward, some of it in Esperanto, and other about Esperanto. The Paris "*Figaro*" had an earnest plea in its favor, from M. René de Saussure, descendant of him of Alpine fame; and a very warm counterplea from M. le Comte d'Haussonville, a member of the great Academy of Sciences. This nobleman has a dread of the new language, as likely to displace his own beloved French from its present supremacy as "the international language of the world." In the same spirit some of ourselves are so fond and so hopeful of English as destined to become the world's language, that we are cold to any competitor. But Esperanto is not a competitor with any national language. If an earthquake were to exterminate all the non-English-speaking humanities, we should quickly relegate Esperanto to the shelf as a memento. Now its mission is exclusively "internacial" (a new word, which Haussonville accepts in French from the Esperantists). The distress and rage of the French nobleman is that professors of the French universities, and even Academicians, including M. le recteur Boirac, have gone over to the enemy; and he would like, the Frenchman here adopting an inelegant Americanism, to wield the "big stick" against them.

On the other hand this arch offender, M. le recteur Boirac, gives us in Esperanto a long account of the visit of the French University men to England and the English universities, and their reception by a representative of the British Government and by King Edward; he also narrates sundry Esperantist inci-

dents of the trip. I wish it were possible to give a translation of this historical narrative, as it is the best possible reply to the charge that Esperanto is not fit to be a vehicle for history or literature. But the reference must be only to one Esperanto incident. When, on behalf of the Government, Mr. Lough, Under Secretary for Education, was addressing the visitors in English, as he spoke rapidly Boirac lost the thread of the speech, and became drowsy. Whereupon he was startled by hearing the word "Esperanto," and next by observing that his colleagues were looking at himself and laughing. Being disconcerted by this, and supposing that the Englisher had been poking fun at his dear fad, he was afterwards relieved to learn that Mr. Lough had highly praised Esperanto, and had urged the extension of its study as destined to aid international comity. He remarked that as between England and France they could manage to get along without it, but in the international congresses which are approaching, and which will include many representatives of distant nations, it will be a great help.

The name of Wilhelm Ostwald ranks high among the world's scholars, as foremost or nearly foremost of Germany's physicists. He has also been a student of the internacial-language question; and in his address last September at the great celebration in Aberdeen University, Scotland, he gave Esperanto a fillip. Remarking that the idea of international peace has no greater promoter than the scientist, he expressed his regret that one great hindrance has been diversity of language; and he added: "I express my strong conviction that this problem is on the way of being solved by means of an international auxiliary language." And in the same spirit the aged Ernst Naville writes that for thirty years he has regarded this as a necessary complement of advancing civilization. "If we can one day say that beside national languages which shall continue their national development, there is a means of communication among all the inhabitants of the earth, a language of humanity, that day will be one of the great dates of history." This is what Esperanto aspires to become, and what those who know it best think it is well fitted to become.

The academic thesis that a world-wide language is an impossibility runs neck and neck with that of the British physicist who contended that an ocean-crossing steamship was impossible.

But now transatlantic steamers are running, and a language is launched and entering business life, which though not aspiring to be universal, is proving itself to be universally international, and we need not further discuss the thesis.

A recent article by Professor Hugo Münsterberg attacks and condemns Esperanto for the sins of the dead Volapük. Its arguments give no indication that the writer knows anything about either of the languages; and all his arguments, except the opening discussion of the spelling reform, appear to be simply a popularization of the arguments of Professor Richard Hamel, in a German work which was published when Dr. Münsterberg was a junior professor in Freiburg.

In the title of Hamel's book, and through the discussion, general condemnations of a universal language appear; but these contemplated only Volapük and its predecessors. When you reach the last section of Hamel's book you come to the word "Esperanto" and find a fair presentation of its merits, furnished by Professor Einstein, a convert from Volapük to Esperanto. Hamel quotes without note or comment Einstein's condemnation of Schleyer, the inventor and dictator of Volapük, whom Einstein calls a "Volapükist Pope"; and Einstein exults at the escape of the new language from any tyranny by "Dr. Esperanto." He says of it: "From the ashes of Volapük came Esperanto, whose words are good old words, known as from Romanish and German origin; and in spite of its regularity its structure is so very Italianesque that one easily fancies it is derived thence."

In all this Hamel is scholarly and fair. It remains for my distinguished Harvard friend to explain why, without explanation, and apparently without examination, he has extended Hamel's charge into a sweeping condemnation of that which Hamel permitted to be praised. In common with most of our American college men, I am an admirer of Dr. Münsterberg, because of his *bonhomie* and his undoubted ability. And in the present instance I wish him success in explaining the situation.

It seems to me very probable that somebody has been frightened by Hamel's illustrations from the "Portuguese Volapüks" of the sixteenth century, and by the telegraph codes with 70,000 words of the nineteenth century. I think that Hamel was sound in this objection as against the Volapük, but that a man misses the mark when he fires it against Esperanto. Zamenhof also was

oppressed by the thought of people being required to memorize a code, and he set himself to provide a remedy. With what result? Here is the evidence beside me, a small book of 27 pages, costing less than two cents, and entitled "The Whole of Esperanto." It consists of a grammar, over which you may leisurely spend an hour. You will then find yourself in the same situation relatively to the *lingvo* that you would occupy relatively to Greek, after you had mastered the declensions and conjugations, in their different voices, the verbs in *mi,* and all the irregular verbs, with the dialectical peculiarities. But still the Esperanto Vocabulary must be faced. Well, here it is, occupying 16 pages of the little book, and containing a fairly complete word-root Vocabulary of two thousand items. From each of these roots you can make the words as easily as you get "loving" after you have found "love" in your dictionary. Each word-root is good for a colony of words. Thus Zamenhof gives from *san* (health) 53 with "&c." to remind us that the well is not yet emptied; and O'Connor gives for the root *lern* (learn), 36 words, beginning *lerni* (to learn), *lernadi* (to study), *lernegi* (to cram), and so on; only a partial list. Under this system there can be little terror in the presence even of 70,000 words.

I have tried to estimate how many of the roots would be new to an English boy who had no Latin, and the result was one-third nearly, or about 600; to one who had Latin and English, about half as many; to one of our college teachers I should say about 100; to be mastered not in advance, but as they occur in detail. So there need be no alarm.

The uninitiated reader may well ask how is it possible to do all that is claimed by Esperantists. The only reply must be that it was a work of genius, though, now that it is done, it seems very simple and obvious. Perhaps the best way of explaining it is to give a sketch of another competitor for internacial honors, the Neutra. This youngster is a wonder. Two pages of it were sent to me, and though printed in Russia by people who probably knew no English, I translated the whole thing at sight, without the help of grammar or dictionary. It gave me as much trouble, apparently, as I should have had if it had been in phonetically printed English. I think it is a system that may be utilized in the code-telegraph method, so as to avoid translating. It was constructed by old Volapükists as a counterblast to Esperanto;

and its method was to pick out the common sporadic words of the modern European languages, as far as common words go, and then to fill the gaps from Latin as an over-tongue. The same method may be extended to the languages of other continents; to the Indian languages, with Sanskrit as the over-tongue; and the Chinese languages, with the Mandarin as over-tongue; and to a good many languages of Western Asia and North Africa, with Arabic as over-tongue. The other side of the work, writing Neutra, would still involve the difficulties of Volapük, and must be faced by means of having the telegraph-offices supplied with men who were specially trained for a very difficult work. The language also has been not merely simplified but denuded of its grammar, and internationally made as different as possible from Esperanto. This has been a mistake, which may prejudice its utility in practice. As an international language it is hopeless, as it only postpones, and thereby intensifies, the troubles of Volapük.

The first problem which Zamenhof attacked and solved in his great work was the grammar. If I take from the Lord's Prayer a single sentence the method can be easily seen: "*Kaj ne konduku nin en tenton, sed savu nin de la malbono.*" Here are some small words, which, after the style in Greek grammar, I am tempted to call "particles"; such as adverbs, prepositions and conjunctions; they are inevitable but not very numerous. One of them is the first word *kaj* (with the Continental pronunciation of *j* as if it were *y*). This is the Greek particle, signifying "and." Another is *ne,* the Latin negative, which with various modifications runs through the European languages; again, *en,* "in" or "into" is a preposition, French-Spanish, and corresponding to the Latin-Italian-English "in." *Sed,* "but," is pure Latin; *de,* "of," is also somewhat of a European tramp, in the Latin countries, though foreign to German-English.

The remaining monosyllables are apt to be either pronouns, or *la,* "the," which is French-Italian. One of these pronouns is *nin,* the final letter, *n,* always marking the accusative case, and the other part *ni,* "we," being our old acquaintance in Greek, Latin, Italian, French, etc. Now, coming to the many-syllables we have one of them, *malbono,* ending in *o,* which is always the diacritic mark of a noun in the nominative singular; another, *tenton,* ending in *on,* which is the accusative singular of a noun,

and two ending in *u,* which is always the imperative-subjunctive of a verb. The first of these, *konduku,* or "lead," "conduct" in the English; either "do thou conduct," "do ye conduct," or "let us conduct," according to the context. Professor Münsterberg quarrels with this because it does not, like Greek or Latin, give a different form for each number and person; but neither does the English nor his own German in this case; yet we get along well enough without it. In cases, as the present of *am,* and of other verbs, where the distinction is retained, it becomes a snare to children, who mix "am" and "is" and "are"; and even to pulpitmen who sometimes shock our grammatical feelings by starting quarrels between verbs and their nominatives. So we offer thanks to Dr. Zamenhof for having moved away a stumbling-block.

We have said that *tenton* is the accusative singular of a noun. It is our English word, *tempt,* in the reformed spelling of Esperanto; or perhaps it has flowed pure from the Latin-Italian *tentare.* Having neither suffix nor prefix, it is a type of the fundamental Esperanto words. We may even try it as a specimen of word development. *Tento* is the noun, temptation; *tenta,* the adjective, tempting; *tenti* is the verb, to tempt; and its present participle, recalling our Latin acquaintance, *tentans* with its genitive *tentantis,* is *tentanta,* tempting, or with a noun ending *tentanto,* a tempter; the adverb would be *tente,* or a participial adverb *tentante,* temptingly. Then we might try the prefixes, *ektenti,* to begin tempting; *maltenti,* to do the opposite of tempting, whatever that may be; and again the suffixes, *tentego,* would be a great temptation; *tenteto,* a small, petty, temptation; *tentaro* would signify temptations taken collectively, and *tentero,* one of the temptations taken separately. If *tento,* or *tentego,* or *tentanto,* be personified, as a male demon, then his female counterpart is, *tentino, tentegino,* or *tentantino.*

Thus when any one root-word occurs in a vocabulary, it stands for a host of its friends and foes. *Malbono,* the evil, is an instance of the value of the prefix *mal,* which turns good (bono) into its antithesis. *Savu* is the imperative of the word coming from the root of our English word save, and needs no comment further than to note that its participial noun *Savanto* is the great word for Saviour. He is the *Savanto de la mondo,* the "Saviour of the World," just as Esperanto, the "Hoper," was the pet

name of Zamenhof, and has stuck to his language, as perpetuating its Christian optimism.

The two words *tenton* and *malbono* give us one of the refinements of the Esperanto grammar. The rule is that every preposition governs the nominative case in this language. But whilst *tenton* is accusative, *malbono* is nominative according to the rule. There is, however, another rule, that the goal at which we arrive, either in space or time, must go into the accusative; and as *en* here signifies temptation as the goal, and is to be translated not *in* but *into,* we use the accusative. Refinements of this kind amuse Esperantists, who are desirous to perfect their "kara lingvo," and who are very much afraid that some of us may spoil it by our inexperience. But the language itself is delightfully easy, and positively fascinating.

The objection that people from remote places could not understand each other, even if they should master a common language, was plausible when presented by Hamel. He spoke of failures of the sixteenth century in China, Malaya, Tamul and India; and he might have referred to later times, with *pigeon-English.* That sort of English is very useful along the Chinese seaboard, but, after all, is very imperfect as a vehicle for literature. If I with my Scotch-Irish English tried to regulate a sampan-man with his pigeon variety, I fear I should be worsted. Now, in Princeton, however, where for a third of a century I have been conscientiously endeavoring to exuviate the Scotch-Irish, all my efforts have failed. Yet I have discovered that, thanks to the internationalism of these boys, I have been well understood, and the "brogue" has done me no harm. And I can assure my Harvard friend that his Teutonic lingualism is no hindrance to our comprehension of his winged words, but, on the other hand, it is a factor in his charming personality. He will be doubtless interested in being informed that recent observation proves that if Roumania and Nebraska learn Esperanto, and meet in a "so-called congress" in Geneva or elsewhere, they will get on together very pleasantly. Even the men who had only a writing knowledge of the lingvo conversed from the start by writing, and in a few days found themselves able to "interparol."

Another case which M. Beaufront reports is instructive. A party of Swedes went on some mission to Odessa, in Southern Russia, having only Swedish and Esperanto. At first nobody un-

derstood them, but the reporter of a newspaper took up the language, and in one day learned it sufficiently to get the message and to make use of it in next day's paper. These Swedes, and the Norwegians, who are always up to a good thing, are doing fine service of a missionary sort for the cause.

Remembering that some, like Zamenhof and Münsterberg, are grandly idealistic and poetical in their contact with this subject, I must confess that most of the crowd are only commonplace people who fancy that the international tongue can be of service one way or other. Of this sort I suppose are the army and navy officers, who hope to find it useful in their relations, friendly or otherwise, with outsiders; and the London business people, and County Councils, who are spreading it through the schools with small regard for its idealism; and the worthy Roman Catholic friends, like the French priests, who are said to be turning the Gospel of Mark into Esperanto; and men like Editor Peltier of Tours, and Dr. O'Connor of London, whose excellent text-book is used by many of us. These have been publishing a *Catholic Esperanto,* for religious purposes, and were recently commended by the Pope for their service. Their advertisement contains a recommendation of the language as useful to missionaries who are scattered afar, and who are now able to communicate only by writing in Latin. On seeing this notice it occurred to me that it would be good for our Protestant missionaries if we had a portion of the Gospels Esperantized, so that they and their assistants, always having the Gospels in their vernaculars, might easily learn the *lingvo* for mutual correspondence. Dr. Wherry, the Indian missionary, informs me that missionaries in Borneo are already using it for corresponding with their patrons in Europe.

On obtaining Mielck and Stephan's Gospel of St. Matthew in Esperanto, I found, whilst greatly pleased with it in many respects, that we could not use it without a thorough revision. And I devoted the summer months to this task, with the aid of Westcott & Hort's Greek Testament, and the English Revised Version. I have done the work in the cold-blooded, scientific fashion, and have to bear witness that in order to represent the Greek fairly in Esperanto I found it necessary only to invent two new words, one being *parablo,* for parable (the longer word *parabolo* has been preempted by mathematics); the other, curiously, is the word for priest, which I call *pretro* (after the French *prêtre*),

The explanation of this last word being required is that the Roman Catholics who have chiefly had matters in charge very properly prefer to call their modern priests by the Esperanto name for clergy generally, *pastro;* and as the New Testament has the two kinds, priests and pastors, I made a word for the former. In a few cases Esperanto gives a happier rendering of Greek than English provides. For example, the grape-clusters, which men do not gather from thistles, are called "grapes" in our English versions; and English has not two words to denote the difference between the two kinds of baskets used for the crumbs left after two different occasions of feeding the multitude. These delicate distinctions could not be shown in English save by using inelegancies.

GEORGE MACLOSKIE.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE FOUNDER OF ESPERANTO.

DR. ZAMENHOF'S ADDRESS TO THE SECOND ESPERANTO CONGRESS.

AT the opening of our Congress you no doubt expect from me some sort of an address; perhaps you expect something formal, lifeless, empty, such as official addresses ordinarily are. Words of that kind, however, I am unable to give you. I never have been fond of such words, and particularly now, in the present year, such a colorless utterance would be a grave error on my part. I come to you from a land where many millions of men are at present engaged in fighting against great odds for freedom, for the very elements of human liberty, for the *rights of man.* I shall, however, not dwell upon that, for while you as men may follow with a certain interest the terrible battle now being waged in that land of many millions, yet, as Esperantists, you can in no wise be concerned in the struggle, for our Congress has no political significance whatsoever. But aside from the purely political struggle in that land, there is one going on in which we as Esperantists cannot but he interested; we see in that country cruel warfare between different nationalities. There it is not a case of one man attacking another, a foreigner, in the political interests of his fatherland, but a natural son of the land hurls himself like the savage beasts upon another son of the same land, only because he belongs to another sect. Every day many men die in the political battle, but every day many more die in this internecine race-war. Terrible is the state of affairs in the many-tongued Caucasus, and terrible it is in western Russia. Accursed, a thousand times accursed, be race hatred!

When still a child in the city of Bielystok, I used to observe with sorrow the mutual distrust that separates sons of the same land, the same city. I used to dream then that after a few years

this condition would change for the better. A number of years have gone by since then, but instead of my beautiful dreams I beheld a dreadful sequel. In the streets of my unhappy native city savage men with axes and crowbars were hurling themselves like the wildest of beasts upon the peaceful inhabitants, whose only crime was that they spoke a different language and had a different religion from those savages. And for that the latter broke the heads and gouged the eyes of men and women, of the decrepit old people and the helpless children! I do not wish to give you a detailed account of the unspeakable Bielystok massacre. To you Esperantists I merely wish to say that the barriers between the nations are still appallingly high and thick, and it is these that we are laying siege to.

Every one knows that it is not the Russian people who are to blame for the horrible massacres at Bielystok and in many other cities; for the Russian people are never cruel or bloodthirsty. Every one knows that it is not the Tatars and Armenians that are to blame for the endless bloodshed, for both of these nationalities are peaceful people, with no desire to impose their rule upon any one else. All that they wish is to be allowed to live in peace. It is now perfectly clear that the blame rests upon a gang of vile criminals who contrive by all manner of ignoble means and by broadcast diffusion of lies and calumnies to create a fierce hatred among the different nationalities. But not even the worst of lies and slanders could produce such frightful results if only the various nationalities knew one another well, if only there were not between them those high and thick walls that prevent them from communicating freely and from seeing that the members of other nations are human beings like themselves. They would see that the literature of no nation preaches crime any more than does their own, that others have the same ethics, the same ideals as their own. Oh, break down the walls between the nations, give them the power of mingling freely and communicating on common ground, and then only will disappear that hatred which we see everywhere!

We are not nearly so naïve as some people think we are; we do not believe that the common ground we speak of will transform men into angels. We know well enough that evil men are just as apt to remain evil. But we believe that contact and communion on neutral ground will at least do away with that mass

of outrages and crimes that are due not to ill-will, but simply to crass ignorance.

And now, with the cruel warfare raging in so many parts of the world, we Esperantists must work harder than ever. But in order that our labors might be the more fruitful, we must first of all be perfectly clear ourselves as to the basic idea of Esperantism. We all often allude to this idea in our work, in our speech, but we have never discussed it with much clearness. And now the time has come for us to speak of it more clearly and more precisely. By the unanimous Declaration at the Congress of Boulogne [the first Esperanto Congress, 1905] we all know what Esperantism signifies in its practical relations. We know also, by that Declaration, that "an Esperantist is any person, without exception, who uses the Esperanto language regardless of the purpose for which he uses it." An Esperantist, therefore, is not only that person who uses Esperanto solely and exclusively for practical purposes. Any one who employs Esperanto in order to make money is no less an Esperantist, and so is a person who uses it merely for amusement, and, finally, one who employs it for objects even less noble and good than these is also an Esperantist. But aside from the practical aspect that all accept, as is explained in the Declaration, Esperantism has still another side, by no means compulsory, but by far more important—the ideal side. And this aspect the various Esperantists can work out for themselves after their own divers fashions in all manner of varying shades. So that, in order to avoid any disagreement, the Esperantists have decided to allow every one absolute liberty to receive the inner idea of Esperantism in whatever fashion and degree it may best please him; or, if he be so minded, he need not trouble about any idea at all. In order to free some Esperantists from responsibility for the acts and ideals of other Esperantists the Declaration of Boulogne has defined the official and the unanimously accepted essence of Esperanto, and then added the following words: "Whatever other hope or dream any person may associate with Esperanto is a purely personal matter of the person in question, and for that Esperantism cannot answer." But in deprecating the word "personal" some of our Esperantist friends have read into it the sense "forbidden," and thus, instead of preserving the possibility of broad interpretation of the inner idea of Esperantism, they will kill it altogether.

If we, who are fighting for Esperanto, have of our own free will given the great world the right to look only upon the practical side of Esperanto and employ it for purely utilitarian purposes, that by no means gives any one the right to infer that we all look upon Esperanto as a merely utilitarian matter. It is regrettable that the last time some Esperantist voices were heard to say: "Esperanto is a language *only;* avoid even in private associating Esperantism with an *idea,* for otherwise people will think that we are all wedded to that idea and we shall displease many persons who do not like the idea." What words! Because we may possibly displease those people who wish to use Esperanto for purposes purely practical we must, forsooth, tear from our hearts that part of Esperantism which is the more important, more sacred, that idea which is the chief aim and business of Esperanto, the star that always guides all of us who are fighting for Esperanto! Oh, no, no, never! With energetic protest let us repudiate that request. If they mean to compel us, the pioneers of Esperanto, to drop the idea from our work, we shall indignantly tear up and burn all that we have written on behalf of Esperanto, we shall destroy in sorrow the labor and the sacrifices of our whole life, we shall cast away this green star* which sits upon our breast, and we shall cry with abomination: "With that kind of Esperanto, meant for commercial and utilitarian purposes only, we wish to have nothing to do." The time may come when Esperanto, having become the possession of all the world, will lose its ideal side; then it will be only a medium of communication; people will no longer fight its battles; they will merely derive benefits from it. But now, as nearly all Esperantists are still fighters rather than beneficiaries, we are all very well aware that in working for Esperanto we are dominated not by thoughts of its practical utility so much as by that greater, more sacred, weightier idea which underlies the international language. This idea is *brotherhood and justice among mankind.* That idea has accompanied Esperanto from the very moment of its birth to the present time. It dominated the author of Esperanto when he was still no more than a boy. Twenty-eight years ago, when a small band of students celebrated the first stirring into life of what is now Esperanto, they sang a song whose every verse was followed by the refrain—

* Official Esperanto badge.

"Down, down, with the hatred of the nations,
For the time is at hand."

Our hymn speaks of "the new feeling that has come into the world," and all the works, all the words and acts of the author of Esperanto, as well as of all the Esperantists of to-day, unmistakably and always breathe the same idea. We have never concealed our idea; there could never have been the slightest doubt about it, for we have always talked about it and labored painstakingly on its behalf. Why, then, do people come to us who see in Esperanto "merely a language"? Why have they not the fear that the world will hold them to blame for a great crime, namely, the desire to help little by little toward the union of mankind? Do they not see that their words are contrary to their own inner feelings, and that unconsciously they, too, are dreaming the same dream that we are dreaming, although, through an unworthy fear, they try to deny it?

If I have passed the best part of my life, freely taking great pains and making great sacrifices without even reserving to myself the rights of authorship—did I do these things solely for utilitarian purposes? The pioneer Esperantists patiently exposed themselves not only to constant mockery, but even to great sacrifices. One poor teacher, for example, suffered hunger for a long time only in order that she might save a little money for the Esperanto propaganda—did all of them do these things for purely utilitarian reasons? If, again and again, people lying on their deathbeds write to me that Esperanto is the sole consolation of their expiring life, is it possible they think only of the practical uses? Oh, no, no! All remembered only the basic idea within Esperanto. All prized Esperanto not because it brings closer together the bodies or even the brains of mankind, but because it brings closer together the hearts of humanity.

You remember how enthusiastic we all were at Boulogne-sur-Mer. All those who took part in that Congress carried away the pleasantest and most enthusiastic memory of it for the rest of their lives; they all called it the "unforgettable Congress." What was it that made the members of the Congress so enthusiastic? Was it merely the amusements! No, indeed. At every step you can have much better amusements, see far better plays and have much finer music—not those of inexperienced amateurs, but of the best specialists. Was it the great talent of the speakers that

made us so enthusiastic? No, we had no speakers of that kind at Boulogne. Perhaps it was the fact that we understood one another? But in any congress of the same nationality we understand one another no less well, and yet we are never so enthusiastic. No, you all know very well that it was not the amusements in themselves, or the mutual understanding in itself, or even the practical utility of Esperanto, but that inner *idea* of Esperantism that we all felt within our hearts. We felt that the crumbling of the walls that separate humanity had commenced, we felt the spirit of universal brotherhood. We felt clearly enough that the utter disappearance of the walls was still far, far off, but we felt we were the witnesses of the first great attack upon those walls; we felt that before our eyes floated the phantom of a better future, a phantom still nebulous, indeed, but one which would become more and more substantial, more and more powerful.

Yes, my dear co-workers. To the indifferent world Esperanto can be only a matter of practical utility. Every one who uses Esperanto or who works in its behalf is an Esperantist; and every Esperantist has a perfect right to see in Esperanto merely a language, simple, unemotional, calculated to be understood by all the nations, like the marine signal code, though more perfect. These Esperantists will probably not come to our Congresses, or else they will come only for purposes of practical explanation or for a cold discussion of purely linguistic and academic questions; they will take no part in our joy and enthusiasm, which to them will perhaps seem naïve and childlike. But those Esperantists who have joined our movement not only with their heads, but also with their hearts, will always particularly feel and value the inner *idea* of Esperanto; they will not be afraid to be mockingly called Utopians by the world, or to have national chauvinists attack their ideal as though it were a crime. They will be proud of the name "Utopian." Every new Congress will strengthen their love for the underlying idea of Esperantism, and little by little our annual Congresses will become a continual feast of humanity and of human brotherhood.

MAXIME GORKY.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

MAXIME GORKY is a noticeable personality, and a very great artist. In attempting any estimate of his genius and his influence, we have first to take into account that he comes from a far-away and an alien land. It would be difficult to find in the so-called civilized world another nation so temperamentally antipodal to the American as the Russian. It is even difficult to get exact information and make a true picture of the Russia of to-day, and perhaps it makes for our peace that our imagination has clipped wings and that no true realization reaches us. The Slav mind tends naturally to fanaticism; it is highly inflammable, and is often willing to suffer martyrdom for causes which we regard with silent approval or disapproval, and above all with patience, hoping that somehow, without any violence on our own part, right will ultimately prevail. Nihilism, which flourished between 1860 and 1870, was a demand for personal happiness and liberty, but it has practically died out and the revolutionary Socialist has held sway ever since. His demand is for the happiness of others and the future of his country. He aims at freeing the Russian people from autocracy and liberating the peasant, whose position now is radically worse than when he was a serf. His squalor and misery, his sufferings and outrageous poverty, his life broken by toil and deprivation, are sights to rouse heroes and make martyrs, and this they have done. The revolutionist is more than ready, he is eager, to die for the cause of the liberation of the people. The reforms of Alexander II proved useless, and the terms upon which a scrap of land was bestowed upon the serf were such as to cripple him with poverty and enslave him to lifelong toil. The sufferings of political prisoners, the horrible methods of torture used, are inconceivable

in our country. Whether it be the Slav temperament, or whether it be the awful power of suffering of a people having free access to European culture, and yet doomed to live in the worst evils of mediævalism, the Russian is penetrated with the most fundamental of sorrows, the sorrow over life as it is, over the essential contradiction between the real and the ideal; he eats out his soul at the inevitable hitch in the running of things; he steeps himself in chaotic dreams, and his sorrow is punctuated by anger against man, the social order and the Creator.

At the head of Russian literature of to-day and at the head of the revolutionary socialistic movement, stands Maxime Gorky, a man of amazing force and ability and of a twofold history, a personal life stranger than any he has yet depicted in his books and a literary career almost without parallel. For, whereas it took some decades for Tolstoy and Tourgeneff to win recognition, Gorky leaped into fame in less than a half-dozen years. He was a self-educated man; his first teacher was a cook on a river steamer, who gave him the "Lives of the Saints" to read, and later the works of Gogol, Ekkarthausen, Ouspensky and Dumas *père*.

"Write," Maxime Gorky instructed in a private letter, "write without fail that it was Korolenko who taught Gorky to write, and if Gorky learned little from Korolenko that was Gorky's fault. Write that the first teacher of Gorky was the cook Smourny, the second was the lawyer Lapin, the third, Kalioujny, a man outside the pale of society, and the fourth, Korolenko. I do not wish to write more of this. The memory of these great men touches me too nearly."

Gorky's childhood was hard and unnatural. His mother deserted him, his father died when the child was but four years old, of a disease caught while nursing him, and the maternal grandfather who brought him up, having reverses of fortune, sent the boy out to earn his own living in a shoe-shop when he was nine years old. It is not, however, fair to say that he is of peasant origin. His paternal grandfather was a colonel in the army of Nicholas I, and was dismissed on account of wanton cruelty to his soldiers at a time when very extraordinary cruelty would be necessary to attract notice. After Gorky left his grandfather's house, he never knew a home again until he had attained wealth and distinction. He was, at different

times, apprenticed to an ikon painter, worked in an underground bakeshop, sold *kwas* in the streets, and was assistant to a cook on a river boat and followed various callings of a like character.

"During all this time," he says, "I gave myself up with zeal to the reading of all the classical books I could lay hands on. After the age of fifteen, I conceived a wild desire to study, to know. I went to Kazan, supposing the sciences were gratuitously imparted to those who desired knowledge. Finding this was not so, I entered a bakery at three rubles a month." At nineteen, in despair, he attempted suicide and, being saved, once more took up the burden of life and sold apples in the streets. It was a sad career for a human being in the nineteenth century, but it was an eminently good preparation for the writer Gorky, for he saw all sorts and conditions of men, and he knew, not afar off, but by actual contact, their sufferings, their needs, their oppressions.

There are two picturesque scenes in young Gorky's life, just as he was about to reach manhood: one is that of his taking his first tale, "*Makár Chudra,*" to a provincial paper. The editor kept him standing while he read it through, then he looked up and said, "Yes, we'll take this," and then, turning it over, he added, "but you haven't signed it." "No," said the young Pieshkov. "Sign it," said the editor. "Sign it 'Gorky'" (which means bitter), said the youth. "'Gorky' and what else?" asked the editor. "Just 'Maxime Gorky.'"

Another picture is that given by a railroad official near Zaryzin, where at one time Gorky worked. The account was published in "*l'Instruction*":

"He [Gorky] was very exact in all his work. Recognizing him as a man of solid ability, we proposed to promote him to the weighing-machines, with a salary of twenty-five rubles a month. But he spent his money very strangely; as we all said, very foolishly, distributing it amongst the employees who had families, and the poor, giving a ruble here, or twenty-five kopecks there. He spent a great deal, too, on stamps, keeping up a vast correspondence; receiving letters every day, no one knew from where or from whom, and we were much interested and puzzled.

"During the leisure hours he could be seen surrounded by a crowd of workmen, talking on some instructive subject or reading a pamphlet aloud—moral, geographical, historical, astronomical; initiating his au-

ditors into the reality of the world and its phenomena. He pleased them much, for they were constantly seeking him out, and his speech was in fact always alert and picturesque. Meanwhile, it happened that we, his chiefs, became acquainted with Pieshkov. Reading a novel or some other work—I do not remember what—I chanced upon a passage about the freemasons; not understanding it, I asked the station-master for an explanation, as I took him to be the most likely man in the lot. He could not satisfy me. He said he had read things about the masons, but didn't really understand their doctrine. Just at this time, the overseer of the scales, young Pieshkov came up and, addressing himself to the station-master, said: 'Will you permit me to explain?' 'Do you know anything about freemasons?' 'I've read about them and I remember what I've read.' Then he fairly gave a lecture on freemasons, with such circumstantial details that I asked myself where on earth he could have gathered them. As I have said, he was a fascinating talker, and we were so interested that we should have been in danger of forgetting the trains, the station-master and I, had there been any then, but there were not. Two hours passed us; when Pieshkov left the station-master said to me 'Do you know, I believe young Pieshkov is an expelled student; he is far too intelligent for a baker or a scullion, and how he has read! I trust we'll have no misfortune on account of him! For the rest, luck go with him!'

"After this the station-master used to invite him to his home as a friend. Pieshkov would pass the time with us without the slightest embarrassment, smoking his cigarette and surprising us more and more with his knowledge and with his wide reading, so that we decided positively that he was a student expelled from the university.

"His work on the railroad lasted only a few months. One day he appeared at the office and asked for his wages, announcing that he was to leave. I paid him what was due and offered him a third-class ticket anywhere on the road that he might wish to go. He refused the ticket, saying he preferred to travel afoot. Pulling his hat down over his eyes and throwing his baggage on his back, he started off along the line, after friendly farewells to all the employees and workmen, who hurried around this man who had amused and instructed them for months.

"Some time ago, the works of Maxime Gorky fell into my hands, and as I read them something familiar but long forgotten seemed to hover about me. Finally, I saw a portrait of the author, and then I recognized my old comrade in the service."

From the beginning of the publication of his stories, Gorky realized that he had found his work, and from the start he had recognition. Before that, he had had but a vague and floating idea of aiding in some social and political revolution, vowing inwardly to become in himself "a great, active, social force." As soon as he began to write he understood how he could best

influence people and what he had to do in the world. He has published some eight or ten volumes of short stories, helped edit a paper, published three novels and three very remarkable plays, as well as magazine articles and short pieces of various kinds. There is nothing of the dilettante in Gorky's method of work. When he is writing he can work fifteen or sixteen hours at a stretch daily, only stopping to take such refreshment as is brought and put beside him. In his indomitable and irrepressible will power there is something that reminds one of Kipling; Gorky, too, has entered that warfare without discharge in which dreams are transformed into words, in which the creative will draws without end and without lassitude visible images in the concrete world. Gorky was a man born into the world an outcast and a superfluity, huddled out of all doors as mere scum and drift of humanity, and yet by his unaided efforts he has raised himself to the most prominent place in Russian literature, a literature that stands high among the literatures of the world. If in his aggressive will power he reminds one of Kipling, it is only in that, for the doctrines of the two men are diametrically opposed; as Kipling believes in egoism and imperialism, so Gorky believes in altruism and liberty. His personality is impressive as that of a great thinker, but it is also impressive as that of a man who is bearing the "wronged world's weight" and who has put by all personal fear and desire. Tall and slender and awkward, with the square Slav head and face, heavy brown hair thrown back from a full, broad, much-lined forehead, a square jaw and projecting chin, deep-set, tragic, gray eyes, an ugly nose and a delicate, thin-lipped mouth, no mere enumeration of feature can do much to describe one of the saddest and the noblest of faces, a face that without smiling yet radiates benevolence and gentleness whenever he speaks. Impatient of all insincerities and hypocrisies, without guile or concealment, with something of the aggressiveness of youth in the face of pretension or cowardice or conformity, he is not a man to win popularity here, although in Russia he is the idol of the people; the idol, because he has laid bare the multiple vision of their wrongs and their sufferings. When he was imprisoned in 1905, a protest, signed by the most distinguished names in Europe, was sent in to the Russian Government demanding his release, lest Russia, nay, all Europe, lose one of its finest geniuses.

So much for his life; the last incident of it is too well known to need comment. Gorky himself is one of those who rebound from discouragement. There is something softening in universal acclaim and sympathy. The journalistic persecution of one of the world's greatest geniuses cut off Gorky's appeal to the people here for Russia, but it turned him back upon himself and set him writing the greatest novel he has yet attempted, a novel dealing with the aristocracy, the *bourgeoisie,* the peasant and the outbreak of the revolution. It is called "The Mother," and, if one may fairly make predictions for a novel but half written, it will indeed be one of the great epoch-making works.

No one who has read Gorky doubts that he is a very great artist. As a man of letters, though he is but thirty-seven years old, his place is as much assured as that of Tolstoy or Tourgeneff. From the first little story, "*Makár Chudra,*" the finished artist is present. While there is in this tale a more romantic setting than Gorky ever allowed himself again, the chief features of his genius are already strongly marked; his admiration for strength, for sheer physical prowess and skill; his rating of freedom as higher than life or love; his keen vision, sensibility to music, but above all his feeling for man and nature as integral parts of one whole—for only so can one express that feeling for nature which seems, like a quality in the air, to have penetrated all lands and peoples in the last century, a feeling very different from the so-called love of nature of other centuries, of the posed and affected convention about nature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Nature is the great setting for little human incidents, the whole in which men scurry hither and yon, bent on their little activities, but it is also the great way of flight, the other and the deeper self into which man escapes from his petty finitude, his limitations; it is the largeness and the peace from which he divorces himself at his peril. Throughout these stories there is the haunting sound of the sea, the wind of the steppes blowing. Gorky's vagabond, wandering over the earth, living from hand to mouth, is a vital fact and an outcome of Russian semi-civilization; but there is, moreover, an undercurrent of half-symbolic interpretation; it is the human soul beating its wings against the bars of its narrow cage, yearning out into something nearer the infinite, restless at its flesh confinement and its narrow limitations. There is a little tale

about a finch which shows the symbolism more clearly than elsewhere:

"During an awful stillness in the forest, there sounded a wonderful song; the daring singer complained of the darkness and narrow-mindedness of the fettered life in the woods and declared war on the gods. All the birds flew together to the spot from which the marvellous song came, and to their surprise they found only a little vagabond finch. He summoned the birds to follow him, to leave the dark woods and damp marshes, and to turn away from all cowardice and questioning; but the practical professor of modern history—the woodpecker—said it would be useless to fly away, for, he said, beyond the forest is only a field, empty in summer and covered with snow in winter, and at the other end of the field lives Grisha, the bird-catcher. The poor finch didn't know what to say and in his defence he could only murmur: 'Yes, I lied. I didn't truly know what lay beyond the coppice, but it makes one so happy to believe and to hope. Perhaps the woodpecker is right, but what is the use of his truth; it weighs like a stone on the wings and keeps one from flying high, high, out into the heavens.'"

From the very beginning, Gorky's hero, in the guise of a gypsy, a vagabond, a thief, a wanderer, a dweller in basements and cellars, is yet the human spirit going forth on its own adventure into the world of nature and of ideals, ever further, never complacent, never satisfied, never wholly at ease in the flesh that confines it, ever seeking its liberty.

"*Makár Chudra,*" that first story which the young boy took to the provincial newspaper, opens with the outer world, the great, free, limitless setting against which the little human life huddles, hardly daring to look out:

"In from the sea blew a wet, cold wind, bearing the melancholy music of the tide pounding the shore, and the rustling of the low beach bushes, out over the steppes. From time to time the dust blew wrinkled, frozen, yellowish leaves right into our fire. The overhanging mists of the autumn night trembled and from time to time shrank up on the one side or the other, and then for an instant, out to the left, one could see the illimitable prairie, or, to the right, the limitless sea, and straight in front just opposite me I watched the powerful form of Makár Chudra."

There from the first is the hand of the literary artist; the complete framework of the gypsy's romantic tale of the young wanderer who, rather than submit to the servitude of passion, killed his beloved because he loved her, and then thanked her father for killing him, because death is better than slavery. The final lines bring back again the scene in which the story is laid:

"The rain fell faster, and the sea's song was a sad and solemn hymn in honor of that brave, proud gypsy pair—Loika and Radda, the daughter of the old soldier. And the two of them seemed to be soaring still and dumb through the night's darkness, and however swift the spirit of the beautiful singer sped, yet he never quite touched his beloved."

This was the first story. As the work progressed the tendency has been ever more and more away from any conventionally constructed story, more and more toward some bit of life realistically conceived, minutely described, the whole attention riveted upon the exact truth, life as it actually is. Alas, Gorky's eyes have been fixed upon the pain, upon the anguish, upon the brutal cruelties of life; and he himself says that the flaw in his work is that it cannot give joy, which is the greatest function of art. But at least his work does perform the function of tragedy, it purges the emotions by portraying scenes of terror and pity. The minute analysis of pain, of dull grieving, as in "*L'Angoisse,*" of the brutal amusements of bored and isolated people, as in "*Par Ennuie,*" of the sudden outbursts of human tenderness and pity, as in "Once in Autumn," these stand out penetrating, precise, eloquent. Gorky can put himself into the most secret and intricate workings of the human mind, and show how the thought turns in upon itself, haunted by the dull futility or sordid meanness of the daily routine. Thought, held in a net and forced to move circlewise, ever asking the question: "Why? why? Why am I here?" receiving no answer and yet seeing no escape from the awful, insistent question that may invade any soul at any instant: "What is it for?" In the first story the old gypsy warns the youth against this awful introspection which paralyzes activity:

"Look, as the day chases the night and both flee round and round the earth, so must you flee all thought about life, and then you'll not cease to love it, but once one begins to question, to ferret into its meanings, you get very tired of life. It's always so. It was that way with me. Yes, yes, young falcon, even so with me."

Another theme of the earlier stories is the brave and beautiful *camaraderie* among the unfortunates, as in "The Ex-Men," the loyal tenderness between the captain and the teacher, or in "The Chums," the devotion even unto death of the two congenial pilferers. It is as if Gorky were saying: "Everywhere, at least, there

is the soul; we cannot fall so low but that there is the gleam of beauty and of selfishness which makes the creature human."

Any one who turns back to the books of Tourgeneff and remembers his dreamy, intellectual, will-paralyzed heroes, must note the marked difference in the modern type. Either the typical Slav is a very Hamlet by innate tendency, or the strangely slow emerging from barbarism of the nation has created Hamlets. They are a people restrained on all sides in their activities and yet free to think and gifted with abundant mentality. In revolt against this tendency, all Gorky's later works are calls to action. He defines the socialistic doctrines in the "Family Bezsémenoff," his earliest play; and the adopted son, Nil, is the man of action, the man no longer content with analysis, emotions, dreams, but determined to mould life according to his will, to act and to get results. He says:

"I know that life is painful, that at moments it is villainously cruel, that a frenetic power, gross and ruthless, crushes man, I know it and I don't like it and I'm going to rebel. I want no such order. *I don't want it!* Life is a serious thing but not yet organized. . . . Life exacts for such organization all my powers and all my capacities. I'm not a giant, but I'm an honest and a healthy man, and so I say to myself: Never mind! We'll conquer yet! And with every capacity of my soul I'm going to penetrate to the depths of life; I'm going to pick it up and knead it this way and that, prevent some things and help on others. . . . And see! that and that only is the joy of living."

So Gorky utters the call to the will to come out and strive for the joy of creating, of kneading life this way and that, preventing evil things and helping on good ones. For, whatever other forms of life there may be, human life is struggle, and joy is in choosing the better side, and in keeping actively in the thick of the fight.

There is no space here to make an analysis of Gorky's novels, those wonderful pictures of *bourgeois* life. The famous play, however, "The Night Lodgings," must be considered as being one of the most powerful outgrowths of Gorky's genius. This play ran two hundred nights in Berlin and two seasons in Moscow, where it was performed at the famous Artists' Theatre, and where Madame Pieshkov, Gorky's wife, together with some other amateurs, took part in a real play for the first time. It is not easy to get an impression of the enthusiasm the play excited, even from the criticisms that occurred at the time. It is difficult to

put into words the tremendous impression of force, of massive, deep-seeing genius, that one gets from the mere reading of the play. The Moscow correspondent of the St. Petersburg "Novosti" wrote:

"Here in Moscow there has been an event which demands relation. It is the overwhelming, the extraordinary, the unheard-of success of Maxime Gorky's 'Night Lodgings.' I call it an event, because this new success of the famous Maxime is a veritable revolution. . . . He has shown himself a powerful sovereign of human thought."

In the same review the writer, M. Rackchanine, says:

"If such an appeal for the sanctity of the human being as such were to sound from the pulpit of a cathedral or from the chair of a university, it would produce a very poignant emotion; but the impression is an hundred times stronger when the words sound in the putrid atmosphere of low night lodgings, and it is in this appeal—mark you—that the whole significance of the play lies."

As in life and in doctrine Gorky accepts no disguises, no concealments, no conventions, so in this play, too, he has laid aside every conventional formula, every structural tradition. There is apparently no beginning, no middle or climax of complication, no end. There is a succession of scenes, scenes of absolute and convincing reality. A close student only will notice the subtlety with which each speaker's first words are chosen. They fall so naturally into the play that only after many readings does one realize how entirely they introduce the character, are an essential part of the individuality, and are such as that character only could have spoken.

The night lodgings are in a cellar. The ceiling is vaulted and of stone, plastered over in patches and badly smoked. A small square window is letting in, at the opening of the play, the first gray light of daybreak. There are beds all round the room, a door leading into the kitchen where three or four of the lodgers dwell, and an antechamber belonging to the thief. In this space there are fifteen to twenty habitual night lodgers. Those who are the principal speakers in the play are the keeper of the lodgings, a pious miser of fifty-four, superstitious, suspicious and hard, but well able to collect his debts; there is his fierce and shrewish young wife, Vasilissa, of twenty-six, who is in love with the thief, Pepel, the richest, the cleverest, the most highly considered of all the lodgers. Pepel, by the irony of fate's purposes, is in love with Vasilissa's sister, Natasha, the heroine, if any

one can be considered to play a greater part than another in this strangely human play where one destiny is just as important as the next. Consenting finally to become the *fiancée* of Pepel, she is practically scalded to death by her jealous sister, and in the end we are left in doubt whether she is dead, in a hospital, or has simply disappeared from sight. Kleshtch is a locksmith, who inhabits one corner of the room and files keys diligently, while his wife Anna is dying of consumption in the bed with the curtains. Kleshtch is a dull, hard-working, unintelligent and brutal churl, promising himself release from sordid deprivation once he is rid of his wife. Though he bears her dying with nonchalance, yet the sight of death so overwhelms him that he is moved to sell his tools and to bury her, and is then left without money, without tools, and without escape from his corner. Anna dies in the beginning of the second scene, which is concerned mainly with the reflections upon death of the lodgers and their heartless haste to get rid of the body. Luke is the passing stranger whose faith is in the imagination or in the thought *about* life. He says, a man will be what you call him, and so his greeting when he enters is, "Good health to you, honest friends." He soothes Anna's dying moments with promises of heaven; he tells the actor, whose great boast, and excuse likewise, is that his entire organism is poisoned through and through with alcohol, of the great free sanatorium where he can be cured, and where his powers and his memory can be given back to him; he promises Natasha that if she will but believe in the honor and the purity of the thief, he will be pure and honest, and he promises Pepel a new life of peace and virtuous gain and true domesticity with Natasha. To one and the other he goes saying that the one reality is one's belief about things. He tells Satine, the cynic, that God exists if only we have faith in Him. Satine, however, was introduced saying: "Words, words, I've had enough of them, brother, enough of all the human words. Words bore me. I've heard each one of them at least a thousand times." And again he says: "Give me five kopecks and I'll believe anything, that you're a genius, a hero, a crocodile, a commissary of the police, Kleshtch —just give me the five kopecks."

In these two characters one sees the two extremes of idealism and realism. It is interesting to look over the reviews and see how few of the critics have at all made out what Luke is supposed,

with his kindly words, his dreamy faiths, his gentle veilings of reality, to accomplish. Many writers upon the play have taken him to represent the solution of the awful human tragedy. But he is really intended to expedite the catastrophe. Once thoroughly understanding Gorky's strange stand against idealism, one will not be so apt to mistake this most subtle bit of work. In the beginning, when Luke is reproached for annoying the other occupants by singing and singing ill, he replies: "Well, so it is. A man goes about by himself thinking how well I'm doing, and all the time the others are thinking 'what a nuisance he is'!"

It is for this desire to turn the current of life from the present to the future, from the immediate need to an unreal spiritual exaltation, that Gorky blames Tolstoy. Gorky's theory of life is to face the bare facts square in the face, and then to "knead life this way and that," not for one's own gain, but for the good of humanity. There are many scenes in this wonderful play of poignant pathos, but it is impossible to treat them at length. That, for example, in which Nastia, the young woman who, in all these miseries, feeds herself day and night on cheap romances, tries to tell the others the tale of "*L'Amour Fatal*" as her own experience, and is hooted at by the audience because the hero of the love adventure is Raoul in the first part of the story and Gaston in the other. To her Luke says: "Never mind, come away, it's all nothing; don't be grieved. I know, and I believe you. It's you who have the truth of this, not they! If you believe you once had a veritable love, well, then, it existed; yes, it existed."

Over and over, with biting satire, Gorky points out the failure of the idea by itself; only when it is acted upon, only when belief is carried out into a concrete form, is it worth while.

The step from Tourgeneff, the last great Russian to hold our attention, to Gorky is very great. Tourgeneff was a supreme craftsman, but he had folded his hands as far as life went. His sole business was in depicting it, and this he did, exquisitely but sadly, as does a man who has renounced hope; but Gorky's work, with its horrors and its anguish, is a trumpet call to action. Life, he feels, is not a thing to despair of, not a thing to sit still and frame theories about, life is the thing which we pick up in our hands and "knead this way and that."

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

CREDIT CURRENCY.

BY A. B. HEPBURN, PRESIDENT OF THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK, NEW YORK, FORMERLY COMPTROLLER OF THE UNITED STATES CURRENCY.

A COMMISSION created by the American Bankers' Association, consisting of fifteen representative bankers from various parts of the country, representing National and State banks, savings-banks, trust companies and private bankers, recently convened in Washington, and, after much deliberation, formulated principles and unanimously recommended a plan for improving the currency. It is not a comprehensive, scientific plan, but one involving simple changes in present law which, it is believed, will prove of material advantage to the business interests of the country. The essential feature of the plan, and the one destined to provoke the greatest discussion, is the recommendation for a credit currency. The Commission says:

"We are unanimously of the opinion that changes in the existing bank-note system are imperatively required. We find that the present volume of bank-notes is wholly unresponsive to the demands of commerce. It does not expand with the need for currency in the crop-moving period, causing stringency, nor contract when the uses for currency are less extensive, causing redundancy. We find that the banks are under the necessity of parting with their reserve money to supply the demand for currency at certain seasons, although that demand would be quite as well satisfied if banks could supply their credit notes instead of depleting their reserves and causing a contraction injurious to business."

And, to remedy this defect, the Commission recommends:

"1. Any national bank having been actively doing business for one year and having a surplus fund equal to twenty per cent. of its capital shall have authority to issue credit notes as follows, subject to the rules and regulations to be determined by the Comptroller of the Currency:

"(*a*) An amount equal to 40 per cent. of its bond-secured circulation, subject to a tax at the rate of 2½ per cent. *per annum* upon the average amount outstanding. . . .

"(*b*) A further amount equal to 12½ per cent. of its capital, subject to a tax at the rate of 5 per cent. *per annum* upon the average amount outstanding in excess of the amount first mentioned.

"2. The same reserves shall be carried against credit notes as are now required by law to be carried against deposits."

The plan also provides a 5-per-cent. guarantee fund to be contributed by the banks taking out circulation at the inception, which shall be kept good by imposing a tax upon the circulation issued, and out of that fund the Government shall redeem the notes of all failed banks, immediately upon presentation. The notes of all solvent banks are to be redeemed at "numerous redemption cities, conveniently located in various parts of the country," to be designated by the Comptroller of the Currency. The present bank-notes are good beyond question, but their volume is in no degree responsive to the varying demands of business; no bond-secured circulation ever can be. In order to take out $100,000 circulation under the present law, a bank must first purchase, and deposit with the United States Treasurer, $100,000 in Government bonds. The present cost of these bonds would be $104,000. The bank, therefore, is compelled to invest in bonds $4,000 more than it is permitted to issue in notes, thereby impairing, instead of increasing, its ability to serve the commercial needs of the public by taking out circulation.

That the proposed notes would be good beyond peradventure is a conclusion that must follow a candid analysis of the plan. A bank-note is a demand obligation, in principle and in practical effect essentially the same as a bank deposit. A bank deposit represents a specific voluntary act on the part of the depositor; a bank-note is issued in form convenient for transmission from hand to hand; its reception, however, is wholly voluntary, and yet, being allowed to circulate as money, it is the bounden duty of the Government authorizing the same to see that the ultimate redemption of such notes is placed beyond doubt or delay. The National banks, at the present time, have deposits placed with them by the public amounting to $5,897,777,000. The banks are required to keep cash reserves against such deposits—25 per cent. in cash in central reserve cities; in reserve cities, 25 per cent., one-half in cash in bank and one-half with an approved reserve

agent in a central reserve city; other banks are required to keep 15 per cent. reserve, two-fifths of which must be in cash in bank and three-fifths of which may be with an approved reserve agent. The banks are required to make five sworn reports of conditions annually, and to publish the same, and compliance with the law is enforced by supervision and regular examination. With the growing wealth of the community at large, the principal element of banking power has come to be deposits, which, in the National system, are more than four times the capital and surplus. Deposits with National banks, these demand liabilities, have grown regularly and continually since the organization of the system —from $725,000,000 in 1866 to $5,897,000,000 in 1906—and public confidence has grown with them. These demand liabilities, deposits, increased by $382,000,000 during the year ending October last, and nobody thought that the banks were weakened thereby. The plan under consideration contemplates the issue of currency against the credit, the financial responsibility, of the banks, in an amount not exceeding 25 per cent. of the capital stock, at a fair rate of taxation (2½ per cent.), and an amount equal to 12½ per cent. of the capital stock, at 5-per-cent. taxation, such currency to be protected by the same reserves as are required against deposits, and also by a 5-per-cent. guarantee fund maintained in the Treasury of the United States. Should every bank avail itself of the maximum privilege at the same time, a most improbable if not inconceivable happening, such currency, such demand liabilities, would thereby be increased far less than the demand liabilities of the banks were increased last year by the growing volume of deposits.

The popular misunderstanding of the currency question is largely due to the fact that the public does not realize that the liability of a bank is essentially the same whether it issues a bank-note, title to which passes by delivery, a certificate of deposit, a Cashier's check, title to which passes by endorsement, or grants an open credit upon its books. They are all demand liabilities, and must be redeemed in lawful money when required. The history of the National banking system for forty-two years shows that an annual tax of one-fourth of one per cent. levied upon outstanding bank-note circulation would have raised an amount more than sufficient to have redeemed every note of every failed bank, and that, too, without reference to the Government

bonds deposited as security. This plan provides a guarantee fund at the outset of 5 per cent., which is to be maintained from the proceeds of taxation. From this fund the Government must immediately redeem the notes of all failed banks, which may be presented; of course going banks will redeem their own.

Vital statistics covering a period of years enable life-insurance companies to conduct their business with safety and reasonable certainty. Data covering destruction of property by fire in the past enables fire-insurance companies to gauge with reasonable certainty the losses of the future, and to predicate their business with safety thereupon. Bank mortality is much more easily and accurately ascertained. As to no business in the country do we possess such exact information as we do with reference to banks. If, then, the business of the life and fire insurance companies can be safely predicated upon the statistics of the past, it is idle to argue that the proposed credit currency will not be rendered safe beyond peradventure by the guarantee fund provided, to say nothing of reserve. The plan properly gauges the authorized currency in proportion to the amount of circulation secured by Government bonds. British Consols, paying 2¾ per cent. interest, sell at 86¾, and German Imperial 3-per-cents. sell at 85; United States 2-per-cents. sell at 103½. The reason of this is, not that the financial credit of the United States is so much better than that of England or Germany, but that United States bonds are usable as a basis for bank circulation, issued at par and subject to the very low tax of one-half of one per cent. *per annum*. The very low interest rate at which the Government has its indebtedness carried and the very high price at which it is able to sell its bonds (the last issue of Panama bonds averaging 104), represent, in effect, a contribution to the Treasury of the United States by the National banking system. But for their use as a basis of circulation, these bonds would approximate the same level in price as the obligations of other first-class nations. The higher the credit of a nation the higher the credit of its citizens; the proposed plan, therefore, wisely guards against the depreciation of Government bonds by proportioning the credit currency thereupon. The plan provides for the issue of 12½ per cent. of a bank's capital without relation to bond-secured notes, subject to a tax of 5 per cent. A 5-per-cent. tax with 25-per-cent. reserve would make such currency cost the banks 6¼

per cent., not including the expense, clerical and otherwise, in issuing, handling and redeeming such notes. Manifestly, such currency would be used only in emergency. Let us see how the plan would work. A New York bank with $5,000,000 capital, in order to avail itself of the maximum of credit currency, would take out 62½ per cent. of its capital in currency secured by United States bonds, $3,125,000; credit notes (2½ per cent.), $1,250,000; emergency notes (5 per cent.), $625,000; total, $5,000,000. Without taking out any bond-secured notes or any low-tax credit notes, such bank might, in an emergency, issue the $625,000 subject to the 5-per-cent. tax and thus, under the sanction of law, afford the public the relief which has heretofore been crudely and partially afforded by the use of Clearing-House certificates. I say "crudely and partially," for the use of Clearing-House certificates amounts to a suspension of currency payments as between banks, and thus savors somewhat of repudiation of contracts. Clearing-House certificates are no longer available as a means of relief. Their issue by any city would be hailed as a danger-signal, and would divert from such city a greater amount, in exchanges withheld, than could possibly be equalled in the use of Clearing-House certificates. The maximum amount of Clearing-House certificates issued by New York at any one time is $41,490,000. The daily exchanges of the New York Clearing-House last year averaged over $300,000,000. The fear of Clearing-House certificates and inability to collect in currency would induce the withholding of exchanges and the diversion to other points of an enormous amount. Besides, we have become a World Power in matters of finance, and the world must know that any funds deposited can be withdrawn any time and in any form at the option of the depositor. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that the Government provide instrumentalities for preventing an emergency, if possible, and tiding it over if it must come. The currency, subject to the lower tax, would enable the banks in different sections of the country to meet quietly and satisfy the local demand, thereby preventing the situation from becoming acute. What we really need is a currency that will prevent emergencies. Business should, however, have the additional safeguard of a highly taxed, expensive currency that may be resorted to in cases of extreme need. The criticism is made that the tax of 2½ per cent. is too low; that the interior banks

would issue this currency and keep it out all the while; that it would amount to inflation. If that be true, the rate of taxation should be increased; but let it be remembered that the cost of redemption is very considerable and somewhat difficult to estimate. The cost of issuing and redeeming a note which remains outstanding only three days is quite as great as if it remained out a year, and, with proper facilities for redemption, the Commission believes it impossible to keep this currency out for any considerable length of time. The National bank-notes presented for redemption last year amounted to $278,550,060; of this amount, $136,252,360 was presented from New York City and $50,000,000 from Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Under the present law, National bank-notes are redeemed in Washington, and the reason there are not more presented for redemption is found in the expense and the loss of interest incident thereto. The reason that so great a proportion is presented from near-by places is because of the lessened cost and the fact that reserve money is received in exchange therefor. The present bank-notes circulate in the city of New York only so long as they remain in the hands of the people. As soon as they are deposited with the banks they are forwarded to Washington for redemption, and, in exchange therefor, money is received which counts in a bank's reserve. With redemption agencies established in every State in the Union, so that this credit currency would always be within twenty-four hours of a redemption agency, it is certain to be presented for redemption. Every bank, where bank currency is available, will use its own notes and send in the other banks' notes for redemption, instead of paying them out over their counter, as now.

The fear that this currency will be put out by interior banks and kept out is dissipated in the light of experience. They cannot keep it out. The average life of a credit note, with ample redemption facilities, is in sharp contrast to the life of our bond-secured notes redeemable at Washington, on the extreme eastern border of the country, and is well illustrated by the following averages:

	Days
The note of the Scotch banking system remains out	18
" " " Canadian banking system remains out	30
" " " New England (Suffolk) banking system remains out.	45
" " " National banking system remains out	730

The Dominion of Canada is composed of provinces and enjoys the advantages of a credit currency. Her bank-notes were at a discount in the different provinces until a Dominion law required redemption agencies to be maintained in each province; since then they have passed at par. With our wonderful facilities for transportation, is it not fair to assume, then, that the average life of a credit note in this country would not exceed thirty days?

The charge that this currency would be utilized by the New York banks in the interest of Wall Street is wholly without foundation. Neither bank-notes nor any other form of currency enter into Wall Street transactions. Such transactions are consummated by means of checks. Reserve money may be the basis of credit extended to Wall Street, but bank-notes cannot be, and, as we have seen, as soon as National bank-notes reach the banks they are forwarded to Washington for redemption and reserve money received therefor. Hence the proposed currency is not a device in the interest of Wall Street. The practical operation of the law would, I think, be this: During crop-moving periods, the banks outside of reserve cities would first utilize their power to issue notes in order to satisfy the demand made upon them, instead of calling, as now, upon reserve cities for currency. Their power in that respect utilized, the reserve cities might, in turn, issue currency; and, if the demand increased, a point might be reached where central reserve cities could issue currency and keep the same in circulation until the crop-moving period had passed, or other demand, whatever its occasion, had been satisfied. The benefit which would accrue to New York, Chicago, St. Louis and other money centres would be indirect, in removing or relieving the demand upon their reserve money, which every fall brings around. This fact cannot be too strongly emphasized, that ample redemption facilities, with the general redemption which would follow, is a complete answer to the charge that the proposed currency would amount to inflation, and that interior banks would keep the maximum out at all times. They could not keep it out unless the business demand for currency was pronounced and extreme, and then it should be kept out in the interest of the general welfare. Whenever the money rates relax and the currency demand lessens, it would flow in for redemption. That is proven by experience where credit currency has been and is being used. The self-interest of each bank will facilitate the redemption of

the notes of all other banks. The best of our old State banks vindicated credit currency; notably, the saving-fund system in New York and the Suffolk system in New England. Belgium, Germany, France, Austria, Scotland and Canada, by their systems now in operation, afford practical proof that the proposed currency plan is both safe and wise. Our present currency law was enacted by Congress more than forty years ago, for the avowed purpose of making a market for Government bonds, which were made a basis for circulation. Our Government enjoys the highest credit enjoyed by any nation, and its bonds are eagerly sought, and yet the currency law remains unchanged. We are the greatest commercial nation, and yet our currency is least adapted to the varying needs of commerce. The adoption of credit currency in this country is inevitable; is it not wise to take a lesson from our competitors in world commerce and inaugurate a change now?

A. B. HEPBURN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, H. W. BOYNTON AND OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

MR. ALFRED NOYES'S POEMS.*

FINE poetry is by no means so rare to-day as some conventionally discouraging people would have it. Poetry is as much alive as ever it was, and the muses walk the earth just as of old for those who have eyes to see them. With the passing of any one generation of great poets, the cry has always gone up that poetry has died with it. So, strangely enough, thought Tennyson, when, as a boy, in his Lincolnshire garden, he heard of the death of Byron, little dreaming that, at his own death, the same cry would go up from a world that can only appreciate the poetry to which it has grown accustomed. Even Keats himself, but a few years before, had announced that glory and loveliness had passed away—at the very moment when he was about immortally to prove the contrary. So, however apparently bleak the contemporary prospect, we never know what sudden surprises of beauty are being prepared for us underground. We have had several such surprises within the last very few years. "There are no poets nowadays," said one old lady to another in a railway carriage in which I happened to be travelling on the morning of the death of Tennyson. As she spoke, I sat opposite to her reading Mr. William Watson's "Wordsworth's Grave." Mr. Kipling also was already vigorously abroad in the world. The fairy harp of Mr. Yeats had long been making its lovely music; and Mr. Stephen Phillips was standing on the threshold of his fame. It is strange that we should have so little faith in nature, not to be sure that what she has done once she can always do again.

* Poems. By Alfred Noyes, with an Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The poets I have mentioned are long since securely "arrived," and, in the mean time, while their fames were in the making, a young Oxford man, Mr. Alfred Noyes, was rowing in his college eight, and preparing still another surprise for those old ladies who say that there are no poets nowadays. Mr. Noyes, I understand, is only twenty-six years old, and has already published five volumes of verse: "The Loom of the Years," 1902; "The Flower of Old Japan," 1903; "Poems," 1904; "The Forest of Wild Thyme," 1905; and "Drake: an English Epic," 1906. The volume of "Poems" which has just been published in this country consists, I gather from Mr. Mabie's preface, partly of poems selected from those five volumes, and partly of original poems. So much of merely bibliographical details.

A new poet is perhaps always best "appreciated" by being allowed to speak for himself, rather than by eulogy; and I propose, so far as my space allows, to give the reader the opportunity of passing his own judgment on Mr. Noyes's poems instead of asking him to take mine—for I am sure that he will not need me to point out their spontaneous power and freshness, their imaginative vision, their lyrical magic.

Mr. Noyes is surprisingly various. I have seldom read one book, particularly by so young a writer, in which so many different things are done, and all done so well. There, one is bound to say, Mr. Noyes is refreshingly distinguished from some others among our younger poets. His book opens with a sumptuous ode on "The Passing of Summer," made of lines such as these:

> "Tell us no more of Autumn, the slow gold
> Of fruitage ripening in a world's decay,
> The falling leaves, the moist, rich breath
> Of woodlands crumbling through a gorgeous death
> To glut the cancerous mould!
> Give us the flash and scent of keen-edged May,
> Where wastes that bear no harvest yield their bloom,
> Rude crofts of flowering nettle, bents of yellow broom."

A few pages further on you find him celebrating a London barrel-organ, in fascinating jingles. Highwaymen, Napoleon at St. Helena, Old Japan, Heine, pirates, Celtic legends, deep musings on life and death—all are grist to the mill of the eagerly creative, sensitive mind of this young poet. But that for which one is most grateful to Mr. Noyes in his strong and brilliant treat-

ment of all his rich material is the gift by which, in my opinion, he stands alone among the younger poets of the day, his lyrical gift. He is a singer, with the power of haunting our hearts with musical rhythm and cadence. A lover of poetry was remarking to me, the other day, on the strange dearth of lyrical poetry at the present time. Well, in Mr. Noyes, we have a new lyric poet, whatever else he may be besides—and he is much. Take these lines out of "Haunted in Old Japan":

> "*All along the purple creek lit with silver foam,*
> *Silent, silent voices, cry no more of home;*
> *Soft beyond the cherry-trees o'er the dim lagoon*
> *Dawns the crimson lantern of the large low moon.*
>
> "We that loved in April, we that turned away
> Laughing, ere the wood-dove crooned across the May,
> Watch the withered rose-leaves drift along the shore,
> Wind among the roses, blow no more. . . .
>
> "Lonely starry faces, wonderful and white,
> Yearning with a cry across the dim sweet night,
> All our dreams are blown adrift as flowers before a fan,
> All our hearts are haunted in the heart of old Japan."

These, again, out of "Pirates":

> "Come to me, you with the laughing face, in the night as I lie
> Dreaming of days that are dead and of joys gone by;
> Come to me, comrade, come through the slow-dropping rain,
> Come from your grave in the darkness and let us be playmates again."

And once more this opening to the magnificent ballad of "Silk o' the Kine," to which I cannot pretend to do justice in so brief a quotation:

> "Heather-drowsy, heather-drowsy, lapped in the sunlight together
> Eilidh and Isla lay one day in the golden summer weather.
> For the silken sea of her golden hair and its billows of shadow and shine
> Had Sonch the Singer named her Eilidh—Silk o' the Kine;
> And the laughing lovers were cradled in clouds of purple and gold,
> As round their couch in the heather it rippled and glistened and rolled.
> And the honey-sweet air was wild with the warble of birds and the whisper of rills;
> And the wind blew soft and sweet with the scent of the bloom of a thousand hills;
> And a myriad twinkling smiles awoke in the dreamy blue of the bay,
> For, far and far above them, Eilidh and Isla lay;

And her hand lay warm in his clasping hand; two young lovers were they;
Two young lovers were they."

One of the most striking and original poems in the book is called "Earth-Bound," and tells of two dead lovers who are tired of heaven and the infinite and long for their little earthly home again. Here are a few lines:

"We two, love, we should come
Seeking a little refuge from the light
Of the blinding, terrible star-sown Infinite,
Seeking some sheltering roof, some four-walled home.

. . . . . .

"So we should wander nigh
Our mortal home, and see its little roof
Keeping the deep eternal night aloof,
And yielding us a refuge from the sky.

"We should steal in, once more,
Under the cloudy lilac at the gate,
Up the walled garden, then with hearts elate
Forget the stars and close our cottage door."

When such poetry is being written, is it not rather stupid to say, like those old ladies, that there are no poets nowadays?

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.*

THESE books have, on the surface, at least, so much in common as to make it natural to take them up together. They deal alike with questions of American political and civic character. All of Mr. Wendell's chapters, and most of Mr. Lodge's, were originally delivered from the public platform. But the resemblance cannot really be carried very far, since one of the writers is a politician of a "practical" type, and the other an academic theorist. Some interesting comparisons, however, are suggested by these very differences in point and method of attack.

Mr. Wendell's addresses come to us by way of the Sorbonne and the Lowell Institute. Necessarily, we must expect from such a series of popular lectures not so much a fresh enunciation as a characteristic one. An effective public appearance of that sort

* "Liberty, Union and Democracy: The National Ideals of America." By Barrett Wendell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
"A Frontier Town, and Other Essays." By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

depends largely upon the abandon with which one trots out one's hobby-horses. Some of the members of Mr. Wendell's stud, which are here exhibited, we recall having encountered in the pages of his "Literary History of America," and in his more recent series of "Essays Concerning America." The most important of them is the theory of "the national character of America," here developed at length in his initial lecture. His contention is, in brief, that the distinctive American national character appears in the very earliest colonial settlers. Accepting Lincoln as a supreme type of Americanism, we are to trace his lineage, not only to Washington and Franklin, but to the Mathers and John Cotton. In John Cotton and the other pre-Revolutionary Englishmen who first came to America, Mr. Wendell discerns more than a germ of the character which is now distinctively American. By "pre-Revolutionary" Englishmen he means those Englishmen who reached maturity before the accession of Charles First. This type did not survive in England the stress and disillusioning of the years which followed. But it translated to America the ideals and noble enthusiasms which always obtain during the years preceding a revolution. Says Mr. Wendell:

> "A pre-Revolutionary epoch must be an epoch of noble dreams. . . . The awakening from such dreams in European experience is among the saddest facts which recurrently pervade European history. Just that kind of sad experience was one of the few trials which our American forefathers were in great measure spared; for they were pre-Revolutionary Englishmen who founded our own country in pre-Revolutionary times."

This is to say that the post-Revolutionary Englishman became John Bull, a practical, lethargic and dreamless person, while the American provincial remained, so far as he was English at all, a pre-Revolutionary Englishman, who, when presently it devolved upon him to offset the old England against the new, became Brother Jonathan. The origin of the American national character, therefore, "can be traced to instinctive idealism of pre-Revolutionary England, strengthened and refined by the intensely orderly idealism ingrained in those who faithfully accepted the Calvinistic creed. Such were the forefathers of modern America."

In his "Literary History," Mr. Wendell notes a "pristine alertness of mind" as the striking characteristic of the Eliza-

bethans. Whatever of this quality our Colonial forefathers brought with them from pre-Revolutionary England, was exercised solely in the pursuit of religious and material ends. But Mr. Wendell believes that then, as now, the American spirit of idealism underlay this manifestation of material activity. He is extraordinarily sanguine as to the present fact, quoting at length the testimony of "a shrewd French man of business" to the effect that the European pursues wealth as an end, while the American regards it only as a means. Some American man of business might be found shrewd enough, polite enough, or, better, honest enough, to reverse the compliment; the opinion of the civilized world would hardly accuse him of flattery. Mr. Wendell is evidently sincere in believing that "the typical American man of affairs" is "the most beneficent patron of ideal ends and purposes who has yet shown himself upon this planet." And what proves this? Nothing more or less than the large amount of money given by our rich men to public institutions. We have no knowledge of the statistics, but we have been given to suppose that rich men in several European countries do similar things. At all events, history would seem to indicate that putting your penny in the plate does not show it to have been honestly got. It is a pleasant thing for all of us that the American business man lets fall some of the pennies he cannot spend—or rather counts them out with scrupulous care—into the public palm; but it says nothing of his idealism, nothing whatever.

The detail is a minor one, but it will serve as well as another to suggest the weakness of Mr. Wendell's expository method. Having evolved a brilliant theory (and this of the survival, and more or less belated expression, in America of impulses born in England is the theory for which he is best known), he bends all facts to fit it. He is intent upon proving that the "instinctive idealism of pre-Revolutionary England," its "pristine alertness of mind," vanished in England with Cromwell, but continued to exist in America. Hence it appears to him that Lord Herbert of Cherbury is "marked by a big, youthful spontaneity," while Samuel Pepys, a diarist of the Restoration, is "an old-fashioned man rather than a man of the earlier type." What qualities has Pepys more striking than his alertness, youthfulness and spontaneity? Who of later generation would have been more at home at the Mermaid?

In his lecture on Democracy, Mr. Wendell has occasion to describe a man in public life who was doubtfully regarded by the public:

> "To be sure, even his enemies admitted that he was honest: he did not fill his pockets with public moneys. For years, however, he had devoted himself to the task of placing and maintaining in public office a great number of persons whose only qualification seemed to be unswerving devotion to the political party of which his considerable talent for organization had made him the local leader. Accordingly, all reformers agreed in calling him unscrupulous."

One could hardly choose more accurate terms to describe the general attitude, in Massachusetts, at least, toward Senator Lodge.

No public man of his generation has been more harshly criticised by friends, or more ruthlessly blackguarded by enemies. We do not precisely regard him as a martyr; he has made his bed deliberately, and seems content to lie in it. The public grievance against him is not that he has no ideal, but that his ideal is a false one. We in Massachusetts are forever hurling the memory of Senator Hoar at him. We tell him that, with exceptional powers and opportunities, he has made of himself not an eminent statesman, but a prominent "practical" politician. He does not seem to mind being told these things. Mr. Wendell's local boss probably did not; for he had his own notions of political responsibility. He believed, first, that men should work for a party; and, second, that the best workers should be rewarded. Perhaps this is not immeasurably remote from Senator Lodge's political creed. An ordinary citizen may look into the printed record of such a man's opinions with an inquiring, even inquisitive, eye. What does he believe, anyhow, and what is he aiming at? In these varied addresses there is every reason to expect that his political creed will be expressed rather to its advantage.

To our surprise we find Mr. Lodge at his clumsiest in speaking of the matters which concern him, or our interest in him, most —matters to the discussion of which one would think all his powers might have assembled. The paper on good citizenship (originally, by a chance not lacking in irony, published in "Success") is but a lame affair.

One is lulled by the vagueness of the talk about the attitude

of the citizen, and amazed by the ingenuousness of the directions for specific action:

"What is most needed is to follow the course of public affairs closely, to understand what is being done, and what the various candidates represent; and then, when the time for the vote in the caucus or at the polls arrives, a citizen interested only in good government, or in the promotion of a given policy, knows what he wants and can act intelligently."

First aid to the imbecile: think only sensible thoughts, and speak to the point! But we are not long left so helplessly adrift as this; the ardent citizen is not without a guide:

"If he follows public affairs from day to day, and, thus informed, *acts with his friends and those who think as he does* at the caucus and the polls, he will make his influence fully felt, and will meet completely the test of good citizenship."

The words I have italicized embody the only "practical" rule in the suggested code; "the rest is leather and prunella." One cannot doubt that Senator Lodge is an honest man; yet one cannot ignore the fact that much of his work has been of a sort incompatible with high ideals. When he speaks of public service, he means party service; and when he speaks of ambition, he means desire of personal advancement. In his addresses on Senator Hoar and his sketch of President Roosevelt he is at his best, always fluent and reasonable, and not seldom forcible and just. We may not attempt to discuss these papers here, or their companion addresses on historical themes. It must suffice us to quote without comment Mr. Lodge's statement of his conception of the American character:

"We of the United States like to think of the typical American as a brave and honest man, very human, and with no vain pretence to infallibility. We would have him simple in his home life, democratic in his ways, with the highest education which the world can give, kind to the weak, tender and loyal and true, never quarrelsome but never afraid to fight, with a strong, sane sense of humor, and with a strain of adventure in the blood, which we shall never cease to love until those ancestors of ours who conquered a continent have drifted a good deal farther into the past than is the case to-day. These are the qualities which all men admire and respect, and which, thus combined, we like to think peculiarly American. As I enumerate them, I describe Theodore Roosevelt."

H. W. Boynton.

"JOSEPH VANCE."*

THAT a contemporary of Mr. Meredith and Mr. James should have been so far able to resist the influences of his time as to produce a novel that is mid-Victorian to the least syllable may seem at first sight a startling case of artistic obduracy. Yet it is possible that the elaborate simplicity of "Joseph Vance" is the disguise of a shrewd artfulness, and that it was Mr. de Morgan's sophisticated intention to imply a comment on literary fashions with which he may not happen to be in sympathy. Or the novel's period of incubation may have been unnaturally prolonged, and it may literally be a lonely survival of the age of Dickens and Thackeray, discipleship to both of which masters it frankly displays. That the question of a novel's origin can be seriously considered indicates, at all events, a book of more than usual substance. "Joseph Vance" scarcely offers the point of departure for a robust enthusiasm, but it has a pleasant genuineness, and the story is told with accomplished skill. So far as a thing of paper may, it has personality. One finds oneself comparing this "ill-written autobiography," as the title-page proclaims it, with novels of recognized importance, rather than with the ill-considered companions of its hour of publication.

What are understood to be cogent commercial reasons seem nowadays to force the "successful" novelist, even in the event of having something interesting to tell, to tell it briskly, that his page may invite the restless reader, and meagrely, that there may be left over a thrifty remnant for next year's book. There is almost a disproportionate refreshment, therefore, in the unhurried amplitude of this pleasantly old-fashioned novel. "Joseph Vance" has not only broad plan and lavish detail, but a certain organic luxuriance which perhaps no soundly good novel will ever be found to lack. A reader with a proper sense of his own privileges wishes to have the illusion that for the time his author has spent himself; that an entire history is being offered him, without suppression. To all tricky short-cuts, treacherous eliminations, Mr. de Morgan is conservatively superior. It would be impossible to put too strongly the extent to which his book would have suffered if its author had felt, for instance, that he had not time to explain how Christopher Vance, Joseph's father,

* "Joseph Vance." By William de Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

came to adopt the trade of "Builder. Repairs. Drains promptly attended to." The quotation is from a certain sign-board, whose effect "on the passing spectator," Joe's mother asserted in proud capitals, was "Electrical." The episode is so richly complete that a paraphrase would be brutal. And—astonishingly, perhaps—the fact that it is written in the Dickens manner seems quite to be an accident and in no way lessens its originality.

Christopher Vance, indeed, is the very heart of the book. He is conceived in the spirit of pure humor, and there is almost a rapture in noting his perfect consistency. Long-suffering readers, too well schooled in the magical reforms that Fiction inflicts upon its characters, may very naturally fear lest this entertaining and unworthy person give up whiskey or remain faithful to his wife's memory or suffer repentance for the illegitimate basis of his business. It is only fair to the author to say that no such distressing issue is introduced. Mr. Vance marries the housemaid, Seraphina Dowdeswell, familiarly known as "Feener," and more or less literally drinks himself to death.

A book written in this temper has, by some mysterious law, to have a sentimental hero; and, even more obviously, a sentimental heroine. It is quite easy to see Joseph Vance, in the colored print of his period, leaning against some ill-defined piece of furniture in an attitude suggesting genteel romance tempered with melancholy. It is not so easy to imagine him in flesh and blood, devoting his life to a gentle passion, its cult clouded and saddened by those Misunderstandings which, as we all know, the exigencies of Plot impose. The first disappointment is that Joseph should have failed to inherit his illiterate father's piquancy and sense of humor. He is, however, lovable, which results in his becoming the protégé of Lossie Thorpe, and precocious, which induces Lossie's father to educate him. Joseph was very brilliant at college; perhaps it is a magnificent stroke of literalness that he should not have amounted to much later on. However, this story is concerned, not with Joseph's ambitions, if he had any, but with his romantic history.

As for this aspect of the novel, the most surprising thing is that it should have been regarded as a romantic history at all. For consider its outline. Joseph does not know he is in love with Lossie—she is some years older than he—until he learns, while at Oxford, that she is engaged to a famous soldier. From this

pale sorrow he never recovers—a tiresome and ungrateful part for a hero to play, even more so in that his own later marriage is ingeniously reconciled with this earlier and unsurrendered devotion. The second young woman, who is more good than beautiful, is obliged to bear the name of Jane and to woo Joseph through two engagements. She is drowned on the honeymoon. For many years afterward Joseph leads a distressingly forlorn life, comforting himself with a rarefied spiritualism and allowing Lossie, by the contrivances of a very old-fashioned plot, to believe him the father of her own brother's illegitimate son. The last few pages clear things up and promise a belated happiness for Joseph and Lossie.

It will have to be admitted that this is a tepid history, and that if the novel contained nothing else there might, after all, be very little to say about the autobiography of Joseph Vance. But there is such generosity of incident, such an engaging variety of digression, that the reader finds himself able to pass cheerfully over the separation, estrangement and other emotional disasters of Joe and Lossie, knowing that they are both too good to be true; that no such people ever existed. There is always the chance, he remembers, that Christopher or Feener may appear on the next page; and he is likewise at liberty to count on the infrequent but solacing appearances of Porky Owls or Peter Gunn. There would also have been an interesting blackguard in Beppino, Lossie's brother, had not the author himself regarded this unscrupulous young person with excessive animus. Beppino seems like a stern exposure of somebody the novelist has known and disapproved of. The "better moments" which we are sure he must have had are relentlessly suppressed, and we are almost inclined to resent for him the blackness of the descriptive dye. And, above all, if the reader finds himself forgetting the stilted history of the impeccable Joseph, there will nevertheless have abided with him a certain rare and excellent flavor which the book's sentimentalities and banalities do not impair—a flavor not wholly humorous, although it is the humor of the book upon which one would insist, but tinged also with the essence of wisdom. He will remember, too, some of the many unpretentiously good bits of picture-making, like this sentence about Fiesole:

"But as I look at the white wafer behind the curling fog-reek that I know is the sun in the country, I think of the *sole di marzo* blazing

on the roses in that Tuscan heat-trap; of the rifted trunks and dark leaves and light leaves of the olives; of the mighty deliberation of the great white oxen that no man can make to go quicker or stop; of the scraps of song that all end in one cadence and make one feel how very much one really is in Tuscany."

Novel-readers, however, must bear in mind that Mr. de Morgan's in many respects remarkable book will give them none of the elements to which they are latterly accustomed — neither romance, as they will understand it, nor "adventure," nor "psychology." The author's reticence as to anything beneath the externals of his characters suggests a singular and overscrupulous delicacy. He would, one may believe, consider it ungentlemanly to pry behind the screen which his heroine (if he had one) would set before her emotion (if she had any). "Joseph Vance" is probably the only book of its kind that the present generation will offer; therefore the most may as well be made of the temperate, mellow, elderly enjoyment it affords.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: PARIS.

LONDON, *November, 1906.*

BOOKS and soap have been the preoccupation of England during the past month; books, because of the fight between "The Times" and the publishers, and soap, because of the combine formed by its leading manufacturers.

As a bait to subscribers, "The Times" started last year a Book Club. It wished to increase its circulation and its revenue from advertisements, both of them matters of some difficulty for a six-cent paper competing with two-cent and one-cent rivals. But, by throwing in a circulating library with the journal, as a grocer throws in a lithograph with his pound of tea, "The Times" justly counted on a large extension of its clientele. You pay a year's subscription to "The Times"—something just under twenty dollars—and without any extra expense you become at once entitled to all the privileges of the Book Club. Those privileges are very great. "The Times" has made its Book Club incomparably the best organization of the kind that has ever been seen in England. Take my own experience. I am entitled to get from the Book Club three books a week. They are delivered at my house regularly every Thursday, and the carrier takes away with him the supply of the previous week. The books are as clean and fresh-looking as though they had just come from the publishers. I have never yet been kept waiting for a book. Those who were subscribers to the journal found themselves, without paying out a single penny, members of the most generous, up-to-date and competent Book Club in the world. Those who were not subscribers hastened to become so. To the number of ninety thousand they rushed in; the Book Club nearly burst its premises on Bond Street; a huge emporium had to be

opened on Oxford Street; the book trade underwent a sudden revival; and for a while authors, publishers, "The Times" and the subscribers were equally jubilant.

But lending books was only one of the functions of the Book Club; it was far more important to its interests to sell them. Only so could it hope to become in any sense a self-supporting institution. A few years ago there was a crisis in the English bookselling trade. The discount system had practically killed it, and booksellers were taking to stocking tobacco and photograph-frames and so on. A remedy was found in the Net-book Agreement of 1899. By it the booksellers agreed not to sell net books below the published price, and the publishers agreed to refuse to supply books to any bookseller infringing this rule. "The Times" Book Club notified its adhesion to this agreement, and in the letter, at any rate, it has observed it. That is to say, it has sold no new net book below the published price. But, in a library, a book ceases to be new after it has once passed into circulation. A book that has gone through two subscribers' hands in the first week of its existence may be as good as new, but as a matter of fact it is not new. No bookseller would accept it if it were offered to him as a new copy by a publisher. Yet, for the purposes of the ordinary reading man, its condition and appearance may be perfectly satisfactory. "The Times" Book Club saw the value of the distinction between absolutely new and new enough. You cannot go into the Book Club and buy an absolutely new net book below the published price. But you can buy copies that have only been in circulation a week, a fortnight or one or two months at very considerable discounts. The ordinary booksellers at once began to clamor for protection. They brought pressure to bear on the publishers, who, having to choose between their largest customer and a multitude of smaller ones, sought safety in numbers and yielded to the clamor. The Net-book Agreement of 1899 was so amended as to prohibit the sale of a net book below published price within six months of publication. "The Times" declined to accept the amendment. The publishers retaliated by withdrawing all their advertisements from "The Times" and by refusing to allow the Book Club trade terms.

And there the quarrel hangs, with both sides appealing to the public for sympathy and support. An infinity of branch issues

has sprung from it, and the public explores them all with palpable relish. Do publishers make exorbitant profits? Will "The Times," if it is allowed a free hand, end by ruining itself or the booksellers? Are booksellers a necessity, anyway? Why should the Book Club, which is not a genuine library or a genuine bookseller, but has merely entered those walks in order to double the circulation of "The Times," be permitted to undersell and destroy the legitimate bookseller, who has no other means of making a living, and whose business is his sole source of income? And then, of course, the fiscal aspects of the question receive notice. Are the publishers fighting for what is in effect a close monopolistic ring, while "The Times" champions the cause of free trade in books? Or is it the other way about? Or doesn't the question possess a fiscal aspect? Both sides, I need hardly say, fling at each other's head the charge of being a Trust—"The Times" for the distribution, and the publishers for the production, of books. Problems of enormous intricacy arise as the discussion proceeds. Are books too dear? On which side of the dispute do the interests of authors lie? From the standpoint of literature, is it better that "The Times" should win or lose? But you may imagine the endless offshoots of such a controversy, and the more readily as the great fight between the publishers and the department stores in America covered very much the same ground. I think that opinion generally is on the side of "The Times." The subscribers to the Book Club are firmly supporting it, and are heroically refusing to ask for the books that bear the imprint of publishers who have been foremost in the attack. Neither side as yet shows any sign of yielding. But I think that, before the Christmas trade grows brisk, a compromise of some sort will be reached. An agreement that no net book shall be sold below the published price within, say, two or three months of publication seems the obvious and equitable arrangement.

As for the other matter which has agitated opinion here during the last few weeks—the formation of the so-called Soap Trust—I doubt whether any incident could have illuminated more clearly certain peculiarities of the British character and of British economics. Certain soap-making firms, with a capital of about $60,000,000, have entered into a combination in order to get rid of the needless waste of unfettered competition. To call this combination a Trust seems to me a misnomer. It includes

most but by no means all of British manufacturers; there are enough firms left outside to put up a stern fight, if any fighting is found necessary. Nor does the Soap Trust aim at controlling the ingredients used in the manufacture of soap. An attempt to "corner" oils, tallow and the other alkaline bodies would be even more hopeless than an attempt to "corner" wheat. Nor, while it may amalgamate many interests, is there, so far as I can see, any chance of its being able to monopolize the distribution of the completed article. Free Trade is a mighty bulwark against extortion, and to form a Trust that would really dominate the English market it would be necessary, not only to combine the majority of English manufacturers, but also to control their American and Continental rivals, as well as the main sources of production. This is not, of course, physically impossible; but it is an enterprise of such appalling difficulty, and success in it is a matter of such extreme hazard, that it is hardly worth undertaking. The English public, once aroused, is quick to act and to defend itself. The Soap Trust began by attempting to sell a fifteen-ounce bar of soap for the same price as a sixteen-ounce bar. There was such an instantaneous roar of indignation, such a gathering in arms of all the retail grocers throughout the kingdom, such an immediate and persistent boycott of all the Trust's soaps, that the manœuvre was not only checked and exposed, but was officially disavowed.

The news of Sir Mortimer Durand's retirement, not merely from the British Embassy at Washington, but from the diplomatic service, was expected by very few people. It has left the general public surprised and puzzled. There being no reason on the surface to account for the resignation of an Ambassador who is still only in his fifty-sixth year, people have been inclined to ascribe it to some political disagreement, hitherto unrevealed. The "Morning Post," for instance, hinted that Sir Mortimer preferred throwing up his office to putting his signature to any treaty or compact framed along the lines of the Newfoundland *modus vivendi*. I do not know how that may be, but to any one who is aware of the strength of Sir Mortimer's Imperialism the supposition is not unreasonable. It is possible, also, that opinion in Downing Street has been somewhat poisoned against Sir Mortimer. The solid worth of the man, his deep acquaintance with American history and politics, his insight into the American

character, and his unfailing coolness, competency and dignity when confronted by serious business may have carried less weight with some people—for instance, with British tourists, Parliamentary and otherwise—than a certain stiffness and reserve in his social deportment.

Politics since I last wrote have shifted their centre of gravity from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. Their lordships have been considering the Education Bill to some purpose. It was never very lucid; they have made it chaotic. It insured the supremacy of popular control over national education; they have reestablished in its most aggressive form the tyranny of denominationalism. By amendment after amendment they have vitiated the principles and destroyed the purpose of Mr. Birrell's Bill, and have sought to reimpose upon the country a system even more favorable to the Established Church than was the Education Act of 1902. Of course, the Lords' amendments will not be accepted. Speaking officially on November 13th, as the Minister in charge of the Bill, Mr. Birrell declared that "a Liberal Government had no use for such a measure" as the Lords are piecing together. That unquestionably is so, and unless the Lords agree under pressure to abandon all the important amendments they have incorporated into the Government's Bill, a conflict between the two Houses, that may not end until it has strained the British Constitution, will have been begun. That the Lords are bracing themselves to reject compromise may be gathered from the action of the Conservative party in allowing the Trades Disputes Bill to pass its third reading in the House of Commons without a division. The meaning of that is that the Conservatives feel they cannot simultaneously engage both the Labor party and the Nonconformists. The Lords will probably follow Mr. Balfour's example, allow the Trades Disputes Bill to pass almost unaltered, and, having thus conciliated Labor, will feel free to throw their whole strength into the Education fight. I dare not prophesy what the result will be; but I am persuaded that, unless the Lords climb down, the complete secularization of English education may be much nearer than is thought. Mr. Birrell's Bill gives the Church of England the last chance it is likely to have. To reject it, or to refuse to withdraw the amendments that have, as a matter of fact, devitalized it, is to invite a very summary retribution.

PARIS, *November, 1906.*

I AM not quite sure that the endless talk about the separation of Church and State is very exciting for foreigners. But to the Frenchman, nothing exceeds the interest of the Religious War.

During the three weeks which preceded the publication of the Pope's encyclical, France was held breathless by two enigmas of apparently equal magnitude: Will the Pope give in, or will he resist? Is Joseph Delarue lying murdered at the bottom of some stone-pit, or has he eloped with the schoolmistress? When the Pope had "spoken," as the phrase went, and the newspaper readers had recovered from their surprise, the other question arose: "What will Clémenceau do now?"

It is notable that the Pope's decision is not political, but dogmatic. This ought to be clearly understood by anybody who wishes to take a correct view of the state of affairs. As I explained in a previous letter, the main object of the Separation Law was to substitute Associations of lay people for individual ecclesiastics in the necessary intercourse between the State and the Church. These Associations, according to Article IV of the Law, were to be in keeping with the general rules of the Church, that is to say, were to be dependent on, and not rebellious against, the Bishops. But Article VIII says that, in case of conflict between two Associations, the decision shall be left to the Council of State. This is the point to which the Pope objects.

I have not the least doubt that monastic and monarchist influences of a mischievous tendency were brought to bear on the Pope's judgment. It seems plain to me that the Council of State was bound by Article IV to refer to the Bishops in cases of difficulties, and consequently there was no danger of partial schisms from episcopal authority. But the Pope was almost certainly actuated by a distrust for which, not the present Government, but M. Combes, is responsible. The reader must remember how the Association Law passed in 1901 by M. Waldeck-Rousseau—to be, as he said, a Charter for the authorized religious Orders—was turned against them by the Combes Cabinet, and resulted in the general expulsion of all Orders and the confiscation of their property. The Pope dreaded some such abuse of a legal text, and his diffidence exaggerated for him the danger of civic interference in matters ecclesiastical. The position of Pius X is pretty clear. He merely declines to avail himself of a

law which, on the whole, is advantageous to the Church, until he is satisfied by an official statement of the French Parliament that there is no snare hidden under Article VIII of the Law.

One may regret this attitude. Certainly, the majority of the French Bishops must have regretted it, considering their vote in favor of a totally different one. By holding thus aloof, the Pope prevents the legal transference of the Church property, thus far in the hands of the Vestry Boards (over $50,000,000), and renders doubtful even the right of priests to retain their churches; he practically starves the French clergy, and, to a certain extent, endangers the Church of France. It is sacrificing much to a principle which perhaps is not in jeopardy. But if this course can be regretted, there is no reason for calling it, as the violent anti-clerical press does, "a rebellion," or, in the words of an English Catholic, in a well-known magazine, "a Papal aggression on France." There is no more obligation upon the Pope to take advantage of this law than there is for a French citizen to submit to the regulations concerning matrimony. One is a loser by dispensing with the presence of the registrar, but one is not a rebel.

Although the Pope seeks only to maintain what he regards as a prerogative of the Church, to decide in matters which concern nobody but herself, his action could not but have political consequences. The reactionary party, voiced by such papers as the "*Gaulois*," the "*Soleil*," the "*Croix*," etc., immediately enlarged on the embarrassments in which the Pope's interference was placing the French Government. In their opinion, this quiet "Nay" was the greatest victory achieved by the Papacy in the last forty years. The Government would be sure to seek its revenge in measures hurtful to itself—it would close the churches, and the populace, no matter how vaguely religious, would rise to reopen them; this revolution would probably lead to a Restoration, and the Edenic state of affairs prophesied by the monarchists would be inaugurated without any call on the royalist energies. On the other hand, the "*Lanterne*," and the radical press generally, contended that M. Clémenceau should not stop short of the most stringent measures, but ought to shut the churches as soon as the Law enabled him to do so, and turn the Bishops out of the country, as supporters and agents of a foreign monarch.

M. Clémenceau at once gave proofs of his usual presence of

mind. He affected to treat the matter very lightly, declared to as many journalists as chose to interview him that, in spite of the monarchists' hopes and efforts, not one church would be closed under his administration, and went away to Carlsbad in perfect serenity. Meanwhile, the moderate press, like the "*Figaro*," the "*Débats*" and the "*Temps*," were trying to devise schemes for satisfying the Pope without enraging the Chamber. Various plans had been proposed, when Pius X suddenly discouraged everybody by telling a reporter of the "*Gaulois*"—a mistake which proves his lack of acquaintance with the political parties in France—that he would accept no guarantee except from the Chamber itself. This put an end to the matter, and to wait became really the only course. There was not long to wait. The new Cabinet had hardly been formed, and it was still discussing its announcement to the country, when a solution was arrived at. The Law contained a clause to the effect that, should no Associations turn up to claim the Church property, this property would remain in abeyance for a year, after which it would be appropriated by the State or by Municipal Charities. This proviso offered the Cabinet an easy method of postponing a difficult solution. M. Briand and M. Clémenceau have decided that, until December 11th, 1907, things will remain *in statu quo*, the revenue of the Church property being employed *pro tem.* for the repairs of ecclesiastical buildings.

No minister, since the eventful days of Boulanger, has been so interesting, so amusing, so full of unexpected resources, so ready to play practical jokes on the public, so polite and disdainful as Clémenceau. I have said above how calmly he dealt with the first difficulties arising from the Pope's encyclical, but his conduct on that perplexing occasion was nothing to the brilliancy he displayed when intrusted with the formation of a Cabinet. He took it all so much as a matter of course. Nobody had ever been quite aware that honest M. Sarrien was First Minister, and the poor gentleman slipped out of office as quietly as he had entered it. As to M. Clémenceau, everybody, on the contrary, had looked upon him as the real Premier, and it was the most natural thing in the world to see him hustling about in quest of Ministers suitable to him. The practical difficulty was to find out a Foreign Minister, a Minister of Finance and a Minister of War, who would be agreeable to the Socialists—without

whose sixty or eighty votes no Cabinet can stand—and yet who would be flexible in the hands of the Master. M. Clémenceau began with a masterly stroke, which instantly won him the support of Jaurès. There had never been in this land of democracy anything like a Department of Labor. One was promptly produced, and M. Viviani, a distinguished Socialist of great promise, was nominated to it. There was some little trouble about the assignment of the Foreign Office. Every one knows M. Clémenceau's Anglophil tendency, the blunt common phrase being that "Clémenceau is sold to the English." Now, there is no doubt that the *entente cordiale* is becoming only slowly, though steadily, popular. The Socialist party lean evidently to the German side (Jaurès's paper was refloated three weeks ago by German assistance), and they would object to any too marked advance made to England. Yet M. Clémenceau wanted M. Pischon, a bosom friend of his, to whom the German press immediately took exception. It took M. Clémenceau two days—during which his communications to the journalists beat the best farce ever acted—to demonstrate to the country that his *protégé* was just the right man in the right place. All this time, he was promising his journalistic hearers "a surprise." The surprise was the appointment of General Picquart to the War Office, and this surprise was so stunning that, made as it was in the teeth of public opinion, the nomination elicited next to no comment. Finally, our finance was entrusted to M. Caillaux. M. Clémenceau would have been lucky if he could have retained M. Poincaré in that difficult post. I showed in my last letter how this very able and straightforward financier had owned to a deficit of nearly two hundred millions of francs, and what means he had suggested for balancing the Budget. Certainly the country did not like the prospect of fresh taxes, but the honesty and the evident capacity of the Minister gave courage to the timid; if the Exchequer was low, at least its condition and the means of improving it were clear. The Bourse undoubtedly trusted M. Poincaré. It would appear that this gentleman's prejudice in favor of plain statements and methods was not shared by his immediate fellow workers. When M. Clémenceau came to ask the continuation of his assistance, M. Poincaré not only refused it, but made public his reasons for doing so. The letter was clear and uninvolved, like everything which comes from the same

hand. It left no doubt that the Budget Committee, without whose concurrence a Minister of Finance is powerless, had no intention of supporting M. Poincaré in his work of restoration, but, on the contrary, favored methods closely akin to garbling and deceiving, which could avail only to blind those who were not aware of the real state of affairs.

The present situation may be summed up as follows:

M. Clémenceau appears more and more as a wonderfully clear-headed, strong-handed politician—one might say statesman, if there were not something histrionic and a *brusquerie* bespeaking caprice in his manner. He is almost nearer to a dictator than to a Premier, a great novelty in this country. Very few people like him, but many admire him, and he possesses undoubted magnetism. The programme he submitted to the Chamber on November 5th is reasonable and distinctly socialistic, giving special attention to Labor questions, the buying back of a railway, an old-age pension and an income tax, the suppression of courts-martial and various military reforms, and the suppression of capital punishment. This programme will be supported by the Socialists as well as the Radicals, and, excepting one item, cannot meet with much opposition. The danger for the Cabinet then must lie in the possibility of some unexpected freak of the Premier's and still more in the presence of M. Caillaux in the Cabinet. The latter gentleman has a wonderful gift of lending lucidity, interest and even charm to the most abstruse financial technicalities, but he is an artist in Budgets, not a matter-of-fact business man. It is an ominous fact that, in less than a week after his appointment and the statement that his Income-Tax Bill might affect the *rentes,* these securities lost two points. There is apparent political stability, but the fortune of France is, on the contrary, more unstable than it has ever been, and M. Clémenceau may turn out to be only an extraordinary builder of card houses.

Let me note, before concluding this communication, that a violent campaign is being carried on against the American Insurance Companies, by means of arguments which are likely to bring the rest of American securities into discredit. The exodus of French capital, which I noticed in my last letter, is evidently responsible for this.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *November 26.* Races Cannot Mingle.

As we anticipated at the inception of the difficulty, a simple deadlock between National and municipal authorities has been the net result of Japan's protest against the exclusion of her children from the public schools of San Francisco. Secretary Metcalf's efforts on behalf of the Administration to induce the School Board to reconsider its determination have been unavailing, and it now seems likely that some force other than moral suasion will be required to make the local regulation conform to Japan's interpretation of the existing treaty. That the Mikado's Government considers the exclusion to be a violation of that agreement there can be no question; otherwise it would not have taken so serious a step in making formal remonstrance, which, if unheeded, would naturally be followed by a positive demand, which, in turn, must be granted or refused. Clearly, Japan regards this as a suitable time, and is willing, to make open issue, because, if her Government had wished merely to solve the problem without friction, it would have exercised in the first instance a quieter form of diplomacy. The technical situation, therefore, possesses poignant interest. The State Department has not disclosed the precise grounds upon which the protest was based; but we may safely assume from unofficial Japanese utterances that they are contained in Articles 1 and 14 of the treaty concluded in 1894. The latter states that:

. . . "The high contracting parties agree that in all that concerns commerce and navigation, any privilege, favor or immunity which either high contracting party has actually granted or may hereafter grant to the Government, ships, citizens or subjects of any other State shall be extended to the Government, ships, citizens or subjects of the other high contracting party, gratuitously, if the concession in favor of that other State shall have been gratuitous, and on the same or equivalent condi-

tions if the concession shall have been conditional; it being their intention that the trade and navigation of each country shall be placed, in all respects, by the other upon the footing of the most favored nation."

Mr. Tomesaburo Shimizu, one of Japan's numerous unofficial spokesmen residing in this country, places particular stress upon this paragraph and discourses at some length upon the dishonor involved in violating the *spirit* of a contract. We find no justification for his position. Indeed, the equal privileges guaranteed are so carefully restricted to "all that concerns commerce and navigation" that it might fairly be argued that it was the deliberate intent of the contracting parties to exclude all others from the agreement.

Article 1 is more applicable, providing, rather broadly than explicitly, that:

. . . "The citizens or subjects of each contracting party shall enjoy in the territories of the other the same privileges, liberties and rights, and shall be subject to no higher imposts or charges in these respects, than native citizens or subjects, or citizens or subjects of the most favored nation."

"If," declares Mr. Shimizu, "the School Board of San Francisco excluded all alien children, we might not care"—though it seems hardly a case of caring or not caring, but of actual prerogative —"but the prohibition is only for Mongolian children. Our children have the right as most favored nation, and they, of course, have the right to attend the schools with other white alien children, as well as American citizens." In other words, since Italian and British children are permitted to attend the schools, the same privilege must be accorded to the sons and daughters of Japanese. An easy solution would seem to lie in the restriction of attendance of all aliens to certain schools, but we fear that even this would not induce our prideful neighbors to cease from "caring," although we suspect they would not be seriously disturbed by our possible embroilment with other nations.

The real question is whether the action of the School Board of San Francisco constitutes an actual violation of the treaty. That Japan so construes it does not, of course, make it so; indeed, considering (1) that, as a matter of fact, there is no "exclusion" whatever, but only a segregation of schools for Mongolian children quite in line with other ordinary regulations within the recognized jurisdiction of local authorities, and (2)

that there is no explicit obligation to afford any means of education whatsoever, and (3) that, practically, we do furnish adequate and equal facilities, and (4) that no treaty ever did, or ever was supposed to, enforce personal contact and association with others upon the citizens of any nation or their children, and (5) that, even if there be a technical abridgment, it is not of liberty or rights but only of "privileges"—a word of very general meaning, never interpreted as absolutely all-embracing—of nothing more than such personal contact and association; in view, we say, of these acknowledged and pertinent facts, it seems to us that a very good case could be made for a counter-declaration that the school regulation does not constitute a violation worthy of objection by a really high contracting party.

We trust that the Administration, whose seeming tacit acceptance of the Japanese view has caused no little surprise and apprehension, will seriously consider this phase of the situation before attempting any measures savoring of coercion in dealing with the citizens of a sovereign State. Infinitely better than the adoption of such procedure would be a frank and manly avowal of practical inability, on the part of the National Administration, under our constitutional restriction, to enforce this particular provision without virtually engaging in civil war, accompanied by a proposal to modify the treaty to meet the necessities of a political condition.

Facts, even prejudices at times, must be reckoned with no less than theories, and one truth may as well be understood by our Eastern brethren first as last, namely, that, treaty or no treaty, the American people will never admit to full personal association a race, however worthy, which they regard as inherently so alien that attempt at commingling could only result in disastrous failure, to the infinite disadvantage, not only of those directly concerned, but of all others throughout the world.

TUESDAY, *November 27.* **Woman Suffrage in Colorado.**

THE first thorough analysis of the results of woman suffrage in Colorado, although to our mind far from conclusive as indicative of general effects, is illuminating in several important respects. It is made by Mr. Lawrence Lewis, a close student of political conditions in Pueblo, the second largest city in the State, and apparently a wholly unprejudiced observer. The fa-

miliar prediction that women would not exercise the privilege is quickly and effectually disposed of by the simple fact that since 1894 they have cast never less than forty and sometimes more than forty-eight per cent. of the total number of votes polled in the entire State. To determine the character of the new political force, Mr. Lewis selected fourteen representative precincts and divided each into eight residence districts, ranging from that known as the best to the lowest containing the worst saloons and brothels. The actual registration figures, arranged for simple comparison, follow:

	Total vote.	Men.	Women.
Four best districts inhabited by the rich, well-to-do, artisans, small tradesmen, mechanics, clerks, superintendents, engineers, foremen, etc.	1707	986	721
Four remaining districts comprising common laborers, Slavs, Italians and residents of cheap lodging-houses, brothels, saloons, etc.	1222	785	437

The women voters registered from the respectable districts, therefore, exceeded those from the other half by 284 in actual number and constituted 42 per cent. of the total in their section, as contrasted with 35 per cent. in the other. The percentage of registered votes actually polled was slightly larger in the better neighborhoods, the widest difference appearing between the "best," which voted 77 per cent. of the registration against only 53 per cent. from the "lodging-house" community. This result surely has a bearing, at least, upon the stock assertion that respectable women will stay at home, and that only disreputable females under coercion will actually go to the polls.

Mr. Lewis observed little change for the better in the conduct of polling-places, although at those in the most turbulent precincts men, while continuing to "wear hats and use tobacco freely," do "possibly swear a little less," while in the best city precincts and a large majority of country precincts "the order is perfect." Bribery and corruption have been rife in all Colorado cities so long that the most enthusiastic reformers did not anticipate immediate extinction of these evils to result from enlargement of the franchise privilege, but Pueblo's latest municipal election "was regarded even by politicians as the most nearly honest election in years." Particularly encouraging was the prompt and effective manifestation of resentment against the lowest politicians who compelled prostitutes, grievously

against their will, to appear in public and vote. One "city detective" was convicted and sent to the penitentiary at once, another now awaits trial, and a former county clerk and several of his deputies are under indictment "on equally strong evidence of having supplied the brains and purse" for the hateful work.

It is not surprising, under such conditions, that this candid observer can perceive as yet no material improvement in the public conduct of officials, *but*—

"A very noteworthy change wrought by woman suffrage has been the raising of the requirement as to moral character, judged solely by their private lives, of men elected, especially to offices in our cities. Since the extension of the franchise to women, political parties have learned the inadvisability of nominating for public offices drunkards, notorious libertines, gamblers, liquor-dealers and men who engage in similar discredited occupations, *because the women almost always vote them down.*"

Of the capacity of women themselves as public officials no basis of judgment appears, since they have aspired to no control other than that of the schools, which they have practically held for years. Mr. Lewis testifies as follows:

"Ever since the extension of the franchise, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction has been a woman. This is the office of greatest importance ever held in Colorado by our new voters. Be it said further to the credit of the successive incumbents of this responsible position that theirs has been about the only one of Colorado's administrative departments, from chief executive down, the conduct of which in the past decade has always been above suspicion of rank favoritism, fraud or graft. Since 1894 the office of County Superintendent of Schools has been held continuously in a number of counties by women. Their service, generally speaking, has been so eminently correct and satisfactory that after each election the proportion of women has increased until at present they hold this office in thirty-four of the fifty-nine counties."

The conclusion of this competent observer bears out the assertion of those who rail at the non-appearance of the millennium in Colorado as an immediate effect of franchise expansion, but by rational minds, willing to accept progress in lieu of unattainable perfection, the results may fairly be considered not only encouraging, but, on the whole, satisfactory. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to pronounce them distinctly confirmatory of our original declaration of faith in the efficacy of woman suffrage, especially "in purifying the ballot and establishing and main-

taining lofty standards as to the qualifications required of candidates for public office."

WEDNESDAY, *November 28.* The Sagacious Frivolity of Widows.

WE have never been able to understand why even the dour Jeremiah should have regarded widowhood as a just cause of reproach. Whatever may be their sentiments after the event, few women, while their husbands live, really wish to lose them, and, barring those who cultivate the habit of nagging or whining to their own great enjoyment, practically none can be held directly responsible for the demise of her partner. It was not uncommon, however, in the old days, to consider misfortune itself as deserving of censure, and it was in this cruelly harsh spirit, we assume, that the prophet spoke.

We doubt if he would find much cause for lamentation if alive and observant to-day. Surely no reproach now attaches to widowhood, and we question whether, in point of fact, it is any longer regarded as an affliction and not, in the general run, as a somewhat happy circumstance. True, the lot of a woman, especially a young woman, suddenly deprived of the presence of the man whom she has grown accustomed to see about the house, is still regarded as one of peculiar sadness; but it is indeed amazing to note the brevity of the time required to transform commiseration into congratulation, and even envy, on the part of her sisters. The primary cause of this attitude lies doubtless in the value attached to the acquirement of pecuniary independence and personal freedom, but unless we have misjudged the controlling forces of femininity, a most unlikely supposition, the enviousness is directly traceable to a suspicion that men are prone to consider widows more attractive than maidens or even married women of similar ages. One never hears of a sour young widow, and seldom of a gay old maid; the former is referred to invariably as "captivating," the latter usually as "crabbed," and it is needless to say which a man is asked to come to meet at teas, house-parties and like functions, where the masculine presence is most desired and with the greatest difficulty obtained.

It is an interesting fact, moreover, that the discrimination in favor of the widow finds ample justification, although it is probably accounted for by the difference between what is expected of her and of her unwedded sister. No responsibility as to

attractiveness rests upon the shoulders of an unalluring spinster, and, sensitive to this depressing fact, she soon ceases to practise the arts of pleasing and relies for attention upon cultivated personal satire, which quickly palls upon one seeking a more gracious form of amusement. The young widow, on the other hand, realizing that her shining qualities have been duly heralded, is constantly alive to the necessity of justifying her reputation for vivacity, sweetness of disposition, charm of manner or daring speech, as the case may be, and is induced by pride to exert her utmost endeavors to make herself agreeable. In this she profits from the American man's chivalry to women and fidelity to men, and is aided materially by the convention of polite society, which accords her a much wider range of topics than is permitted to her unfortunate rival, whose coquetry must be veiled by seeming innocence and becoming modesty.

Not that demure appearance and coy glances lack efficacy; far from it. Even beauty, "all powerful as it is," according to Montaigne, "has not wherewithal to make itself relished without the mediation of these little arts"; if spinsters had been endowed with a monopoly of such weapons the contest would be waged more evenly. Unfortunately for them, if not indeed for all of us, these qualities are common to all women, and are so susceptible of sedulous cultivation by constant practice that the maiden's shyness of manner is fully counterbalanced by the greater adeptness of the widow in the exercise of flitting obliquity by eyelashes tinged to meet the requirements of harmonious expression.

Indefinite continuance in the intermediate state, which we have seen to be far from unhappy, would be contrary to feminine nature and distinctly unwise, as tending towards what might seem to have the effect of a professional condition, such, for example, as inevitably withers interest in a lady who has buried more than two husbands; but in the present state of our civilization, in view of the considerations herein set forth simply, yet to our mind conclusively, we unhesitatingly advise preliminary marriage with one carefully selected with a view to his early demise, to be followed by an interim of joyous widowhood before definitely and finally engaging in matrimony as a permanent vocation likely to induce the placidity of rational existence.

THURSDAY, *November 29.* Modern Educational Methods.

THE latest and cleverest of recent English essayists, himself the son of an archbishop and the master of a college, is distressed by the inadequacy of educational methods of the present day. Tennyson's famous indictment of Cambridge—

> "Because you do profess to teach,
> And teach us nothing, feeding not the heart,"

excites him, and he becomes the prey of melancholy. "We are," he feels and says, "too professional; we concern ourselves with methods and details; we swallow blindly the elaborate tradition under which we have ourselves been educated; we continue to respect the erudite mind, and to decry the appreciative spirit as amateurish and dilettante."

Such words from an authoritative source gratify the dreamer incapable of incorporating into concrete expression his admirable vagaries, and make pleasing reading for all, but once subjected to the test of ordinary analysis they are quickly resolved into mere evidence of "fine writing," indicative of a woful lack of comprehension. Despite the pretty phrasing, there is really no good reason for ceasing to respect the erudite mind or to decry the flabby and unwholesome "appreciative spirit," whose most recent symbol in England was the sunflower protruding offensively from the buttonhole of erotical genius. To this day, we cannot doubt, Eton exudes information if not knowledge, and paves the way for the acquirement of wisdom. Tennyson's plaint may be dismissed unresentfully as the cry of a poet; but from a competent student of human progress, such as Mr. Benson unquestionably is, we have a right to expect finer discrimination. The difficulty to which both allude lies not in the trammels of method or professionalism or regard for tradition, but in refusal or inability to differentiate in conscience between that which is good and that which is bad. The wisdom they reprobate is that of the serpent, celebrated in adage and heedlessly accepted as possessing Scriptural authority, although Solomon plainly condemned it, by inference, the Saviour in no sense endorsed it when He enjoined mere ordinary caution upon the apostles about to go forth "as sheep among wolves," and God Himself at the very beginning of creation cursed its source.

The difference between the wisdom urged upon mankind by

all divine, and indeed by any respectable human, authority, unless we accord to Niccolo Machiavelli a position not commonly conceded to him, and that disparaged by the poet and the essayist, is as wide as the gulf between praiseworthy sagacity and detestable shrewdness. The heart requires nourishment, to be sure; so does the liver; but the business of teachers is to feed and discipline the mind, having a care only not to impair the normal strengthening of the body nor to check the natural broadening of sympathies. When they bewail the restrictions imposed upon their profession by ages of experience, they indulge in talk not merely idle but distinctly harmful, tending only to induce in the youthful mind excuse for slothfulness.

Fie upon such modern philosophy! In haste we return to the ancients. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam,* and let the schoolmaster stick to his task, leaving to the hardy Saxon heart the privilege it has ever enjoyed of acquiring spirituality in proportion to its needs and its capacity.

FRIDAY, *November 30.* Save the Children and the Nation.

"One million seven hundred thousand children, practically uneducated, are toiling over here, and growing up, darkened, massed and dangerous, into the American future."

Such is the summary of one phase of present industrial and social conditions in this country set down in his latest book by that friendly, yet perspicacious and fearless, student and forecaster, Mr. H. G. Wells. It is, we fear, a fact as terrifying as the indictment is terrible. If the evil were segregated, demand might be made upon local pride and communal sentiment with reasonable expectation of responsive remedy; but, sad to say, this is not the case. In Massachusetts—"there she is; behold her!"—are "little naked boys packing cloth into bleaching-vats in a bath of chemicals that bleaches their little bodies like the bodies of lepers"; in the South, there are "six times as many children at work as there were twenty years ago, and each year more little ones are brought in from the fields and hills to live in the degrading atmosphere of the mill towns"; in Pennsylvania, "children of ten and eleven stoop over the chute, and pick out slate and other impurities from the coal, as it passes them, for ten or eleven hours a day"; in Illinois, they stand "ankle-deep in blood, cleaning intestines and trimming meat"; altogether,

the children between the ages of five and fourteen forced to toil in factories, mines, and slaughter-houses comprise nearly one-sixth of our entire population. Surely no cause of wonder or criticism can be found in the fact that our conservative critic finds himself impelled by duty "to note this as affecting the future; these working children cannot be learning to read—though they will presently be having votes; they cannot grow up fit to bear arms, to be, in any sense but a vile, computing sweater's sense, men; so miserably they will avenge themselves by supplying the stuff for vice, for crime, for yet more criminal and political manipulations."

To gaze upon such a picture is not pleasant; but is it not well that we be compelled by foreign judgment to behold it, that we may seek the remedy? Where, then, is the remedy to be found? Recently, in a speech made to a Young Men's Christian Association in Indiana, one of the few men in public life whose aims are creative, or at the least remedial, declared his faith in the efficacy of a method which he was about to propose. In response to an inquiry respecting it, he writes to us as follows:

"It is necessary to have a national law on this subject. It has become clear that it is quite out of the question to expect any effective cure of this evil from the States. Of course, we cannot pass any valid law prohibiting child labor in factories and mines—that is the province of the States. But we have undoubted constitutional power to pass a law providing that carriers of interstate commerce shall not transport or accept for transportation the products of factories and mines employing children under the age of fourteen years; that the interstate carrier shall require of the factory or mine owner an affidavit, in form prescribed by the Department of Commerce and Labor, that such factory or mine does not employ child labor, such affidavit to be filed every six months, etc., etc.

"Of course, this would not reach goods sent through jobbers and would not entirely correct the evil, but it will largely do so. It will affect most—I should say four-fifths—of the great factories and mines that are engaged in this indefensible practice. Above all else, it is a beginning; also, it is the only way by which we can reach this evil by a national statute."

The Senator to whom we refer—Mr. Beveridge of Indiana—adds that he will introduce a bill to this effect immediately upon the reconvening of the Congress; and for that measure he asks in advance the support of public journals and good citizens. For ourselves, we confess to a distinct dislike of the method

proposed, as savoring of the hateful new general policy of circumventing fundamental restrictions, and exercising concentrated authority in undisguised disregard of the spirit of the Constitution; but if, in fact, no other than this evasive way should be found, and the question should resolve itself, from necessity, into a plain choice between the moral, mental and physical stultification of millions of children and a theory of government, all other considerations would weigh as a feather against the demands of common humanity.

SATURDAY, *December 1.* **Broader Aspects of Esperanto.**

THERE is no need, we feel sure, to direct the attention of our readers particularly to the truly eloquent and inspiriting address, published in this REVIEW, of Doctor Zamenhof, the inventor of Esperanto. When the official definition of the new language was under discussion at Boulogne, the proposal that the purpose of hastening the coming of universal peace should be embodied in the creed was rejected by Doctor Zamenhof, upon the ground that progress would be retarded by permitting seeming dictation of motives to supersede mere suggestion of means, but the earnest words spoken at Geneva clearly show how close to his heart is the idea. Why for even an instant he should have hesitated to make the appeal we cannot surmise. It is an indubitable fact that, from the earliest times, among primitive beings and savage tribes, to the present days of comparative enlightenment, practically all strife has arisen from a determination of one part of the race to force the acceptance by another of an unfamiliar language, a strange religion or both. Wars without number have resulted from the mere difficulty of reaching an understanding through a mutually intelligible means of communication. Even as late as the past century, as frankly conceded at the recent celebration of the American Board of Foreign Missions, ignorance in men of different races of one another's true beliefs and inability to make comprehensible exposition have constituted the chief stumbling-blocks in the path of religious progression.

Two years ago, or more, the far-seeing Pope Pius X testified his appreciation of this vital condition by conferring his benediction upon all Esperantists and their cause and, during the recent Congress, he authorized the celebration of a Mass in Esperanto in a church of Geneva. On the same Sunday services

in Esperanto were conducted in a Protestant church, affording, wrote the Frenchman René de Saussure, "a very uncommon spectacle — the simultaneous Catholic Mass and Protestant services, in the same language, enabling the people to choose between the preaching of an English clergyman and a Spanish priest." And after the services, in the parks and on the quays of Geneva, "all fraternized cordially, forgetting for a little while all of those things which under ordinary circumstances would have set them apart. In more than one spot I saw happy groups made up of priests and free-thinkers, of socialists and military men. All these people chatted gayly together, as though suddenly aware of the fact that, before being priests or socialists or soldiers, they were men. And I said to myself as I looked at them, surely these few days passed together must result in a great lesson in tolerance of all for all." Viewing these impressive indications and having in mind that the thousand enthusiastic members of the conference represented twenty-eight distinct nationalities from Iceland to Peru, M. Boirac, the famous French educator, declared, "The consequences of Esperanto, so far as concerns the future progress of humanity, will be hardly less important than those that followed the invention of printing."

We would not underrate the broader aspects of the invention of a universal language; indeed, as we have briefly hinted and as appears, though gradually, in Doctor Zamenhof's utterances, they well deserve the most serious consideration; but first must be established its practicability for ordinary commercial usage, assured, we believe, by the ease of acquirement, "owing," as the "Spectator" remarks, "to the irreducible minimum of grammar and the simplicity of its vocabulary." The truth of this claim will receive demonstration in an early number of this REVIEW, which will contain a primer in Esperanto for beginners.

MONDAY, *December 3.* **Why Girls are Uninteresting.**

FROM a mass of denials, more vehement than convincing, of our recent assertion of the superiority of the American boy over the American girl, it is refreshing to turn to the following communication which we have received from an exceptionally intelligent and keenly observant American woman:

"If our American Girl *is* a bore, as you have chronicled, if she is, at times, somewhat self-conscious and lacking in aspiration, the fault

must surely lie, not with her, but with the controlling generation. Control is very much out of fashion nowadays. We have grown to believe that real virtue depends upon freedom, and that individuality must come by exercising choice. The great point is that the intelligence comes into the world naked and unadorned, and we must offer it ideals to choose among.

"It may be the outgrowth of the very false impression that girls are *born* better than boys, but, for that or some better reason, we are incomparably more lax in our training of girls than in our training of boys. Fortunately the fashion of ill health for girls, which obtained forty or fifty years ago, has entirely passed; doubtless that generation was paying the fine of the two or three generations who had lived in city houses, climbing stairs and sewing on machines as their chief exercise. The main remedy for the delicacy of young girls being discovered to be fresh air and wholesome exercise, the tradition of enfeebled health promptly died out.

"We have now a sturdy and athletic, an independent and courageous, pleasure-seeker upon our hands. Her schooling and her home training are all too often casual and intermittent. If she goes to a fashionable finishing-school, she learns how to enter and leave a room, how to dress her hair and modulate her voice, but these are at best minor accomplishments for an immortal soul. If she goes to college, she too often learns to look upon intellectual attainment as an end in itself and as a solution of the problem of existence. Finally, she submits to the unspeakable degradation of being put upon the marriage market. She comes home from her school or her college and is deliberately decked out in fine clothes and extravagant trappings, and with whatever subtlety the intention be veiled, she is offered for marriage.

"Perhaps, when one looks at the superficiality of the method of education, it is not altogether a surprise that the young girl is not profoundly attractive. The boy is educated and trained for life; to earn his own living, to be a force amongst men, to use his life. The young girl is offered accomplishments and clothes, in order that she may capture a husband and live, in idleness, upon his work. When we train our girls to noble occupations, when we teach them that they must be a controlling force in life, when we shame them out of superficialities and idleness, and laugh them out of the college-bred absurdity that intellect is the controlling force of life, we shall have an American girl who is just as interesting and just as attractive as the American boy. Girls are as eager as boys for ideals; so eager, in fact, that we have grown somewhat slothful in supplying them."

With this diagnosis of causes, in the main, we agree. That an increase of responsibilities, demanding both absorption and application of ideals, would be beneficial not only to young women themselves but to all humankind there can be no question. Therefore, endow them in common with their brothers with the right

of direct influence in the conduct of the affairs of their country, and rear them in such a way as to inculcate in their minds a realizing sense of the obligations they are about to assume.

TUESDAY, *December 4.* **The Old-time Home.**

IT was a beautiful thing,—a home in the olden days we can just remember. A place where order and peace reigned; a little space shut off from shadows and illusions; a place where all the bed-linen was scented with dried lavender sewed up in tiny silk bags, and where the cooking was impeccable. It was not a bad profession either, that of being housewife and house-mother; arduous and full of minute cares and day-long claims it was, and yet there are few joys greater than that of building a peaceful refuge for one man and growing-ground for his children. Nor was it necessarily so narrowing a vocation as the present generation is apt to think. It takes wide reading, much thinking, definitely impelled activities to make ideal the surroundings of a child. We were recently approached on the subject of a new Socialistic colony, where all the families are to eat together, where all the children are to be handed over to trained caretakers, to be fed, taught, disciplined and watched over, day and night. "And what is the mother to do?" we asked. "She will be free for her chosen duties, public or private, whatever they be." But we had chanced to overhear a boy say that day to his mother, "There is one thing we oughtn't to miss ever, and that's an hour or two alone together every day!" And we wondered what self-chosen duties that mother would prefer to that daily hour or two alone, bespoken by a twelve-year-old son.

WEDNESDAY, *December 5.* **Day Dreams are the Better.**

OF the two we prefer dreams by day; they are under surer control than those by night, are almost invariably more agreeable, yield finally to an awakening far less rude, and are, in consequence, infinitely more restful and beneficial. Not that even in the profoundest sleep, when, according to the scientists, there is total lapse of mentation, guidance is wholly unattainable; both theory and practice testify to the contrary, although no way has yet been found of tracing the cause from the effect. Why, for example, does speaking in a low, monotonous tone close to the ear of a sleeper induce him to dream of shipwrecks, drowning

and the like? Is there a tone in the voice analogous to and sympathetic with the unceasing moaning of the waves of the sea? or, is the mere general relationship existing between various phases of melancholy responsible? Science as yet offers no solution beyond the curious suggestion that practically all dreams are attributable to the effect of external sounds upon the brain. Pierre Eyquem attached so much importance to this theory that he made a practical application of it in the development of his dull-witted son's genius. For an hour each morning before the boy's awakening, he played soft music in the adjoining room. What part this performed in the making of that marvellous mind cannot, of course, be determined, but there seems to be substantial reason for the belief that some effects resulted, even though, assuredly, the tranquillity one would naturally anticipate was not one of them.

The creator of Peter Ibbetson tacitly admitted the predominant effect of sound, but was so thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of combined mental and physical condition that he set down with audacious precision a primary rule to this effect: "You must always sleep on your back, with your arms above your head, your hands clasped under it, and your feet crossed, the right one over the left, unless you are left-handed; and you must never for a moment cease thinking of where you want to be in your dream till you are asleep and get there, and you must never forget in your dream where and what you are when awake. You must join the dream on to reality." This method is easy, and may have served well the Duchess in her vividly imaginative flights through prison walls and miles of space, but alas! there is a nervous defect in the modern temperament which renders the process worse than unavailing.

We return, then, to the initial assertion of the superior advantages of dreams by day arising chiefly from the greater ease with which they may be regulated. And surely no greater boon has been conferred upon humankind. Take out of life those blissful drowsing moments when the youthful orator has foreseen himself holding a multitude in the hollow of his hand, moving them to laughter or tears at will, or even by the sheer power of his eloquence compelling a jury to free the confessed murderer; deprive the country girl, trudging her way to school, of the vision of an entire court, including both of their gracious Majesties,

bowing before her loveliness; bar even the wretched player of golf from conjuring before the eye of his mind a perfect game, stroke by stroke, made with such grace, power and precision as to be regarded by a thousand onlookers as truly marvellous; rob a statesman of his mental picture of countless generations reverently holding his memory as that of the greatest of the great; steal from the composer the anticipation of slipping shyly from his high chair while the great house resounds with fitting applause of the most impelling opera ever written; take from the girl in the choir the weekly vision between hymns of the ultimate triumph of voice and beauty; and what is left but husks of life? To actual achievement, and to even dreary realism their due; but not less appropriate to the reverie of life than to the sleep of death is the exclamation of the poet,

"What dreams may come!"

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—VIII.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated in 1906.*] In those early days duelling suddenly became a fashion in the new Territory of Nevada, and by 1864 everybody was anxious to have a chance in the new sport, mainly for the reason that he was not able to thoroughly respect himself so long as he had not killed or crippled somebody in a duel or been killed or crippled in one himself.

(1864.)

At that time I had been serving as city editor on Mr. Goodman's Virginia City "Enterprise" for a matter of two years. I was twenty-nine years old. I was ambitious in several ways, but

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I had entirely escaped the seductions of that particular craze. I had had no desire to fight a duel; I had no intention of provoking one. I did not feel respectable, but I got a certain amount of satisfaction out of feeling safe. I was ashamed of myself; the rest of the staff were ashamed of me—but I got along well enough. I had always been accustomed to feeling ashamed of myself, for one thing or another, so there was no novelty for me in the situation. I bore it very well. Plunkett was on the staff; R. M. Daggett was on the staff. These had tried to get into duels, but for the present had failed, and were waiting. Goodman was the only one of us who had done anything to shed credit upon the paper. The rival paper was the Virginia "Union." Its editor for a little while was Tom Fitch, called the "silver-tongued orator of Wisconsin"—that was where he came from. He tuned up his oratory in the editorial columns of the "Union," and Mr. Goodman invited him out and modified him with a bullet. I remember the joy of the staff when Goodman's challenge was accepted by Fitch. We ran late that night, and made much of Joe Goodman. He was only twenty-four years old; he lacked the wisdom which a person has at twenty-nine, and he was as glad of being *it* as I was that I wasn't. He chose Major Graves for his second (that name is not right, but it's close enough; I don't remember the Major's name). Graves came over to instruct Joe in the duelling art. He had been a Major under Walker, the "gray-eyed man of destiny," and had fought all through that remarkable man's filibustering campaign in Central America. That fact gauges the Major. To say that a man was a Major under Walker, and came out of that struggle ennobled by Walker's praise, is to say that the Major was not merely a brave man but that he was brave to the very utmost limit of that word. All of Walker's men were like that. I knew the Gillis family intimately. The father made the campaign under Walker, and with him one son. They were in the memorable Plaza fight, and stood it out to the last against overwhelming odds, as did also all of the Walker men. The son was killed at the father's side. The father received a bullet through the eye. The old man—for he was an old man at the time—wore spectacles, and the bullet and one of the glasses went into his skull and remained there. There were some other sons: Steve, George, and Jim, very young chaps—the merest lads—

who wanted to be in the Walker expedition, for they had their father's dauntless spirit. But Walker wouldn't have them; he said it was a serious expedition, and no place for children.

The Major was a majestic creature, with a most stately and dignified and impressive military bearing, and he was by nature and training courteous, polite, graceful, winning; and he had that quality which I think I have encountered in only one other man—Bob Howland—a mysterious quality which resides in the eye; and when that eye is turned upon an individual or a squad, in warning, that is enough. The man that has that eye doesn't need to go armed; he can move upon an armed desperado and quell him and take him prisoner without saying a single word. I saw Bob Howland do that, once—a slender, good-natured, amiable, gentle, kindly little skeleton of a man, with a sweet blue eye that would win your heart when it smiled upon you, or turn cold and freeze it, according to the nature of the occasion.

The Major stood Joe up straight; stood Steve Gillis up fifteen paces away; made Joe turn right side towards Steve, cock his navy six-shooter—that prodigious weapon—and hold it straight down against his leg; told him that *that* was the correct position for the gun—that the position ordinarily in use at Virginia City (that is to say, the gun straight up in the air, then brought slowly down to your man) was all wrong. At the word "*One,*" you must raise the gun slowly and steadily to the place on the other man's body that you desire to convince. Then, after a pause, "*two, three—fire—Stop!*" At the word "stop," you may fire—but not earlier. You may give yourself as much time as you please *after* that word. Then, when you fire, you may advance and go on firing at your leisure and pleasure, if you can get any pleasure out of it. And, in the meantime, the other man, if he has been properly instructed and is alive to his privileges, is advancing on *you,* and firing—and it is always likely that more or less trouble will result.

Naturally, when Joe's revolver had risen to a level it was pointing at Steve's breast, but the Major said "No, that is not wise. Take all the risks of getting murdered yourself, but don't run any risk of murdering the other man. If you survive a duel you want to survive it in such a way that the memory of it will not linger along with you through the rest of your life and interfere with your sleep. Aim at your man's leg; not at the

knee, not above the knee; for those are dangerous spots. Aim below the knee; cripple him, but leave the rest of him to his mother."

By grace of these truly wise and excellent instructions, Joe tumbled Fitch down next morning with a bullet through his lower leg, which furnished him a permanent limp. And Joe lost nothing but a lock of hair, which he could spare better then than he could now. For when I saw him here in New York a year ago, his crop was gone; he had nothing much left but a fringe, with a dome rising above.

About a year later I got *my* chance. But I was not hunting for it. Goodman went off to San Francisco for a week's holiday, and left me to be chief editor. I had supposed that that was an easy berth, there being nothing to do but write one editorial per day; but I was disappointed in that superstition. I couldn't find anything to write an article about, the first day. Then it occurred to me that inasmuch as it was the 22nd of April, 1864, the next morning would be the three-hundredth anniversary (1864.) of Shakespeare's birthday—and what better theme could I want than that? I got the Cyclopædia and examined it, and found out who Shakespeare was and what he had done, and I borrowed all that and laid it before a community that couldn't have been better prepared for instruction about Shakespeare than if they had been prepared by art. There wasn't enough of what Shakespeare had done to make an editorial of the necessary length, but I filled it out with what he hadn't done—which in many respects was more important and striking and readable than the handsomest things he had really accomplished. But next day I was in trouble again. There were no more Shakespeares to work up. There was nothing in past history, or in the world's future possibilities, to make an editorial out of, suitable to that community; so there was but one theme left. That theme was Mr. Laird, proprietor of the Virginia "Union." *His* editor had gone off to San Francisco too, and Laird was trying his hand at editing. I woke up Mr. Laird with some courtesies of the kind that were fashionable among newspaper editors in that region, and he came back at me the next day in a most vitriolic way. He was hurt by something I had said about him—some little thing —I don't remember what it was now — probably called him a horse-thief, or one of those little phrases customarily used to

describe another editor. They were no doubt just, and accurate, but Laird was a very sensitive creature, and he didn't like it. So we expected a challenge from Mr. Laird, because according to the rules — according to the etiquette of duelling as reconstructed and reorganized and improved by the duellists of that region—whenever you said a thing about another person that he didn't like, it wasn't sufficient for him to talk back in the same offensive spirit: etiquette required him to send a challenge; so we waited for a challenge—waited all day. It didn't come. And as the day wore along, hour after hour, and no challenge came, the boys grew depressed. They lost heart. But I was cheerful; I felt better and better all the time. They couldn't understand it, but *I* could understand it. It was my *make* that enabled me to be cheerful when other people were despondent. So then it became necessary for us to waive etiquette and challenge Mr. Laird. When we reached that decision, they began to cheer up, but I began to lose some of my animation. However, in enterprises of this kind you are in the hands of your friends; there is nothing for you to do but to abide by what they consider to be the best course. Daggett wrote a challenge for me, for Daggett had the language — the right language — the convincing language—and I lacked it. Daggett poured out a stream of unsavory epithets upon Mr. Laird, charged with a vigor and venom of a strength calculated to persuade him; and Steve Gillis, my second, carried the challenge and came back to wait for the return. It didn't come. The boys were exasperated, but I kept my temper. Steve carried another challenge, hotter than the other, and we waited again. Nothing came of it. I began to feel quite comfortable. I began to take an interest in the challenges myself. I had not felt any before; but it seemed to me that I was accumulating a great and valuable reputation at no expense, and my delight in this grew and grew, as challenge after challenge was declined, until by midnight I was beginning to think that there was nothing in the world so much to be desired as a chance to fight a duel. So I hurried Daggett up; made him keep on sending challenge after challenge. Oh, well, I overdid it; Laird accepted. I might have known that that would happen—Laird was a man you couldn't depend on.

The boys were jubilant beyond expression. They helped me make my will, which was another discomfort—and I already had

enough. Then they took me home. I didn't sleep any—didn't want to sleep. I had plenty of things to think about, and less than four hours to do it in—because five o'clock was the hour appointed for the tragedy, and I should have to use up one hour —beginning at four—in practising with the revolver and finding out which end of it to level at the adversary. At four we went down into a little gorge, about a mile from town, and borrowed a barn door for a mark—borrowed it of a man who was over in California on a visit—and we set the barn door up and stood a fence-rail up against the middle of it, to represent Mr. Laird. But the rail was no proper representative of him, for he was longer than a rail and thinner. Nothing would ever fetch him but a line shot, and then as like as not he would split the bullet—the worst material for duelling purposes that could be imagined. I began on the rail. I couldn't hit the rail; then I tried the barn door; but I couldn't hit the barn door. There was nobody in danger except stragglers around on the flanks of that mark. I was thoroughly discouraged, and I didn't cheer up any when we presently heard pistol-shots over in the next little ravine. I knew what that was—that was Laird's gang out practising him. They would hear my shots, and of course they would come up over the ridge to see what kind of a record I was making—see what their chances were against me. Well, I hadn't any record; and I knew that if Laird came over that ridge and saw my barn door without a scratch on it, he would be as anxious to fight as I was—or as I had been at midnight, before that disastrous acceptance came.

Now just at this moment, a little bird, no bigger than a sparrow, flew along by and lit on a sage-bush about thirty yards away. Steve whipped out his revolver and shot its head off. Oh, he was a marksman—much better than I was. We ran down there to pick up the bird, and just then, sure enough, Mr. Laird and his people came over the ridge, and they joined us. And when Laird's second saw that bird, with its head shot off, he lost color, he faded, and you could see that he was interested. He said:

"Who did that?"

Before I could answer, Steve spoke up and said quite calmly, and in a matter-of-fact way,

"Clemens did it."

The second said, "Why, that is wonderful. How far off was that bird?"

Steve said, "Oh, not far—about thirty yards."

The second said, "Well, that is astonishing shooting. How often can he do that?"

Steve said languidly, "Oh, about four times out of five."

I knew the little rascal was lying, but I didn't say anything. The second said, "Why, that is *amazing* shooting; I supposed he couldn't hit a church."

He was supposing very sagaciously, but I didn't say anything. Well, they said good morning. The second took Mr. Laird home, a little tottery on his legs, and Laird sent back a note in his own hand declining to fight a duel with me on any terms whatever.

Well, my life was saved—saved by that accident. I don't know what the bird thought about that interposition of Providence, but I felt very, very comfortable over it—satisfied and content. Now, we found out, later, that Laird had *hit* his mark four times out of six, right along. If the duel had come off, he would have so filled my skin with bullet-holes that it wouldn't have held my principles.

By breakfast-time the news was all over town that I had sent a challenge and Steve Gillis had carried it. Now that would entitle us to two years apiece in the penitentiary, according to the brand-new law. Judge North sent us no message as coming from himself, but a message *came* from a close friend of his. He said it would be a good idea for us to leave the territory by the first stage-coach. This would sail next morning, at four o'clock—and in the meantime we would be searched for, but not with avidity; and if we were in the Territory after that stage-coach left, we would be the first victims of the new law. Judge North was anxious to have some object-lessons for that law, and he would absolutely keep us in the prison the full two years.

Well, it seemed to me that our society was no longer desirable in Nevada; so we stayed in our quarters and observed proper caution all day—except that once Steve went over to the hotel to attend to another customer of mine. That was a Mr. Cutler. You see Laird was not the only person whom I had tried to reform during my occupancy of the editorial chair. I had looked around and selected several other people, and delivered a new zest of life into them through warm criticism and disapproval

—so that when I laid down my editorial pen I had four horse-whippings and two duels owing to me. We didn't care for the horse-whippings; there was no glory in them; they were not worth the trouble of collecting. But honor required that some notice should be taken of that other duel. Mr. Cutler had come up from Carson City, and had sent a man over with a challenge from the hotel. Steve went over to pacify him. Steve weighed only ninety-five pounds, but it was well known throughout the territory that with his fists he could whip anybody that walked on two legs, let his weight and science be what they might. Steve was a Gillis, and when a Gillis confronted a man and had a proposition to make, the proposition always contained business. When Cutler found that Steve was my second he cooled down; he became calm and rational, and was ready to listen. Steve gave him fifteen minutes to get out of the hotel, and half an hour to get out of town or there would be results. So *that* duel went off successfully, because Mr. Cutler immediately left for Carson a convinced and reformed man.

I have never had anything to do with duels since. I thoroughly disapprove of duels. I consider them unwise, and I know they are dangerous. Also, sinful. If a man should challenge me now, I would go to that man and take him kindly and forgivingly by the hand and lead him to a quiet retired spot, and *kill* him.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

AMERICAN SCHOOLS AND JAPANESE PUPILS.

BY C. W. FULTON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OREGON.

THE principal, if not the sole, cause that has led up to the exclusion of Japanese from the public schools of San Francisco provided for white children is the fact that those seeking admission to these schools were very largely adults, who, because they were beginners, necessarily entered the primary grades and were in consequence brought into intimate association with the young white children of those grades. The serious objections to such a condition are manifest. Hence the Japanese were relegated to the schools originally designed and established for Chinese. It is not improbable that the authorities experienced less embarrassment in reaching a determination to exclude the Japanese from association with the whites in the public schools than they would have suffered had circumstances seemed to make it expedient for them to take similar action regarding any one of the European races; for it must be admitted that, while the Japanese in the aggregate, as a nation, are admired for their wonderful pluck, energy and marvellous progress of late years, the individual Japanese, as we see and know him on the Pacific Coast, is not a favorite with our people. It is the old anti-Chinese spirit revived, directed against the Japanese coolie class, and intensified by certain objectionable traits of character in the Japanese which are not found in the Chinaman. Still, were it not for the fact that adult Japanese largely flocked to the primary grades of the schools attended by white children, the order of exclusion would probably never have been demanded by any considerable number of people. For over a quarter of a century Chinese children have attended the Oregon public schools, without protest on the part of any of our citizens to my knowledge. I am very certain, however, that should adult Chinamen or Japanese seek admis-

sion to the primary grades, very numerous and emphatic protests would be heard. I cannot believe the result would be otherwise in any community.

In addition to adequate facilities provided for them in special schools in conjunction with Chinese, there are numerous private schools in every part of the country which the Japanese can attend, and there has never been any objection to admitting them to our colleges and universities. It must, therefore, be apparent that no really just cause for complaint exists. In truth, the action of the San Francisco authorities would be a matter of little moment or concern to the general public but for the protest of the Japanese Government. The issue between a few Japanese residents of California and the School Board of San Francisco was thereby elevated to the dignity of a grave international question; and some are now so pessimistic as to predict the possibility, even probability, of war as the outcome. Such a result is impossible and such predictions are absurd.

The question will be taken up, considered and determined in that spirit of frankness and sincerity which the cordial relations existing between the two nations insure. The determination will be just and honorable to both. The United States Government will not seek to avoid any obligation it has actually assumed.

Whatever misunderstanding exists is doubtless due to the absence on the part of the Government of Japan of a clear comprehension of our somewhat complex governmental system. It is probably not understood by them that the establishment and maintenance of our public schools, and the direction and control thereof, are matters committed to, and wholly within the jurisdiction of, the local State governments, and that the Federal Government contributes nothing towards their support and is in no wise responsible for the manner in which they are conducted.

The public school is an important element in the social life of every American community. The system is provided by the State, and each community establishes and maintains its own schools thereunder. Can the Federal Government, in the exercise of the treaty-making power which is vested in it exclusively, invade the, at least otherwise, exclusive power of a State to control and regulate its school system? The question is one of great importance. I shall not attempt here to discuss it fully. Under our system, the States do not derive their

powers from the General Government. On the contrary, it is expressly stated in the Federal Constitution that all powers not therein delegated to the United States, or prohibited to the States, are reserved to the States respectively. The power to provide a system of education is not delegated to the General Government nor prohibited to the States. It would appear, therefore, to be one of the powers reserved to the latter.

It is contended, however, that a public treaty is the supreme law of the land, and that, when any of its provisions conflict with a statute or constitution of a State, the stipulations of the treaty must prevail. That is true only on the assumption that the provisions of the treaty are such as the United States Government may, under the Constitution of the United States, authoritatively assent to. Can the Federal Government by treaty stipulations annul or modify State statutes that it could not by legislation constitutionally disturb? That it may do so in some cases must, I think, be conceded. For instance, it has been held to be within the power of the United States to remove by treaty the disability of aliens to inherit real estates within the several States. In Geofroy *vs.* Riggs (133 U. S., 266), Mr. Justice Field said:

> "The treaty power, as expressed in the Constitution, is in terms unlimited, except by those restraints which are found in that instrument against the action of the Government or of its departments, and those arising from the nature of the Government itself and of that of the States. It does not extend so far as to authorize what the Constitution forbids, or a change in the character of the Government or in that of one of the States. But, with these exceptions, there is no limit to the questions which can be adjusted touching any matter which is properly the subject of negotiations with a foreign country."

It has been held, however, that "an attempt on the part of the United States, by compact with a foreign Government, to qualify the right of suffrage in a State, prescribe the times and mode of elections or to restrain the power of taxation under State authority, would transcend the limits of the treaty-making power and be entirely void" (Pierce *vs.* State, 13 N. H., 576). Will it be contended that the United States may, by treaty, confer on alien residents of a State the right to vote? Some States permit certain alien residents to exercise the elective franchise. Will it be contended that, under the "most-favored nation" clause, inserted in most treaties, all resident aliens in such States may

lawfully demand that right? If, by treaty, the Federal Government may confer on alien parents the right to send their children to the public schools of a State, why may it not by the same instrument secure to the parents the right to vote at school elections? Why not secure to them the right to official position under the State governments? Undoubtedly, by treaty, all rights necessary to the enjoyment of life and liberty, the acquisition, enjoyment and disposal of property may be guaranteed; but, clearly, the police of the several States is not a subject-matter to which the treaty-making power extends. Hence, the power to conduct its schools in its own way, to prescribe the qualifications necessary to admission thereto and to exclude all persons whose admittance would, in its judgment, prove detrimental to the public welfare, must, I think, be held to be a power vested exclusively in each of the States, respectively, and one which the Federal Government cannot, even by treaty, invade or annul. Happily, the treaty between the United States and Japan does not in terms propose any such invasion, and cannot, in my judgment, by any reasonable construction be made to imply any such purpose.

C. W. FULTON.

THE RÔLE OF AUSTRIA IN EUROPEAN POLICY.

BY DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

THE retirement of Count Goluchowski from the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs in Austria, which he had held for nearly twelve years, may mark the beginning of a new epoch in the policy of that Empire. I intend no disrespect for the sentiment of Hungarians in omitting the name of their country from the title of this article. Moreover, in that great and interesting state, whose name ever reminds us that it was the eastern bulwark against the barbarians, national must play a subordinate part to dynastic policy, although the latter has necessarily to be moulded and modified by the law of state safety. The policy of the peoples of the most conglomerate country in Europe has been and must continue to be mainly the policy of the House of Hapsburg. What that policy is, and what are the means available to enforce it, do not seem to have entered sufficiently into the calculations, based exclusively on national aspirations and grievances, of those writers with whom the coming disintegration of Austria-Hungary is the favorite bogey. The present is not an inappropriate time for placing before the reader some views very different from those generally expressed by persons who are too fond of pronouncing a requiem over the dominion of the hereditary representatives of Charlemagne. It is, indeed, none too soon to correct the hastily formed opinions which represent that Austria has become an expiring entity and influence, at the very moment when the key to the European situation is to be found in Vienna, and when Austria will probably exercise the deciding vote in the next European *bouleversement.*

Forty years have now elapsed since Austria, attacked on two sides, resigned, after a brief but not inglorious struggle, the first

place in Germany to her old rival Prussia. The question whether that resignation was final and beyond reconsideration has lost none of its interest because it has remained in abeyance for over a generation. In referring to the epoch that is now closing, it is sufficient to record the fact that the blow to Austria's premiership was due to the grave error of Napoleon III, who, by philandering with impossible schemes of aggrandizement in the Netherlands, made himself the tool of Prussian policy, of which he was himself marked out to be the next victim. Some writers have said that Austria repeated in 1870 the French blunder of 1866; but Austria's hands were tied by the military conventions Prussia concluded in 1868 with the South German States, who engaged to support their old enemy. To have entered upon a war with them, her ancient allies, her undoubted sympathizers not less now than then, would have been fratricidal on the part of Austria. She had no choice but to stand aloof, to feign, if she did not feel, sympathy with her recent conqueror, and to accept for a time all the consequences of Prussia's double triumph. Among those consequences not the most agreeable was a fixed subordinate place in the political partnership, known as the Triple Alliance, with the two states that had despoiled her.

During this long period of self-effacement Austria has been ruled by a monarch who is endowed with the qualities that grace adversity, and lend to misfortune the redeeming touch of dignity. The most suspicious chief of the Berlin Foreign Office would never have imputed to the Emperor Francis Joseph any ambitious counter-scheming, or sinister longing to redress the hitherto unequal balance of fortune; nor could any likely successor to Kaunitz or Beust be detected among the Directors of the Ministerium on the Ballhaus platz, who might be classed under the uniform designation of "men of buckram." They may be supposed to have taken to heart Count Beust's phrase after Sedan, "*Il n'y a plus d'Europe,*" and made it their motto. It may be admitted that no other policy save that of temporizing and waiting on events would have been prudent, or even possible, for Austria after the overthrow of France in 1870. To have attempted the adventurous policy of competing with Prussia on the old lines would only have been to play the game of Russia and to facilitate the attainment of the Pan-German programme. Austrian opposition to Prussia would also have kept Italy firmly

attached to the northern Power, which would have purchased her allegiance by concessions in the Trentino and on the Adriatic. Austria's policy during these last thirty-six years, whether by some instinctive astuteness or happy accident, has thus been the best that could possibly have been followed, while Time has been fighting her battle in a manner that no one yet seems to perceive.

The course of events has freed Austria from all apprehension on the side of Russia, whilst at the same time Hungary has shaken off that antipathy (not unmixed with horror born of the events of 1849) to the Russians which was the uppermost passion of the nation. The Prussian sympathies of the Magyars, which were much talked about and somewhat paraded in the time of Julius Andrassy, have also vanished. In their place has sprung up an anti-German feeling, beside which the old hatred of Russia seems insignificant. Skilfully utilized, that sentiment may yet save the Hapsburg dynasty, as it did in the time of Maria Theresa, and avert the Prussianizing of Austria already predicted by the Pan-Germans.

But the change on the western frontier has not been less remarkable than on the eastern. For some years past Italy has been reverting to the natural union with France, and moving away more rapidly than could have been anticipated from the artificial arrangement with North and South Germany. Of course, the most apparent indication of this tendency is the so-called feud with Austria about the Trentino, and certainly Berlin journalists do not neglect any opportunity of magnifying this trouble; but the most obvious is not always the most important; and cabinets sometimes shape their course by other agencies than those of popular passion. What has to be noted is that Italy is being alienated from Prussia. In any trial of strength between Hapsburg and Hohenzollern, there would be no probability of Italy's joining Prussia as she did on the last memorable occasion. Berlin could not offer the old bribes, or at least only in diminished form, while Italian statesmen cannot but reflect that a Pan-Germania planted on the Adriatic would aggravate the existing situation, and double-lock a door which is at present only partially closed. They may well exclaim, when closer bonds are proposed with Prussia, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" Leaving aside Austro-Italian controversies, which are not very serious, and which are treated with calmness by their respective

statesmen, the fact remains that Austria, freed from anxiety on the east, has no reason to anticipate attack from the west whenever she may decide to make her effort to assert the complete independence of her policy, which has for so long been the mere reflection of that devised at and dictated from Berlin.

The moment for making this manifestation cannot be far distant. Austria, freed of the Netherlands and the Italian duchies, has no cause of quarrel with France. The Triple Alliance was to give her security against Russia, and in her confiding trust Austria believed that it did give her security under every circumstance, until Bismarck startled her with the revelation of his Insurance Treaty with Russia. The course of events has now rendered any guarantee of security against Russia no longer necessary. Hence it follows that Austria derives no more advantage than Italy out of the Triple Alliance. It might be objected that the Germans of central Europe may yet have to combine against future dangers from various quarters, but then Austria is not exclusively German. The shouldering up of the Germans in the Dual Monarchy means the shouldering out of the non-Germans, and the voluntary abdication of Austria's separate and legitimate policy follows as a matter of course. As the House of Hapsburg is very far from being *in extremis,* and is indeed likely to display an unsuspected staying power, it is clear that Austrian policy can never be exclusively and rigidly German, according to those who dream in the couplets of *"Was ist das Deutsche Vaterland?"* The scares created at Berlin have failed to widen the breach between Austria and Italy; the demonstrations of a few students and irredentists have not prevented the statesmen of the two countries from realizing that the *status quo* has great advantages for both, and that it would be folly to create complications in the Balkan peninsula or elsewhere. Italy has practically recovered her freedom of action, and there is little doubt that very shortly Austria will show that she holds the same view about herself. She will resent being any longer a shadow or a satellite; the "men of buckram," who were very useful for a mere show during a period of *recueillement,* will be superseded by men of action who can look to all points of the horizon, and guide the bark of state into what may be termed the main current of European policy and sentiment. When they seek to do this, they cannot avoid being struck by the resemblance between the Euro-

pean situation of to-day and that in 1756 on the eve of the Seven Years' War. There is, of course, one material difference. The resources of England are no longer available for Prussia.

If the time is not far off for a revision and recasting of Austria's external policy, the present moment is not a whit too soon to ask for the display of calmer judgment and more reticence on the part of outside observers in discussing the internal affairs of the Dual Empire. The Hungarians are a brave, emotional people, who are not to be governed by the methods that Berlin applies to the Herreros; but their political sagacity in detecting that now or never is the time to make a stand against the irruption of Pan-Germanism south of the Erz-Gebirge will no longer be seriously disputed. While some people within the Austrian dominions have been saying that the Hungarian demand for the use of their language in the army is treasonable—and it is most instructive to watch how the press of Berlin and the papers of Vienna subsidized by Berlin descanted on that theme, until their readers must have grown weary and pined for novelty—a great many more people there have perceived that Hungary is giving Austria a political lesson of the very deepest significance, and one, moreover, which she is already taking to heart. What is that lesson? It is that a rigidly German policy on the lines laid down at Berlin is not a policy that Austria can or must long pursue. Hungary is telling her elder sister, in no uncertain terms, that the time has arrived when this misfitting garment should be laid aside. A worthy and wise Austrian policy should never be shaped on models supplied from Berlin, and Austrians and Hungarians are not likely to fly at each other's throats because the gentle Germans suggest that dragonades are the remedy for what they are pleased to call Hungarian "disaffection." This disaffection is nothing more than the first open manifestation of the growing resentment at the patronage that Prussia and the Hohenzollerns have long extended over Austria and the Hapsburgs.

But, it may be asked, what about the terrible agitation and commotion going on in Hungary, as described by so many correspondents at Vienna and Buda-Pesth? Scarcely a newspaper exists that does not put this problem constantly before its readers. Is not a fratricidal struggle imminent in Hungary, and will not the long-anticipated disruption of the Dual Empire follow on

"the disappearance of the Emperor Francis Joseph"? The question is not merely asked; it is answered in the same breath with an unqualified affirmative. These commentators omit to take into their reckoning the undeniable fact that what is called by some the excessive loyalty of the Emperor Francis Joseph to his Prussian partner is one of the chief irritating causes that lie at the root of the recent demonstrations by the Hungarian people, which are in a way the proof of their political intelligence. This being so, it follows that "the disappearance of the Emperor Francis Joseph"—which implies no disparagement of that great and good man, but is used here merely as a quotation from the obtrusive and offensive requiems on the Hapsburg dynasty already referred to — would not entail the serious consequences alleged, provided that his successor adopted the counter-policy of that embodied in the Triple Alliance. The present Emperor is to be regarded as struggling, out of pure loyalty, against any change in Austrian policy. But the fates are inexorable, the hour-glass telling off the period during which Austria was compelled to be tied to the train of her ancient rival has almost run down, and no timidity can avail to keep that Empire much longer under the trammels of German policy, which is antipathetic to so many Austrian interests, and even incompatible with her existence as a Great Power. What Austria has to fear is not the display of vivacity and energy by any of her component races, but the enervating influence and asphyxiating pressure of her false friend on the Spree.

Still, the situation renders it desirable that something should be done to satisfy the Hungarians that no attempt will be made to Germanize their country, and to convince them that the House of Hapsburg still relies on their loyalty as one of the chief props of its power and stability. If this is quickly done, the response will come in the same sure tones as were heard in 1742 to the appeal of Maria Theresa. But the people who describe the Hungarians as unreasonable, and who call them the Irish of the Dual Empire, are asserting that the Emperor can make no further concessions, and that he must now stand firm, which in their minds means the adoption of German methods. If those who hold these opinions were the only mentors of the Hofburg, things beyond the Leitha might be painted in dark colors; but those who declare that the Emperor Francis Joseph has exhausted his

patience or his forbearance towards any of his subjects cannot have read the story of his long and sad life with any care. If he thought them entirely in the wrong, his correction would still be one of paternal gentleness; if reflection has made him see that they are not wholly wrong, because the deeper cause of a disturbed national instinct lies at the root of what might at first be deemed trivial grievances, then we may be sure that the concession will be proportionate with the chastened judgment of a large-souled man.

Austria's need for the moment is not merely a new policy but new men. The talents that are useful for a period of inaction, when to "mark time" is the wisest course, are not those that will achieve success when important decisions have to be made, and fortitude and the courage that takes one's fate in both hands are the qualities needed. The Emperor Francis Joseph is showing, by his acceptance of Count Goluchowski's resignation, that he feels the need of new advisers, chiefly because of the deep-rooted repugnance in one part of his dominions to the foreign policy of the Empire. If a different turn were given to that policy, it is almost certain that many current apprehensions would be allayed, and that alone would entail a diminution in the agitation and excitement of which so much is being said and written. The pure Austrians have for years had little or nothing to do with the higher direction of affairs, which have been left mainly in the hands of Poles, Czechs and Slavs. The Hungarians also have not had their due share in the direction of the Imperial policy in external affairs. Yet there are good reasons for thinking that the Kaunitz of the twentieth century will spring from their ranks.

Before the inspired statesman who will nationalize Austrian policy and purge it of its spurious Teutonism is likely to reveal himself, the work for which he is wanted must become more or less defined and apparent. What is needed in Austria is some rallying-cry to which all its federated nationalities will respond. This will arise when some common peril that can only be met by closer union and a serried front presents itself. The first step in the right direction, however, will have been taken when something has been done to satisfy the Hungarians that no attempt is being or will be made to Germanize them. Even with regard to the language question in the army, some *via media*

might easily be found. Military efficiency must be the main object with Hungarians as with Austrians, but some concessions are quite within the range of practical politics. For instance, the Hungarian regiments could be taught the phrases of command, which are of a very limited number, between twenty and thirty sentences altogether, in German as well as in Hungarian, and allowed to use their own tongue on their own soil. Even then the Austro-Hungarian army would not be the only bilingual force in Europe. The Flemish regiments in Belgium are commanded in their own language and the Walloon in French. However excessive the Hungarian agitation may appear at a distance, it is clear that the ultra-Germanism of some of the Emperor's advisers has led him sometimes to sanction too uncompromising a rejection of Hungarian requests, which might have been granted to a partial extent, and at the same time deprived of half their mischief, if indeed there were anything mischievous in them at all. The unqualified denial of such requests in the first place, followed by minatory articles in the pro-Berlin Vienna press, led many Hungarians to attach sinister importance to the report this summer that the Emperor William was anxious to play at their expense the same part that Russia had played in 1849.

Although Austria has never swerved in her adherence to the Triple Alliance, and the absolute fidelity with which she supported Prussia at Algeciras is still quite fresh in the memory, there have been indications for some time that she was making collateral arrangements of considerable importance on her own account. During the last six or seven years her diplomacy has been most active at St. Petersburg, where an excellent understanding with Russia on all points has been arrived at, and its value has been enormously increased by the fact that it has not been regarded with either suspicion or dislike in Hungary. People have made the Prussian diplomatist, like the Prussian drill-sergeant, a kind of brass god, but they are really both very clumsy persons, and at Buda-Pesth a juster view has been taken of the true value of the Austro-Russian *entente* than has prevailed at Berlin. The creator of this friendly understanding, which precludes a quarrel in either Poland or the Balkans, was Baron von Aehrenthal, and he is now at the head of Austria's foreign department as Count Goluchowski's successor. He is, therefore, the originator and executant of the first piece of origi-

nal statesmanship in Austria's foreign policy since Count Beust, and it will be very surprising if he does not endeavor to crown his work by further successes in quarters which would readily respond to any Austrian advances. An *entente* with Russia might easily be supplemented by assurances which would satisfy Italy that there is no desire or intention of offering provocation to her somewhat oversensitive feelings. Austria and Italy are partners in an alliance which is nominally pacific and non-aggressive. With England and France there is not the smallest difference to ruffle the temper, or cloud the sky, and cordial friendship may be said either to exist or to be obtainable for the asking. An Austrian statesman who surveys the international situation calmly and without prejudice will see in all these circumstances ground for confidence and even complacency. The day when Austria might have been coerced into doing what she did not wish and ought not to do has passed by. If her statesmen realize the significance of what is happening in Europe and show themselves equal to their task, they will before long make their country respected by all, while they will have the satisfaction of seeing it menaced by none, because they will have ranged themselves on the side of Europe, which the triumph of Prussia in 1866 and 1870 effaced, as Count Beust said, but fortunately only for a generation.

The rôle of Austria in Europe should be a moderating one; but as long as her political action was known to depend solely on the wishes of Berlin, it was, quite unintentionally, we may admit, but still none the less positively, an inflammatory influence, for the Prussian Government, while it felt sure of Austrian cooperation, has often thought of defying the rest of Europe and trying to establish its hegemony down to the English Channel. Many North Germans, indeed, consider that Prussian policy has committed its most serious blunder in allowing the favorable moment for confirming the 1870 triumph to pass away unutilized. Although only a few months have elapsed since Algeciras, which marked the apogee in the friendly relations between Austria and Prussia, the confidence felt at Berlin as to the absolute subserviency of Austria to its wishes and orders is shaken, and the appointment of Baron von Aehrenthal will further diminish it. It is beginning to be realized there that Austrian devotion and self-sacrifice was a personal offering on the altar of blighted

hopes and harsh experience by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and not the full and unchanging surrender of their interests and ideals by the Austro-Hungarian peoples to their old antagonist. The next phase in the evolution of Austrian policy *vis à vis* to its powerful neighbor will be when Berlin finds itself compelled to listen to counsels of moderation from Vienna.

And thus there will be a fresh exemplification, in the very heart of old Europe, of the truth of the aphorism that the whirligig of time brings its own revenges. The Austria that was trampled on forty years ago, and that has played ever since a timid and retiring part in the great game of world politics, is once more coming to the front. It will, perhaps, not be very long before Vienna is again as conspicuous a centre of European diplomacy as it was in the days of Metternich. The objects of its statesmen will long continue to be pacific, because their country has need of consolidation; but they would be more than human if, remembering all the past, they did not feel a peculiar satisfaction in the knowledge that the course of events had placed in their hands the means of curbing the arrogance of Prussia.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

THE UNITED STATES CAN ENFORCE ITS LAW.

BY ANTI-FEDERALIST.

In view of recent threatened assaults upon the sovereignty of the States it seems to the writer of this article to be well to explain that he is opposed to them, and that he regards them as proposed violations of the fundamental law of the country. The excuse for this intrusion of his personal views is that the following argument is in behalf of a stronger and a farther-reaching enforcement of the true Federal power than has yet been undertaken by any President except Grover Cleveland. It is not because the Federal Government ought to usurp the customary and usual functions of the States that, in this contention, it is to be urged to force its rightful power within States and within and against their local and municipal agencies. To intrude with the Federal power into a State, or into the States, is bad; it is quite as bad, and much meaner, to decline to enforce the Federal power, the acknowledged and unassailable power of the United States, because of fear of a popular prejudice that may find expression in the popular vote. It is true, indeed, that this declination of right may be due to ignorance, just as encroachments upon the States may be due to incapacity to comprehend the nature and the value of our dual form of government. Whosoever would make this defence is welcome to his plea. The true statement of the respective powers of the two elements of this government is made in the following sentence of Cooley's "Principles of Constitutional Law":

"In American constitutional law a peculiar system is established; the powers of sovereignty being classified, and some of them apportioned to the Government of the United States for its exercise, while others are left with the States. Under this apportionment, the nation is

possessed of supreme, absolute and uncontrollable power, in respect to certain subjects throughout all the States, while the States have the like unqualified power, within their respective limits, in respect to other subjects."

This doctrine has been held and applied in many cases by the Supreme Court since its earliest days; and, in some of these cases, it was early necessary to lay down the rule that, in exercising its rightful power, the Federal Government can know nothing of State lines. Acting within its jurisdiction, it is "supreme, absolute and uncontrollable." Within the State itself, and notwithstanding the State, it possesses the coercive power to carry out its lawful commands, to defend its citizens, to protect its majesty, and to enforce against State or local opposition rights which are its own or which it has constitutionally granted to others, citizens or foreigners, individuals or nations.

The Supreme Court has established this doctrine, which, as announced by the judges, is as much part of the Federal Constitution as if it had been written there in unmistakable terms. If the power which belongs by right to the United States has not been exercised, if wrong has been suffered in consequence of the failure of the Federal Government to exert acknowledged power, if shifty evasions have been resorted to in order to avoid legal responsibility, the dereliction of duty is chargeable to the political departments of the Government, to the legislative and executive departments. The judicial department has done its full duty, and doubtless is ready again to do it whenever the occasion may arise.

The particular subject now under consideration relates to the power of the Federal Government to enforce the provisions of one of its treaties against a State or local government. This treaty is that of 1894 with Japan. The Japanese Government, if we are to accept the uncontradicted statements of the newspapers, through its Ambassador at Washington, asserts that the treaty has been violated by the so-called exclusion of Japanese children from the public schools of San Francisco. It is doubtful if such a contention could be justly maintained; for, while the treaty gives to Japanese in this country all of certain "privileges, liberties and rights" enjoyed by native citizens, or by citizens or subjects "of the most-favored nation," it does not follow that this particular grant by the nation carries the right

to attend the same State schools as are open to native and foreign white children. For the purposes of the argument, however, this issue may be considered as of no avail by reason of the admissions of the Federal Government. For some unexplained reason it has been deemed wise at Washington to admit the truth and justice of the Japanese representations. Therefore, in a nutshell, the case is this: The United States, by the treaty of 1894, agreed that the children of Japanese residing in this country should have the same right to attend the public schools as is enjoyed by the children of white natives; that this includes the right to attend the public schools of a State, therefore of the State of California; that it is, furthermore, a grant of the right that Japanese children may attend the same schools as those which white children lawfully and habitually attend; that, contrary to this promise of the treaty, the Board of Education of the city of San Francisco issued an order excluding Japanese children from schools which they had the right to attend; that thus a treaty of the United States has been violated by the Board of Education of San Francisco. The Japanese Government looks to the United States to repair the wrong, and possibly to make amends, and to punish the offenders. The attitude of the Government of the United States has been, at the best, one of uncertainty. It has asserted, at the most, that it does not know whether it possesses the power to prevent a breach of its own treaty by its own citizens, even when those citizens are members of a governing, or political, body. It is not the first time that the issue has arisen.

Since the power to make treaties has been given to the United States and denied to the States, and since the Federal Constitution has made a treaty the "supreme law of the land," one of two conclusions must follow: either the Government may compel obedience to its treaties, and punish disobedience; or, so far as its foreign relations are concerned, it is impotent. But so far as the law alone can make the Government powerful, this Government is far from being thus impotent. In the case of Ware *vs.* Hylton, and in many other cases, it has been decided by the Supreme Court that a law of a State must yield to the "supreme law of the land," whether that supreme law be expressed in a provision of the Constitution, or in a statute passed by Congress, or in a treaty. This doctrine was laid down, by both

Congress and the States, with reference to the duty of the States to carry out certain provisions of the treaty of peace of 1783 with Great Britain. The action of the States was, at first, not unlike the present action of San Francisco. They did not propose to abide by the agreement that the debts due to British debtors should be paid. In some instances they pretended, or asserted, that their conduct in reviving old confiscation laws, or in enforcing existing statutes, was impelled by the failure of the English Government to keep its agreement to vacate certain ports which it continued to hold. This was an impudent assumption on the part of the States of the right to take an action which, if it were to be taken at all, was wholly and solely within the discretion and power of the United States. And yet, even in making this unwarranted assumption, the States and Congress agreed that the treaty superseded all States' laws antagonistic to it. In Rhode Island, Connecticut and Pennsylvania, the courts held this doctrine. Under the law of Maryland, one who owed a debt to a British subject was compelled by law to pay it into the State Treasury. In an action for debt brought under the treaty, the court held that the treaty repealed this State law, not only for the future, but for the past. It was decreed that the defendant debtor should pay the debt to the British creditor, notwithstanding his previous payment into the State Treasury. In the State of New York, the Legislature undertook to revive an old law concerning the renting of land under military order during the British occupation of the city. In a suit to recover rent, the treaty of peace was pleaded, and the court held that the treaty prevailed in opposition to the law of the State. In Georgia, a judge charged the Grand Jury that the Constitution, the laws and the treaties of the United States were paramount over the State constitutions and laws, while another judge of the same State held that the treaty of peace repealed an act of the State.

Early in the nineteenth century the question reached the Supreme Court, a number of cases springing out of complications of title due to the change of ownership of Florida from Spain to the United States. In Ware *vs.* Hylton, Justice Chase, writing the opinion of the Court, said that a treaty is "paramount and controlling to all State laws and even to State constitutions wheresoever they interfere or disagree." In Foster *vs.* Neilson, a leading case, it was decided by the Supreme Court that a law

of the United States, *i. e.*, a statute of Congress, must yield to a treaty of subsequent date. Chief-Justice Marshall, who delivered the court's opinion in this case, said:

> "Our Constitution declares a treaty to be the law of the land. It is, consequently, to be regarded in courts of justice as equivalent to an act of the legislature, whenever it operates of itself without the aid of any legislative provision."

Ten years before, in 1819, the Chief Justice, in McCulloch *vs.* Maryland, had said:

> "The Government of the United States, though limited in its powers, is supreme; and its laws, when made in pursuance of the Constitution, form the supreme law of the land, 'anything in the constitution or the laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.'"

In one respect the treaty-making power enjoys a distinction which the law-making power does not possess: it may accomplish by treaty what Congress may not do by statute because the Constitution has not granted the power to the law-making branch of the Government. Congress, for example, cannot enact a law permitting aliens to own land within a State, notwithstanding the laws of the State; indeed, it may not enact any law controlling, directing or limiting in any way the right to hold land within a State. A treaty, however, may give to aliens the right, as heirs or devisees, to sell land within a State and to take the proceeds. Under the State law, lands owned by an alien, who had died possessed of them, would escheat to the State. A treaty thus defeating the laws of the State has been sustained, and made effective, by the Supreme Court of the United States. The case of Hauenstein *vs.* Lynham, decided by the Supreme Court in 1879, arose out of such a state of facts as has been set forth. Samuel Hauenstein, a native of Switzerland, died in Richmond, Virginia, possessed of lands, without heirs who were citizens of this country. The State escheator took steps to obtain the land, but the Swiss heirs of Hauenstein, aliens, claimed the right to sell the land and to take the proceeds under a treaty between the United States and Switzerland made in 1850. This treaty gave to citizens of Switzerland the right to the proceeds of a sale, notwithstanding the law of Virginia, under which the State was entitled to the land. The court upheld the treaty against the

State. The regularity of the treaty being sustained, Justice Swayne, speaking for the court, quoted the decision in Ware *vs.* Hylton, as follows:

"There can be no limitation on the power of the people of the United States. By their authority the State constitutions were made, and by their authority the Constitution of the United States was established; and they had the power to change or abolish the State constitutions or to make them yield to the General Government and to treaties made by their authority. A treaty cannot be *the supreme law of the land*, that is, of all the United States, if any act of a State legislature can stand in its way. If the constitution of a State (which is the fundamental law of the State and paramount to its legislature) must give way to a treaty and fall before it, can it be questioned whether the less power, an act of the State legislature, must not be prostrate? It is the declared will of the people of the United States that every treaty made by the authority of the United States shall be superior to the constitution and laws of any individual State, and their will alone is to decide. If a law of a State, contrary to a treaty, is not void, but voidable only, by a repeal or nullification by a State legislature, this certain consequence follows—that the will of a small part of the United States may control or defeat the will of the whole."

Since 1796, when the case of Ware *vs.* Hylton was decided, the Supreme Court has entertained no doubt as to the power of the United States to enforce its "supreme law." Why should there be any doubt anywhere? There is no power but that of the United States to deal for this nation with foreign nations, as Justice Gray said, in Fong Yue Ting *vs.* United States:

"The United States are a sovereign and independent nation, and are vested by the Constitution with the entire control of international relations, and with all the powers of government necessary to maintain that control and to make it effective. The only Government of this country which other nations recognize or treat with is the Government of the Union; and the only American flag known throughout the world is the flag of the United States."

Many times the doctrine laid down in 1796 has been stated by the Supreme Court. In 1819, in McCulloch *vs.* Maryland, Chief-Justice Marshall declared it as, in 1816, Justice Story had stated it in Martin *vs.* Hunter's Lessee. In the latter case, Justice Story asserted that the "courts of the United States can without question revise the proceedings of the executive and legislative authorities of the States."

It is well-recognized doctrine that Federal laws which are constitutional, *i. e.*, made "in pursuance" of the Constitution, and "all treaties made . . . under the authority of the United States" have the force of the Constitution itself, and any State statute, or any provision of a State constitution, which is repugnant to the Federal Constitution, or to a Federal statute, or to a Federal treaty, is void. This means that any act of a State authority, executive or legislative, or any order of a local board, as in this Japanese controversy, which is contrary to a "supreme law of the land"—Constitution, statute or treaty—may be declared void by the courts of the United States.

Under the decisions of the Supreme Court, then, a State cannot make a law, or perform an act—nor can any of its local governing bodies, of course—which is repugnant to a provision of the Federal Constitution, or to one of its statutes, or to one of its treaties, without being guilty of a violation of the supreme Federal law. If an individual be sued under such an act in a civil action, he may plead that the State law is repugnant to the Federal Constitution or statute or treaty. If the State court decides against this plea, the injured party may appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. If the State seek to punish him for an offence against this same law, in a criminal action, the accused may obtain his release on *habeas corpus* on the ground that the State law under which he is prosecuted is contrary to the supreme Federal law. The case under consideration arises from the action of the Board of Education of San Francisco. This action is admitted by the United States authorities to be repugnant to a treaty between the United States and Japan, and is, therefore, an offence against the supreme law of the land. It seems to be generally admitted, at least it is the general impression, and it has been asserted by several Secretaries of State, that the United States cannot enforce this supreme law against a State, or a city, or any local power, nor can it punish the members of a mob who have been guilty of a crime, of murder, for example, thus offending against the "supreme law" of the United States.

If this position be well taken, it involves a confession of such impotence on the part of the United States as deprives the country of the right to assert itself to be a "World Power." Indeed, if this contention be sound, the Federal Government is

a second-rate domestic power. If it be true, why need the States take notice of the judgments of its courts, or of the statutes of its Congress, or of the Federal Constitution itself? Let us suppose, for example, that the defendant in a civil action brought and pursued in a State's courts, pleads that the State law under which he is sued violates the obligation of a contract, a kind of law which a State is prohibited from passing by the Constitution of the United States. Notwithstanding his plea, he is defeated by the highest tribunal of the State, his constitutional contention being decided against him. Declaring that the State has deprived him of a right which is his under the Federal Constitution, the United States Supreme Court gives him a writ of error, removes the case to its jurisdiction, and decides that his contention is well founded; that the law of the State is void because it violates the obligation of a contract, and is, therefore, repugnant to the Constitution. Let us assume that the State ignores the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States; that an execution issues on the judgment of the State court; and that the alleged debtor's property is seized and sold, notwithstanding the decision of the United States Supreme Court. Cannot the United States protect its citizen effectually? Having declared that he shall not be pursued under the State law, is the United States Government so impotent that it is unable to protect him against the assumed illegal act of the State, or of any officer or board of officers within the State? If an accused is convicted and sentenced under a law which he declares to be an *ex post facto* law, a law which the Federal Constitution forbids a State to enact, and if, on application to the United States courts for a writ of *habeas corpus,* the Supreme Court decides that he is right, may the State authorities nevertheless execute him with impunity? Is there no power in the United States to take from the State jailer or the State executioner the victim whom its own courts have declared innocent of the crime with which he has been charged?

Are not these assumptions fair illustrations of the case of the offenders against the "supreme law of the land," formulated in the treaty with Japan? Just as the State authorities might refuse to obey the Federal law as announced by the Supreme Court, so the Board of Education of San Francisco refuses to obey the law as set forth in the treaty. In either case, we have disobe-

dience by local authorities to the law of the United States. In the instances which have been mentioned, the Government and the country would insist upon obedience to the law, and the State authorities who nullified the law would be considered to be rebels. It has been settled by war that a State may not nullify a legislative act of the Federal Government; and if a State may not do this, it may not nullify a treaty. There is no difference in degree between a statute and a treaty, between the two kinds of the supreme law.

As Chief-Justice Marshall said, a treaty is equivalent to a statute, and it has been decided by the Supreme Court more than once that they are of like effect; that a treaty may be repealed by a subsequent statute, and a statute may be repealed by a subsequent treaty.

Each, when it is operative, is the effective supreme law of the land.

There is, indeed, no such impotence in law as has been admitted by the political power. For some reason not entirely clear, although a shrewd conjecture may be made, it has been assumed that the United States cannot enforce its law against the hostile action of a State. It may be the policy of politics to take this view; it may be for the interests of a party to contend that the United States cannot compel the observance of its laws and treaties, and cannot punish those who offend against them. But the judges have not argued thus, nor have all Presidents acted on such a policy of timidity. In 1894 the Chicago rioters, under the lead of Eugene V. Debs, violated the law of the United States by interfering with the passage of the mails and obstructing interstate commerce. Mr. Cleveland and Attorney-General Olney had already "intruded" into California for the purpose of defending in the United States courts the power and rights of the Federal Government. Now the Attorney-General directed the United States Marshal to employ additional deputies in aid of the Federal power which was attacked within the State of Illinois. He also employed special counsel to aid the United States District Attorney.

Mr. Cleveland has explained that his own and Mr. Olney's theory was that "under the Constitution and laws, these subjects [carrying the mails and interstate commerce] were

in the exclusive care of the United States, and that for their protection the Federal courts were competent, under general principles of law, to intervene by injunction." The President had determined to enforce the "supreme law of the land" within the geographical boundaries of the State of Illinois against the protests of the Governor of the State. The situation becoming desperate, and it being apparent that the decrees of the courts could not be enforced by the civil power of the Marshal, it was determined to employ the military for the purpose of preventing further violation of the law of the United States. Troops were sent to Chicago.

President Cleveland issued a proclamation containing the following clause:

"Whereas, for the purpose of enforcing the faithful execution of the laws of the United States and protecting its property and removing obstructions to the United States mails in the State, the President has employed a part of the military forces of the United States."

Subsequently, in answer to a protest from Governor Altgeld, Mr. Cleveland said:

"Federal troops were sent to Chicago in strict accordance with the Constitution and the laws of the United States, upon the demand of the Post-office Department that obstructions of the mails should be removed, and upon the representation of the judicial officers of the United States that process of the Federal courts could not be executed through the ordinary means."

Debs and others were arrested by the Federal authorities and charged with contempt in refusing obedience to the writs of injunction issued by the United States court. Debs was convicted and was sentenced to prison. He applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*. The application was denied by the Supreme Court, Justice Brewer delivering an opinion which should be read by all who believe that the Government of the United States is so impotent that it cannot enforce its laws against the opposition of State and local authorities.

Is the United States Government dependent upon the States for the enforcement of its laws? Is it even dependent upon its own courts? Said Justice Brewer:

"There is no such impotency in the National Government. The entire strength of the nation may be used to enforce in any part of the land the full and free exercise of all national powers; and the security of all rights entrusted by the Constitution to its care. The strong arm

of the National Government may be put forth to brush away all obstructions to the freedom of interstate commerce, or the transportation of the mails. If the emergency arises, the army of the nation, and all its militia, are at the service of the nation to compel obedience to its laws."

And if, as the court argued, the Federal Government may thus employ its physical power, it may certainly seek its end, the enforcement of its laws, including its treaties, by application to its courts.

"The General Government," said the court in the case of Martin *vs.* Hunter's Lessee, "must cease to exist whenever it loses the power of protecting itself in the exercise of its constitutional powers."

There is no uncertain ring in the voice of the judges; but there has been great and significant timidity in the attitude of the politicians.

When, in 1891, Mr. James G. Blaine declared to the Italian Government that the United States Government could not punish the New Orleans murderers of Italian subjects, he was probably right.

This was not, however, because there was no power to do so in the Federal Government; it was because Congress had not enacted a law for the punishment of crimes against treaty rights. Some treaties, like some laws, do not operate of themselves for lack of a sanction. Under the decision of the United States Supreme Court, however, it is plain that Congress has the power to enact a law providing for the punishment of all who offend against the provisions of its treaties. In the present case, no legislation is needed for the pressing emergency. It is equally clear from the decisions already cited that the United States courts, on the application of Government, may enjoin the Board of Education of San Francisco from carrying out its order against the Japanese.

If the members of the Board of Education refuse to obey the injunction, they may be adjudged in contempt and may be imprisoned; if there should be forcible resistance to the United States authorities by the local mob or government, or by the State itself, the Federal Government may compel obedience to the orders and judgments of its courts by the employment of all of its physical power.

The law of the case is so clear that the conclusion cannot be

escaped that the political authorities must be conscious of the rights and powers of the Federal Government.

Why do not the political powers do their duty, then?

Why does not Congress legislate?

Why does not the Executive act?

Why is there no appeal to the courts whose just and patriotic views have been so often declared?

Why does not the Federal Government, which seeks to usurp the power of the States over their own citizens, enforce its own laws, protect its own honor, and thus escape from the ridicule that has lately been poured out upon it? Is there such potent cause of national dishonor in the labor vote of the Pacific coast? Judging from Mr. Roosevelt's message he is inclined to think that there is not.

ANTI-FEDERALIST.

THE FICTION OF JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

If you come late to the literature of a given author, and then like it very much, you are tempted to offer, as a sort of reparation for earlier misgiving or neglect, the tribute of overpraise. I do not mind warning the reader at the outset that this is somewhat my case with the books of the very clever woman who had the caprice of calling herself "John Oliver Hobbes," as if that could long deceive, but who was really Mrs. Pearl Richards Craigie. She called her books, with a like willingness to mystify, by such names as "The Vineyard," "The Flute of Pan," "The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham," "Some Emotions and a Moral," "The Soul Hunters," "The Dream and the Business" and "A Serious Wooing." There are others, as, for instance, "The School for Saints," which I have not read and apparently cannot, even in my regret for having read so tardily those named, which I have named in the order of my reading rather than of their writing. The talent which we may have our reserves about calling distinguished, but which is certainly uncommon, has now won definite recognition through the change with which the judgments of the present end, and the judgments of the future begin. While "The Dream and the Business" was still running its course as a serial, the news came that the author had ceased to live. If she had lived she might have written much more, and done greater things, but the things that she did showed waxing not waning power to the sudden close, and criticism has the consolation of dealing with the proofs rather than the promises of her talent. It has also the advantage of dealing frankly with some personal aspects of her authorship, as it could not if she were yet living. If she were yet living, you might hesitate to recognize the quality of her Americanism, for she was always an

American in the disguise of an English spectator of life, as she was always a woman's soul in the disguise of a man's name.

In some such manner she was always a Protestant, though she had put on Roman Catholicism, not for art's sake, but for conscience' sake, and yet not more convincingly than she had assumed the other phases. From time to time she paid her duty to the faith which she held in sincerity, but the temperament of her fiction was Protestant, Puritan; and, whether she held her hand or not, she never imparted to her fiction that relish of Romanism which, rightly or wrongly, is distasteful to the Protestant palate. She did not preach the doctrine to which she adhered, unless perhaps in the novel I have not been able to read. She did not try, as so many literary converts do, to convert her readers, and she therefore continued to interest them, if she did not always edify them. She did not always try to convert even her characters; if they were Protestants they were suffered to remain Protestants in most cases, against the open preference of the characters who were Catholics.

Her nationality was as wisely held in check. This was, no doubt, easier because her nationality was native to her, not only because she was born here, but because she was of an American origin so intense that it could hardly have been bred out in several lives. Those who have read her father's extraordinary autobiographical notes of English facts will know how commercial, how business, how advertising, this Americanism was in her immediate ancestry, and may be the more surprised that nothing of it all shows in her books. With her Puritan instincts, she does not take any such homiletic or didactic attitude toward the often lurid London life with which she has to do, as George Eliot was apt to take toward the too well-born or the too good-looking, and she does not cloy the reader with titles as a middle-class spectator might have been expected to do. Her lords and ladies are often no worse than their social inferiors, and sometimes they are better, morally and spiritually. Nothing of our national advantage is taken of the English who people her scene; not a fellow countryman or fellow countrywoman is introduced for their disparagement and still less for their defeat.

In her disguise of a man's name, she is not betrayed by that learnedness in wickedness which women affect in their satires of the world. Satirist she certainly is; but it is with the modera-

tion and mercy of a man, at least for the men. She does not "lash" this or that person of her dramas, or if she ever does it is some heroine or anti-heroine who ought to be "lashed." In a few cases she allows these unworthy ones to be comic, to be amusing in their badness, but not often, as if she knew how dangerous a wicked woman is when she is comic, when she is amusing. Now and then she permits herself to make such women ridiculous, to make them disgusting, as with Nannie Cloots in "The Dream and the Business," but that is another thing. Generally she holds her hand, and lets them contrive their own disgrace, contenting herself with putting them in such light as will show them for what they are.

On the other hand, her heroines, her good women, are no such artificial beings as a woman, not deceived as to the nature of men, might have been expected to make them. They are apt to have just that measure of fallibility which keeps virtue on terms with charm. None of them are quite captivating; the author is too honest for such inventions; if she is not very strenuous about their being lifelike, apparently she has known too much of women to paint them personally irresistible, any more than to portray them morally perfect. There is here and there a young girl, like the heroine in "The Vineyard," who is equal to her fate when it is hard, and worthy of it when it is kind; but she is so by no miracle of the author's; she simply obeys a principle of character, and seems to work herself out by inherent strength, unweakened by an environment which has not been ennobling. Upon the whole, she seems the best, as she seems the most natural, female figure which Mrs. Craigie has drawn. Others, which the author has apparently toiled over much more carefully, much more insistently, have failed of like convincingness. The Italian girl in "The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham," fails, first and last, to convince; she is never for a moment so "good" as the "bad" wife of the man who loved her and ought to have married her. In "The Flute of Pan," the Continental princess who marries the English lord, though she is so conscientiously studied in her imperfection, is not so charmingly lifelike as her cousin who is suffered to be amusingly wicked. In "The Dream and the Business," none of the women has the grace of a nature clearly divined, and then left to itself, like that of the young girl in "The Vineyard."

If I do not call these people by their names, it must be the fault of a memory breaking down under the multitude of its fictitious acquaintance. It is not for the want of reality in the characters, which, however imperfectly realized in their motives and actions, still do not lack the final stamp of personality. They are not convertible; they are not the same people repeated under different names; they are quite distinguished from one another; but they take a certain unreality from their circumstance. You could not confidently say that the author was not at home in county society, or in court circles, or among Nonconformist or æsthetic people, or Bohemians pure and simple, or aristocrats, but she seems an outsider with them all. Dr. Firmalden, the austere dissenter in "The Dream and the Business," is very well guessed, like many other very different characters; but he does not belong to his time and place. Perhaps if I knew his place better, I should not say this; but after the devastating effects of agnosticism, he affects me as belated, as a survival of extinct species and conditions. His son, reverting from this world to that other world, scarcely persuades you more; but his daughter, loving into æstheticism, and marrying into fashion, is somehow more credible. Yet neither of these is improbable in their natures; the worst you can say is that they would not happen in just the way they do.

It is, in fact, a very curious world that the author opens to you, a world not quite unlike the world you know by experience or hearsay, and yet apparently so much of her own discovery as to be almost quite her own. The effect is traceable to causes which the reader may say I imagine, if he will, and yet which I shall not think imaginary. Mrs. Craigie began to write at the time when the dispute about realism and romanticism was at the height of its fury, especially among those who knew nothing about it, and who probably now know less, because of the explantations. The critics chose Baal or chose Jahveh, according to their hearts rather than their heads, and they thought that the authors over whom they disputed were choosing too. So they were choosing, but according to their natures, not according to their convictions; and often they were working out results mortifyingly foreign to their principles. Being of a very mixed nature, the very interesting, the very clever, woman whose work I am, I fear, rather vainly studying, attempted a blend of realism and

romanticism which was at any rate very novel. The attempt may not have been voluntary, and yet we must call it an attempt, in default of a more accurate word. She loved the look of life so much that she wished her creatures to be lifelike; if they were to be bad or good, ugly or beautiful, ignoble or noble, she felt that they could not do better than be lifelike. At the same time, she was so much in love with literature that she could not abandon its traditions; no one can who makes it. So she put her lifelike people into environments familiar to her from her favorite reading, or from her guesses or knowledges of the world where their like had their being. Over the entrance to this world of theirs—which was never the world they had come out of—at the openings of the chapters, that is to say, she put inscriptions from other authors, the farther fetched and the less immediately relevant the more valued. Sometimes the inscriptions were in prose, sometimes in verse, sometimes in English, sometimes in French, sometimes but rareliest in Italian; never, I think, in German. So far she indulged her literary, her romantic, her poetic, nature; and it was all very innocent and a little pathetic, because it was so unaffectedly affected. Within these densely lettered portals, for hardly less than three or four rather long legends ever sufficed, the more or less lifelike people you met were apt to behave pretty probably. At any rate, they rarely ceased to be lifelike or to be interesting; sometimes they were really charming, short of being captivating. At the worst, they wrote one another longish letters in italics. Sometimes they talked in epigrams; when they did not, the author talked in epigrams; but less and less, so that in her last book hardly any one, not even the author, talks in epigrams.

I suspect it was the epigrams which largely made the books' way with the public they won. It was never the largest public, and never quite the best; but it was very constant and very enthusiastic. In proportion to its smallness it felt itself very select. It believed that it was learning, or rather recognizing the world in the books—a bad, brilliant, noble, beautiful, self-devoted and epigrammatic world. Shall I own that it was Mrs. Craigie's public, as I saw it or heard it, which kept me so long from Mrs. Craigie's books? When at last I made my way to the books, I liked them so much more than I could have hoped that I thought myself bound to warn the reader against my liking.

In the first place they are rather brief, the stories, and are on the American plan, as that used to be, rather than the English plan. Largely we learned form, in the days when we wished to have form, from the French, who, since nobody invents anything, must have learned it from some other people. Mrs. Craigie's books are shapely, and this not because of a prevalence of plot, as that cheap thing is commonly understood, but because of its absence. You are interested in her people for what they are and not what they have done to them. What they are is, in the later books, expressed for them in their own words and actions, which follow from their strongly imagined characters or natures. These are not, as in her earlier stories, at once declared by the author, so that she is not bound, in a hard and fast allegiance, to her postulates, but come out in their reciprocal relations. Preferably they are the characters and natures of young people in love, sometimes with other people's wives or husbands, but oftenest with one another in their unwedded freedom. This is the more creditable to them because in that English world to which they are attributed, but which is probably not the only English world, to be in love with some one else's wife or husband is so much expected that nobody is surprised. However, whether the lovers are unmarried or married, there is a great deal said from their suggestion as well as for their instruction, about love. All the other passions, all the other interests, are subordinate to this passion, this interest. Possibly that is one of the things which give an effect of unreality to the circumstances of people who were themselves sufficiently real. The circumstances of real people, people of our personal acquaintance, are such as to include the care of property or the earning more or less genteelly, of a livelihood; they mostly all have some business or other, and are almost never preoccupied with the passion or interest of love. In proportion as the author is a great or a trained artist, their business is shown or intimated, and the relation of their love to the rest of their life is ascertained. With the growth of fiction, an enlargement of the heart has followed, so that in most novels the organ affected usurps apparently the whole physique; hands, feet, legs, arms, head, stomach even, are absorbed into it. Mrs. Craigie's uncommon praise is that, if she suffers her lovers a preoccupation with love, she suffers it far short of the worst excesses; and she compensates the reader with the society of specta-

tors who are almost always more like the witnesses of such affairs in the world where he lives. In "A Serious Wooing," for instance, there is a group of brothers, sisters, mothers, uncles and aunts about the heroine whose reality, or whose simple, undramatic depravity and selfishness are so nicely, so amusingly studied that the reader is almost consoled for the heroine's aberrations from the normal family egoism. She goes off from two successive husbands with a rich, brilliant, devoted "Socialist," and lives with him in a free union which is apparently without regrets or penalties of any kind, sharing his activity in the "movement" upon terms unknown to Socialism outside of novelists or the imagination of capitalists. He is, in fact, so very unlike the Socialists who vote for candidates and seek to legislate their reforms, after the manner of other political partisans, as to be at the iron bidding of a secret authority which sends him hither and thither upon errands violently disruptive of the status, quite as if he were a dynamite-bearing anarchist.

The author is not to be solely blamed for this crimson ideal of Socialism, which is much that of American statesmen, and it ought not to affect the reader's faith in the rest of her world. Few have taken the pains, or had the wish, to know what Socialists are really like, but almost every one has desired the acquaintance of lords and ladies, princes and princesses, and even exiled queens, and these Mrs. Craigie lets us meet, or at least look upon, in figures that do not overtax credulity. Her lords and ladies are divided and environed like the rest of the English aristocracy, and are not too bad, and especially not too good, for belief. Her royalties are of foreign extraction, and are presently living out of their principalities, which are to be found in that mystical region where Mr. Anthony Hope first divined them in our time. They had been discovered in oriental regions long before by Mademoiselle Scudéry, and the other writers of French heroical romances, but he found them somewhat nearer than that Persia of the mind, in the remoter parts of Germany, or say Transylvania; and it is to his map that Mrs. Craigie has gone for their dominions. This does not show want of invention in her, but only a willingness to profit by the modern conveniences of fiction. At heart, she was probably an impassioned romanticist, but writing in a day when every novelist of artistic sense was obliged to own some allegiance to reality, she tempered her nature to the limits of the

heroical novel in its least impossible form, and atoned for her transgressions by the fidelity to life which many of her minor studies show.

One and all her people belong to a sophisticated world, whether they are like or unlike, perhaps because she deals with a world to which she was not born, and could fix only in its most superficial aspects, which are always sophistications. But they are not tedious sophistications, and they are not improbable. Shocking or amusing, they seem extremely good guesses, and the worse the natures or characters are, the better the guesses. Of course the women are better guessed than the men, and such degenerates as that neurotic girl, the anti-heroine, in "The Vineyard," and that bad wife in "The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham," are almost the author's highest achievements, perhaps because they are the most reimagined from facts. For once, it might have been well to realize such types unsparingly; at any rate she has so realized them.

In her joint qualities of original Presbyterian and final Catholic, the author has presented what seems the unpuritanized nature of the English world better than almost any one else. She has always lived in this world, but she had inherited the incapability of being of it which is the birthright of us disinherited children of it; and when she had once felt the fact that it has a social rather than a personal sense of right and wrong, she won another advantageous point of view by escaping to an authority under which the sense of right and wrong is religious and in the keeping of unquestionable agents. It was a very curious equipment for a novelist, and possibly in her inherited and acquired spiritual make-up the elements were fatal to the artistic balance which she obviously wants. One is almost persuaded at times that she could have been the great artist she was not, if she had not been hindered by causes which we must call conscientious. But her conscience was without puritanic provincialism; it was the Puritan conscience reconscienced at Rome. It did not oblige her to punish transgression; it did not always suffer her to do so; among problem-novelists (for in a sort she belonged to that class) she stands almost alone in letting the representation of the case suffice, and leaving the rest to the reader's experience. She is a moralist, but of the new kind, though she is no more unique in that kind than she is in her kind of novelist.

Certainly she is an uncommon kind of novelist, and among those who have preferred to interest by character rather than incident, she has a place quite definitely her own: a place in which she will hardly be molested. In England she had a more ample public than in America; possibly because the number of English people who have the taste for olives is larger than the number of American people who have it. They must have noticed something strange in the flavor of her mind, something exotic, something that if it was not French was certainly not English; and which they could not know, as we could, for American. Even of us, not many could know it; perhaps her history could alone make us sure of her quality. But she had elements of popularity which insured her prosperity, her high acceptance with the public that likes olives, and with the less limited public that likes to have it thought it likes them, though it really prefers baked beans, with fifty-seven different kinds of pickles, such as it gets in the fiction canned at the rate of thirty thousand a day. With this simple-hearted mass, as well as with her more sophisticated following, epigrams go a very long way, especially epigrams about love, and, as I have intimated, there is almost no end to the epigrams about love in Mrs. Craigie's stories, especially in the earlier and poorer ones.

What would have been the effect with her talent if she had been aware of addressing a more critical public on either shore of the sea, it would not be useful to ask now, as far as she is concerned. You may say that it would have made her more and more regardful of form, both in the whole and in parts; but as it is she is conspicuous for form in the Anglo-American mass of literary journeymen and journeywomen; here she shines an artist among artisans. But being born of and to her conditions, her instinct was first to interest; to give her readers "easy things to understand" in the guise of hard sayings; to pique, but not to pique too much, the unwholesomer curiosities; to lead the horny-footed plebeian generation over the purple paths of aristocratic closes; and to touch with pathos the merited or unmerited sufferings of well-born or high-placed people. I can think of none of her books in which the struggle of life has the great rôle, or in which persons who earn an honest or dishonest living are the protagonists. The situations are therefore the situations of genteel comedy or of refined melodrama, and the persons are artificial, though they

are none the less real for being artificial; every one knows plenty of real artificial people. One follows their fortunes eagerly; the author arranges for that; but what she does not arrange for is a throe of undying sympathy for the best or the worst of them, no matter what hurt happens to them.

This is easily perceptible in the last work of her talent, "The Dream and the Business," which has the material, and almost the moral, dimensions of a great novel. Its range of character is large, and the characters are all probably and distinctly imagined; yet they do not move the heart, though their experiences are appealing. It does not matter that the early conventions of the John Oliver Hobbes romance are kept amidst the new evidences of power, that there are the mottoes in prose and verse, and English and French, to the chapters, that there are long and short letters in italics, that there are discourses about love, and epigrams, though rather fewer epigrams, on many subjects. All that would not matter if the real people were in a real world, or were worthy of their joys and sorrows.

I could not say why they are not, for the author seems a person of the sincerest purpose in her work, and is as unaffected in her mind as in her style, which must have been very simple and clear not to have demanded immediate comment. Whatever her pose is, and no one who writes is without a pose, it is not addressed to the love of a difficult or bizarre literary manner. She means to take and keep your interest, no more by her fashion of presenting her people, than by the invention of startling intrigues. It is in a way most respectful and self-respectful work; if it appeals to our weaknesses they are our higher weaknesses, our refinement upon nature; and the author parts with nothing of her dignity in making the appeal. What is to be said frankly and fully concerning her performance, first and last, is that, though here and there it is like the performance of this or that other, it is on the whole one of the most original literary performances of our Anglo-American day. Whether it is on the major or minor scale is another thing; I am afraid it is on the minor scale. Mrs. Craigie had the strength to be herself, but she had not the fortune to fashion others in her likeness; and she founded no school, or even formed a small class.

This, indeed, is not against her. Some of the greatest, like Hawthorne, left no school; some of the less than greatest, like

Dickens, were reverberated from every side. That is a matter of imitableness, and not originative power. How long Mrs. Craigie will be remembered, now that we shall have no more new books to remind us of her, is dependent upon a definition of the term. She cannot be forgotten in any study of her time. Whether her shapely and clever and brilliant books will continue to be read, I should not venture to guess, even. Whose books will continue to be read?

W. D. Howells.

THE MEDICO-ECONOMIC ASPECT OF THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM.

BY THOMAS DARLINGTON, M.D., PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH OF NEW YORK CITY.

MUCH has been, and is being, written about the social, racial and economic aspect of the immigration question. The purely medical aspect has received a share of attention, but much more can be said from this point of view.

In all its aspects, the immigration question is one of the most serious problems confronting the people of the United States today. Its various phases are closely intermingled and correlated. The question of individual health is dependent upon racial characteristics, and, in a wider sense, the social and economic effects are dependent upon both. The character of our population has changed so rapidly that we are but just awakening to find a stupendous evil confronting us. We must at once face the situation, realize the serious nature of the disease that threatens our national life and boldly apply the knife. Active measures must be taken to save the country from this threatening peril.

A New York school-teacher recently tried to get from her class some intelligent answers to questions regarding important facts in United States history. Vainly she labored. At last, in a moment of inspiration and desperation, she asked, "Where is Ellis Island?" Instantly, every hand in the room went up, and the light of intelligence gleamed from every pair of eyes,—the answer was as one voice. In speaking afterwards of the incident, the teacher said in a spirit of mock gravity: "I am convinced that United States history will have to be revised. We have always looked with veneration upon Plymouth Rock; our future generations will know it only as a legend; their history begins with Ellis Island."

The early settlers of this country were not immigrants as we now apply the term. They were of hardy stock, full of determination, and, above all, they were home-seekers and home-makers. They became an integral part of their adopted land and were, in truth, nation-builders. The resources of the New World seemed unlimited, men were needed to develop them and an influx of settlers was encouraged. The vista of physical discomforts, hard labor and isolated lives attracted only the vigorous, alert and ambitious of the Old World, and held out no inducement to the weakling and degenerate.

Thus came into being this greatest of republics; and, with world-wide recognition of its prosperity and richness, we have been forced to recognize the change in the make-up of our population. The settler is no more. The immigrant is a reality. The alien no longer comes to our shores as an organizer and builder of the nation, but as an adventurer, eager to take advantage of a widely heralded national prosperity.

From the point of view of the cities the immigration question assumes its most serious aspect. As a result of their situation, the coast cities suffer the most. New York City may be taken as the most representative of its class. As a port of entry, it ranks first. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, 1,101,401 aliens were landed in this country; of this number 880,543, or eighty per cent., entered through the port of New York.

When the alien reaches New York, he is sent from the steamship direct to Ellis Island, the immigration station of the port of New York. There he takes his place in a line of his fellow passengers, and these in single file pass along a narrow, fenced-in passageway. A surgeon inspects them to ascertain if they have any mental abnormality; a few feet beyond him a second surgeon inspects them for physical defects; and still a third examines their eyelids for evidence of trachoma. If a surgeon detects any abnormal condition, the immigrant is termed "off the line" and is sent to a special place for a more extended examination later. These suspected cases are rigidly examined, and, in each instance where any deviation from the normal is discovered, the surgeon makes out a certificate of disability covering the facts in the case. The danger lies in the procedure after this, for each case is entitled to a hearing before a special board of inquiry.

An alien suffering from any of the affections classed as manda-

tory reasons for exclusion is readily disposed of, and is not a menace to our national health—with one exception, which deserves special attention and which will be mentioned later. The real danger is from the alien of poor physique, but no definite disease. If a citizen appears and offers either a verbal or written guarantee that the alien in question will not become a public charge, the latter is almost invariably admitted. It is needless to say that this guarantee is, in many instances, worthless; and the alien, by virtue of physical disability, soon becomes an inmate of some hospital or is otherwise cared for at the public expense. That this evil is real, and not imaginary, is plainly shown by the fact that, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, there were certified by the surgeons at Ellis Island 5,747 aliens having poor physique or some physical abnormality. Of this number 1,117 were deported. Minor physical defects are not included in the above numbers, for 26,424 such cases were certified in 1905, and these were not considered as of sufficient gravity to warrant exclusion.

The fact that aliens of poor physique are particularly suitable for deportation is well shown by the following extract from a circular letter of the Commissioner-General of Immigration, dated April 17th, 1905. It includes this official definition of "poor physique":

"A certificate of this nature implies that the alien concerned is afflicted with a body but illy adapted not only to the work necessary to earn his bread, but is also but poorly able to withstand the onset of disease. It means that he is undersized; poorly developed, with feeble heart action, arteries below the standard size; that he is physically degenerate, and, as such, not only unlikely to become a desirable citizen, but very likely to transmit his undesirable qualities to his offspring, should he, unfortunately for the country in which he is domiciled, have any.

"It is deemed proper to add that, of all causes for rejection, outside of those for dangerous contagious or loathsome disease, or for mental disease, that of 'poor physique' should receive the most weight; for, in admitting such aliens, not only do we increase the number of public charges by their inability to gain their bread through their physical inaptitude and their low resistance to disease, but we admit likewise progenitors to this country whose offspring will reproduce, often in an exaggerated degree, the physical degeneracy of their parents."

This is all only too true. We are adding this most undesirable class to our population, and the results are appallingly apparent.

The exception to the mandatory deportable cases mentioned above is that of alien wives of citizens of the United States. These women are admitted, no matter what their physical condition may be. Our natural humanitarian impulse may lead us to characterize this as perfectly proper and to regard any other course as little short of barbarous, yet it is a menace of vital importance.

Prescott Hall, in his able work on immigration, states pertinently that "recent discoveries in biology show that, in the long run, heredity is far more important than environment or education, for though the latter can develop it cannot create." The truth of this dictum cannot be gainsaid. The health of the adult alien not only is a factor of grave import as regards his immediate and personal relationship to the community in which he dwells, but it reacts with the most serious consequences upon the country at large. Not only are the illiterate, physically unfit immigrants, now coming to us in such vast hordes, a menace in themselves, but the greater evil lies in their offspring who, by inheritance and environment, perpetuate the poor physique and non-disease-resisting qualities of their progenitors.

Incidentally to the medical inspection of school-children in New York City, the pupils are now subjected to a complete and rigid physical examination. During the first three months of the present year, 23,733 children were examined and 17,362 were found to be suffering from some physical abnormality. Of this number of defectives 12,170, or 70.1 per cent., were of foreign birth. It is safe to assume that a large proportion of the remainder were of foreign parentage, for their names give satisfactory evidence of foreign extraction.

In 1905 the 88 children in one truant-school in Manhattan were examined. Of these, 77 were found to be physically defective, 74, or 96.1 per cent., of these latter being of foreign birth.

It is impossible to ascertain the exact number of foreign-born children in the public schools in New York; but, using the United States Census report of 1900 as a guide, it is probable that about 40 per cent. can be listed in that category. Disregarding the direct economic loss to the City involved in caring for these physically unfit children, the danger to the nation from the acquisition of such a type of weaklings stands out in bold proportions as a serious menace to the future well-being and vigor of our country. The Department of Health of New York City

is making most strenuous efforts to correct this evil by endeavoring to place these children under proper medical care, but the incoming tide threatens to overwhelm us with the magnitude and ceaseless oncoming of its flood.

Tuberculosis, that persistent, devastating plague, against whose inroads millions of money are being spent and the keenest forces of the medical profession and laity are making almost herculean efforts, furnishes an illustration of one of the many phases of this question.

In itself, it is a disease not directly inherited; but inherited poor physique, physical non-resistance, and unhygienic surroundings furnish a trio of predominant factors that predispose to it, and therefore it may be used to prove this point.

In 1902, there were in New York City 18,509 deaths from all causes; 5,724, or 30 per cent., of these deaths were due to consumption. Taking the number of deaths from tuberculosis during 1902 among residents of New York City between the ages of fifteen and forty-four years, and classifying them according to maternal parentage, we have the following results:

Native-born population	2,167,122
Deaths during the year from tuberculosis, native maternal parentage	637
Foreign-born population	1,270,080
Deaths during the year from tuberculosis, foreign maternal parentage	5,087

Another instance may be quoted. An investigation of 500 consecutive deaths of infants from diarrhœal diseases, in New York City, showed that 125, or 25 per cent., were of native parentage, while 375, or 75 per cent., were of foreign parentage. And this condition exists, although the native population of New York City is 63.5 per cent. of the total.

In connection with this phase, let us face the fact that the native birth-rate is decreasing, while that of the foreign population is showing an active trend in the opposite direction. One fact alone from the Census Bulletin No. 22 shows this with remarkable vividness. It is stated that between 1890 and 1900 there was a decrease in children born of native mothers of 13 per 1,000, and an increase of 44 per 1,000 for foreign mothers. This, in itself, cannot be classed as alarming; but, considering the physical characteristics of our foreign-born parents, it sounds a note of warning which it would be foolish to disregard.

In the United States the results of the addition to our population are shown by the following facts: There are in the charitable and penal institutions of the country, including those maintained for the detention and treatment of the insane, 349,885 inmates. Of these, 11 per cent. are aliens and 17 per cent. naturalized foreign born, making a total of 28 per cent., although the number of foreign-born persons in the United States is only 14 per cent. Practically 33 per cent. of the insane in the United States are of foreign birth. The New York State Lunacy Commission, in March, 1904, reported that 60 per cent. of the insane patients in New York City were foreign born.

Keeping in mind the figures given by the last United States Census for New York City, let us consider the situation from another point of view. From 1885 to 1894, the total admissions to the hospitals for adults of New York City were 282,928. Of these 63.7 per cent. were of foreign birth. During 1905 there were admitted to seven of the largest hospitals of the City, 26,839 patients, of whom 12,550, or 46.6 per cent., were native born, and 14,289, or 53.4 per cent., were foreign born. Of the native born many were undoubtedly of foreign parentage. These hospitals practically all show an annual deficit in their operating expenses. Owing to the different methods of bookkeeping used, it is impossible to tell how large this deficit is. These institutions are all semi-private, and depend for their support upon the donations and bequests of the charitably inclined. Statistics of five of the hospitals for 1905 show that, of the total number of patients, 73.5 per cent. were treated free. The City pays to each of these hospitals a sum of money annually, based upon the number of free patients treated. Thus the burden of caring for the foreign-born patients is borne not only by voluntary donations of personal wealth, but by enforced contributions by the taxpayers at large.

The hospitals wholly supported by the City present even a greater problem, for the money is contributed wholly from City funds. In 1905, Bellevue and its Allied Hospitals treated a total of 35,199 patients; of these, 19,146, or 54.4 per cent., were foreign born. The appropriation for these hospitals for the year amounted to $648,480.76, so that $352,773.54 of this sum was directly spent for the care of sick persons of foreign birth.

The City and Metropolitan Hospitals treated 17,461 patients, of whom 10,533 were foreign born, a proportion of 60.3 per cent.

The total appropriation for the Department of Public Charities, under whose supervision these hospitals are maintained, was, for the year, $2,027,490.16.

The maintenance of the cases of contagious diseases, transferred from Ellis Island direct to the Kingston Avenue Hospital of the Department of Health of New York City, cost the Government of the United States, during the year 1906 (up to December), $84,340. This amount was nearly one-third of the total required for the expenses of the hospital. The figures given above do not take into account the various clinics and dispensaries of the City. None of these is self-supporting. Treatment is given only to those who are unable to employ a private physician, and the preponderance of foreign-born applicants for treatment over the native-born is enormous.

The Department of Health, from the nature of its work, directs the greater part of its attention to the crowded or tenement districts of the City. These districts are almost entirely inhabited by the foreign-born population. Ignorance, illiteracy and unhygienic methods of living render the people of these sections among the most frequent and persistent violators of the sections of the Sanitary Code. Disease, in all of its manifestations, is rampant in these areas, and the non-resisting physique of the people, coupled with overcrowding and uncleanliness, fosters its spread.

The health of the City is in the care of, and is safeguarded by, the Department of Health. The cost to the City is large, and the greater proportion of the expense is incurred by reason of the foreign element in our population. Contagious diseases flourish in these areas. Proper isolation and restrictive measures are difficult of enforcement when pitted against ignorance and lax compliance with sanitary regulations.

The wide prevalence of trachoma in our public schools is undoubtedly due to our foreign population. In 1902, vigorous meaurses to eliminate this disease were instituted by the Department of Health. Of the children in the schools, 10 per cent. were found to be affected, and these children were, almost without exception, of foreign birth or parentage. More stringent regulations in reference to the importation of persons afflicted with this disease, and more careful examination at ports of entry, are now keeping from us the worst cases of this class. But the Depart-

"The very best that can be expected of any guarantor of this class is that he will keep his word and see to it that the alien, whose deportation he prevented by his pledges and assurances, does in fact obtain his living otherwise than at public expense. But is that all that concerns the public? Is that all that appeals to an intelligent populace? Surely not! On the contrary, it is only the veneering, as it were, of the whole matter at stake. What guarantee, pledge or bond, no matter how valid, will avail a community in the event of the bonded alien, who is certified as of 'poor physique,' 'feeble-minded' or other designated forms of physical or mental degeneracy, becoming a progenitor, and leaving to it a legacy of American-born imbeciles as a reward for the consideration shown in not deporting him or her, as the case may be?"

THOMAS DARLINGTON.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN AND THE BALLOT.

BY ALICE HENRY.

WHILE suffragists and anti-suffragists are mostly compelled by the nature of the case to argue from either the logic or the sentiment of the position, and are continually driven to anticipate possible results, it may be of interest to the public in the United States to review the history of the movement in Australia, the country where the reform has been effected on by far the completest scale ever attempted or ever accomplished. A sketch of the Australian Constitution, an analysis of the causes that there led up to woman's enfranchisement, and an account of the methods successfully adopted there will show the points of resemblance and of difference between the movement in the United States and in Australia.

Up to the close of the nineteenth century, the seven colonies in the Australasian group were not only entirely independent of one another politically, but there was comparatively little co-operation between organized bodies and parties having similar aims in these different provinces. Even though railroad and steamship and telegraph were ever bringing the Colonies nearer together, distance, combined with the fact of distinct governments, seemed to make united action upon the part of any one set of people when scattered all over the continent at once difficult and futile. In common, therefore, with all other forms of political action, the propaganda for woman suffrage and the opposition thereto were carried on quite separately in the several colonies.

The experience of Victoria, however, as the colony in which the agitation was first started, may be taken as typical of what happened in all the others. The first legislative move was made in 1873, when the Hon. George Higinbotham, afterwards Chief

Justice of the Colony, introduced as an amendment to an electoral bill a clause which, if passed, would have conferred the franchise upon women upon the same terms as those on which it was then held by men. The amendment was, of course, rejected, and subsequent attempts of the same nature met with no better success. It was not till 1884 that agitation outside of the legislature was seriously attempted. In that year, the redoubtable Mrs. Dugdale, backed by Mrs. Lowe—who in earlier days had done pioneering of a rougher sort, having been the first white woman to settle in the far west of Queensland,—Mr. Higinbotham himself and others formed the first Australian woman-suffrage society. Slowly, as it seemed to them, but very speedily indeed as it may appear in the retrospect, public opinion was being educated; and, by the early nineties, a number of circumstances combined to give the movement a forward impulse. The first of these was the return to Victoria of Miss Annette Bear (afterwards Mrs. Bear-Crawford), who, during many years spent in England, had been associated with such women as Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Percy Bunting, Mrs. Sheldon Amos and other veteran workers in the cause. She brought with her plans for combining the efforts of scattered societies into a United Council. About this time, also, the Labor Party came into existence and soon began to make itself felt in politics. Few of its leaders at first realized what a menace to themselves and their interests was the unrepresented woman in industry. With the closer organization of the Victorian Labor Party, that negative position was abandoned, the subject of woman suffrage was raised out of theoretical fogs and supported consistently by the Party. Repeatedly was a woman-suffrage bill passed by the Lower House, and as invariably was it rejected by the Upper House, a curious fossilized product, composed of landowners, nominally elected on a high property qualification, but as a matter of fact rarely elected at all, so seldom had its members to risk their seats by any process so disagreeable as an election.

Meanwhile, in the other Colonies, matters were not standing still. The New Zealand suffragists had gained their object in 1893. The 1st of January, 1895, saw the South-Australian women dowered with the vote. Western-Australian women followed suit in 1899, the change there being, for political reasons, supported by the Conservatives.

Now entered a curiously complicating factor. On the first day of the new century, the five continental Colonies and Tasmania united into the Australian Commonwealth, New Zealand, on account largely of the fifteen hundred miles of rough sea which separated her from the others, standing apart. This meant a severing of all Australian legislation into two parts—national and state. National matters—including, for instance, tariffs, currency, mails, defence—were taken over by the newly constituted Federal Houses. State affairs were confined to such local interests as education, the care of children, crime, sanitation and agriculture. Under the new control, the women of South and Western Australia, because they had previously enjoyed the privilege of a state vote, automatically acquired the Federal vote. The women of the other Colonies (hereafter to be styled states), because they had had no voice in the management of state affairs, and for no other reason, were denied the privilege in relation to the larger national affairs. The Federal Parliament did not long leave matters in that unsatisfactory position. In its very first session, the Australian Parliament grafted on to the Act providing for its own future election a clause equalizing the political rights of men and women throughout the Commonwealth, giving to all adult women the right to vote for members of both Federal Houses. The ease with which this victory was won was due partly to the educative campaign that had for thirty years been carried on in all the states separately and in all the state houses from among the members of which the first Federal members were mostly drawn, and partly to the extremely broad and democratic basis of the Federal Constitution and the direct methods of election and representation prescribed. As it appears to me, the main point in which Australia differs politically from the United State lies here, in the more direct, and therefore more effective, mode of giving expression to the popular will.

This step on the part of the Federal Government facilitated the task of those who were struggling for state enfranchisement in New South Wales, Queensland and Tasmania. Even conscientious opponents recognized that to give to women a voice in national matters and to prevent them from sharing in the control of matters regarding which their knowledge was presumably both sounder and wider and their interest far more keen, would be a trifle inconsistent, not to say ludicrous. So, between 1902 and

1905, the state vote was conferred upon women in all these states. And now, alone among her sisters, it is the Victorian woman who, though she can express her views upon some obscure question of currency or patent rights, has no power to say whether or not Melbourne shall have a juvenile court.

In all probability, Australian women would not have had the ballot to-day if they had not concentrated all their forces upon the effort to secure it. It is sometimes difficult for a good woman to stop her ears when so many moral and industrial evils are crying for remedy, and to confine herself to urging so apparently remote and academic a remedy as the vote. But the argument there—and it has proved a sound one in this instance—was that the vote alone, when once secured, could bring about quickly, and with no waste of energy, reforms that otherwise must lag slow-footed behind legislation far less urgent and important. Consequently, because the women workers asked for this one thing and would be satisfied with nothing but this one thing, neither the energy of the women nor the interest of legislators and the public was dissipated and scattered.

Of all the plans tried in the campaign—petitioning, newspaper correspondence, public meetings and the persistent questioning in writing of candidates and legislators—the last seems to have been the only one that was worth the labor bestowed upon it. For years, every candidate for every office was questioned as to his views on this one subject. His answer, or the fact of his not answering, was filed; a careful record was kept of his subsequent speeches and votes, and he was called upon, politely but firmly, to explain any inconsistency between promise and performance.

If those Australian women who asked for the suffrage possessed one advantage over their American sisters in the comparative directness of electoral representation, they had another in the simplicity of the Constitution, both state and Federal. Even the Victorian women have had only two legislative bodies to convert, and no additional outside body of voters. No governor would veto a bill granting the franchise to women when passed by an absolute majority of both houses, nor has the Royal assent to a bill ever been denied under similar circumstances. Again, it told in their favor that the movement was never a fashionable one, the men and women who supported and labored for it having

been, with few exceptions, of the working classes, so that the question was presented to the average working-class elector unhampered by any misleading or suspicion-breeding disguise.

The use of the future tense, so freely resorted to in discussions on woman and the use she will make of the ballot as a reason why she should or should not have it, is in practice discounted. "Hope thou not much, and fear not thou at all" is a sentiment that may well be impressed both upon those who expect impossibilities and upon those who dread imaginary evils. Ardent Radicals and cautious Conservatives among us have alike learned that results, either as seen in legislation or as traceable in changes in the mental outlook of women themselves, are wholesomely gradual. It is well that it should be so, that women should but slowly assume their full political responsibilities.

As regards educative effects, those have been most strikingly seen among conservative women. These have organized and taken part in movements for legislative reform, sometimes on party lines, more often on non-party lines, to an extent unknown before. There are also many proofs that there is a good deal of family discussion of public questions, of an unquestionably educative tendency, now that the women of the family are no longer ciphers, but openly acknowledged citizens. But, while the family which has added a new stock of subjects to the interest of breakfast-table conversation is so common as to attract no notice, the family disintegrated by political differences has not yet been unearthed, even by the most obstinate legislative councillor. I have been present at many political meetings, and at several elections in more than one state, and I have exercised my own vote. I have never, upon one single occasion, had reason to wish myself or other women away. The meetings have improved in tone and in earnestness; and women have, with Tennyson's ideal wife, gained in breadth of view. The polling-booths are as respectable as the vestibule of a railroad depot or a theatre, and the process of voting is as simple as that of buying a ticket. The ordinary housewife votes during the slack hours when she would be out marketing, very likely, anyway, the baby—who was to be, so we were told, so hopelessly neglected when his mother took to politics—often accompanying her in his go-cart.

The argument that women will not vote is completely disproved by Australian experience. They not only vote, but they

vote in continually increasing numbers as time goes on, and they become educated up to a sense of their political responsibilities and all that these imply. Not all the states discriminate in their returns between men and women voters, but those that do show something like the following: In South Australia, at the last general election, 59 per cent. of the men on the rolls voted, and 42 per cent. of the women; in Western Australia, 49 per cent. of the men and 47 per cent. of the women voted; at the last Federal election, 56 per cent. of the men voted, and 40 per cent. of the women. None of the Australian states has yet reached the extraordinary record of New Zealand, where, in 1902, nearly 75 per cent. of the women electors recorded their votes, as against 76 per cent. of their brothers.

It is unnecessary to add that the conservative woman votes. Her husband or father and their newspaper take good care that the duty of doing so is well impressed upon her, even though abstractly they may all three disapprove of woman in politics, and have striven to avert her appearing in that arena as long as they possibly could.

In the legislative world, the trend of the laws whose passage has been brought about, or hastened, by the direct political action of women is very clear. These constitute, largely, measures to remove disabilities from women and improve the condition of children, particularly homeless or neglected children. It is probably true that very few measures can be named which cannot sooner or later be obtained in other countries by the old, slow, indirect methods; but it is quite certain that there is no other country which can point to such a series of reforms brought about in such a short time, with so little friction and with such a minimum expenditure of energy—energy thus left free to take up newer problems and fresh educational work. Among the measures that can be traced to woman suffrage within the last ten years are prematernity acts, acts raising the age of consent, family maintenance acts, and many acts improving children's conditions by extending juvenile courts, limiting hours of work, providing better inspection, forbidding sale to children of drink, drugs and doubtful literature.

A word as to some of the above. While no English-speaking country goes to the French extreme of forbidding inquiry as to the paternity of an illegitimate child, most of them make the

position as hard as possible for the mother by doing nothing for her in anticipation of the coming child's birth. A summons for maintenance of the child does not lie till after birth—that is, till after the time of worst trial, with its often awful collateral temptations to suicide and infanticide. Although, with a mockery of regard for the baby-life, the law indicts a girl-mother for concealment of birth, should she not make preparations for the expected event, it places in her hand no instrument through which she can obtain the means to so provide for the little one's coming. By these Australian acts, the father may be sued before the child is born, both for maintenance for the child and for the mother's expenses at the time. It is not that so many cases are brought forward, but the mere existence of a legal enactment makes it much easier for any friend of the girl's to obtain proper consideration for her from the man; and the influence of the law, too, is felt even more widely in its educative effect upon the sense of justice and the ethical standards of the community as a whole.

In Western Australia, again, where the women had pleaded for years for the raising of the age of consent, no improvement was possible till after the suffrage was granted to them, when the opinions of legislators on the subject of the protection of young girls underwent a remarkable and most sudden change.

In South Australia, where the women have been longest enfranchised, the care of neglected children is better understood, and the oversight of such children (under a state department) better controlled, than elsewhere. It was the first country in the world to have a legally constituted juvenile court. The New South Wales and Tasmania courts were among the first results of enfranchising women; while in Victoria (where alone the women do not possess the state franchise) a measure for establishing juvenile courts is still, after years of agitation, in the stage of a much-debated and very defective bill.

Any alteration in the relative industrial and economic status of men and women will be necessarily a slow process; but, in this connection, a noteworthy incident was the recent action of a Federal senator in introducing an amendment to the Public Service Act to equalize the rates of pay for men and women in the Federal Service. The significance of this fact is not that such a proposal was made, but that it emanated from such a quarter—not from an eager suffragist, but from an average politician, who

was thus giving the best possible proof that he was doing one of the things for which he had been sent into the House, attending to the interests of all his constituents, acknowledging in unconscious fashion that, as he in part owed his election to women, it was his duty to see that his electors were treated with even-handed justice. The principle has been already affirmed, and it only remains to be applied in practice.

That the welfare of the general community is subserved by the cooperation of women electors is seen by the adoption of some more general measures, such as laws dealing with the drink traffic, the gambling evil, and the sale of drugs (the importation of opium, for instance, except as specially prepared for medical purposes, being by Federal enactment entirely forbidden, throughout the Commonwealth). On all these points, the experience of Australia during the last ten years has been the same as that of New Zealand for thirteen years. The power of the best men in the community has been reinforced, and the hands of conscientious legislators strengthened by the addition of the woman's vote.

ALICE HENRY.

WOULD ENGLAND SIDE WITH JAPAN AGAINST THE UNITED STATES?

BY MAYO W. HAZELTINE.

THE cordial tenor of the reference made to Japan by Mr. Roosevelt in his recent annual message has allayed the irritation caused at Tokio by the relegation of Japanese children in San Francisco to schools attended only by Orientals, and has for the present put an end to the apprehension that we might find ourselves drifting into war with a people whom we have helped to elevate to the front rank of civilized nations.

Unfortunately, whole peoples, like individuals, have their moments of folly or of madness, and such moments are peculiarly apt to occur in the hour of elation justified by triumph over a formidable antagonist. Those Americans whose memories stretch back to the years immediately following Lee's surrender at Appomattox will recall the truculent attitude assumed soon thereafter by our Government toward France and Great Britain, an attitude which resulted in the early withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico, and in the Treaty of Washington, by which Great Britain agreed to submit the "Alabama" claims to arbitration. It is not surprising that the Japanese should have evinced the same self-complacency and sensitive susceptibility to affront after their memorable victory over the colossal Russian Empire. We deem it, therefore, at least conceivable that the exasperation of his high-spirited subjects at the treatment of Japanese children in San Francisco might have compelled the Mikado to make a demand for reparation, to which we should have been unable to yield, and so we might have become involved in war without any deliberate intention of provoking hostilities on either side. Wars have often begun in that unpremeditated, accidental way, and so they will be begun hereafter, unless civilized nations shall agree

that no resort to force shall take place until at least six months after an attempt has been made by The Hague tribunal to effect a reconciliation.

I. While, however, most of the questions relating to the outcome of a war between Japan and the United States have become academic, there are two which retain vitality, and are likely to be discussed until conclusive answers are elicited. Had the treatment of Japanese children by the San Francisco School Board led to hostilities between the Mikado's Empire and the United States, would the text of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, concluded in 1905, have bound Great Britain to side with Japan against us? Secondly, admitting that the text of the treaty would have bound Great Britain to cooperation, would not the British people have compelled their Government to repudiate the compact?

As regards the former inquiry, there seems to be no doubt that it must be answered in the affirmative. It will be remembered that by the preceding treaty between Great Britain and Japan, the signatories agreed that each would assist the other should either be attacked by two or more great Powers. That treaty rendered impossible a repetition of the combination by which, in 1895, Russia, Germany and France compelled victorious Japan to restore to China the Liao-Tung peninsula and the strip of Manchurian seacoast connecting it with Corea. The present Anglo-Japanese Treaty, which was signed a little before the arrangement of the Peace of Portsmouth, but was not published until afterwards, went much further than its predecessor. It bound each of the signatories to aid the other, provided either should find itself engaged in war with even a single great Power.

This compact, of course, precluded any attempt of a reconstructed Russian navy to engage again in a contest with the Japanese fleet for ascendency in Far-Eastern waters. On the other hand, it assured Great Britain against a Russian invasion of British India, for that is an enterprise which no Russian commander would undertake if he knew that, before he could cross the Himalayas, the Anglo-Indian army would be strengthened with a hundred thousand Japanese auxiliaries. That is to say, the Japanese now are under a treaty obligation to play the same part in India which the Hessians played on the British side during our Revolutionary war. That his country might be able

to rely on such assistance was, of course, the motive influencing Lord Lansdowne, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, to enter into a treaty, all the advantages of which would otherwise have accrued to Japan.

But, it may be asked, Was not the operation of the treaty limited to Central and Eastern Asia, or, in other words, to that part of the Asiatic Continent which lies east of the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates River? We answer, Yes. But, within the plain intent of the treaty, the Philippines are, geographically and strategically, as much a part of Eastern Asia as is the Japanese archipelago itself. Lord Lansdowne would not, of course, deny that he intended, by the Treaty of 1905, to bind his country to resist an invasion of the Japanese archipelago; how, then, can he escape the conclusion that he also bound England to cooperate in an invasion of the Philippines in the event of Japan's finding herself embroiled with the United States? The text of the treaty contains no clause excluding such a case from the purview of the compact, and Lord Lansdowne, as a far-sighted statesman, can hardly say that he took for granted that no such a case would occur.

As a matter of fact, if the conference at Portsmouth had not resulted in the conclusion of a peace, and if the Far-Eastern War had gone on for an indefinite period, until the Russians had tired out the Japanese, and compelled them to evacuate the Asiatic mainland, the latter, finding themselves confined thereafter to an empire exclusively insular, would have experienced an irresistible impulse to extend their dominion southward, and, as a preliminary step, would have felt themselves constrained to seize the Philippines. It is only because the outcome of the war with Russia has been to give Japan an unshakable foothold on the Asiatic mainland that her face is now turned definitely westward, and the Philippines have ceased to be for her an object of desire.

II. We deem it, then, indisputable that the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of 1905 would have required Great Britain to place her fleets and armies at the disposal of the Japanese, had the latter made war on the United States in consequence of the San Francisco incident. A treaty obligation, however, is one thing; a compliance with it another. We come, therefore, to the question whether the people of Great Britain, aroused to the grave re-

sponsibilities imposed by the compact, would have permitted their Government to adhere to it. This second question we are inclined to answer in the negative. More than once in modern times has an English-speaking people forced its government to repudiate treaty obligations. In the reign of Charles II, that sovereign found himself for a time relieved by a French subsidy from the necessity of seeking supplies of money from Parliament. So exasperated, nevertheless, were the people of England at his agreement to join with Louis XIV in making war upon the Dutch, who, except the English, were the only maritime folk in Europe that then could claim to enjoy self-government, that he was ultimately forced to treat the compact as a dead letter. So, too, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, the members of the Federalist party, then preponderant in the United States, were so incensed at the French Republic, after the execution of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, that they demanded a repudiation of the treaty obligations which we had contracted with France in 1778, and in such repudiation two Federalist Presidents practically concurred, although each recognized that, but for the assistance given us by France during our Revolutionary war, we could hardly have hoped to achieve independence of Great Britain.

Now, it is obvious that the British people to-day would have incomparably stronger reasons for refusing to make war on the United States, in pursuance of the alliance with Japan, than their forefathers had to denounce a treaty that bound them to make war upon Holland, or than the American Federalists had to treat as inoperative the French treaty during the closing years of the eighteenth century. It is true, doubtless, that the Japanese could render efficient service to the defenders of British India against a Russian invasion. Great Britain, however, would be exposed to an injury more vital than would be even the loss of her great Indian dependency, if, through facilitating a Japanese invasion of the Philippines, she were to provoke the United States to war. Undoubtedly, in such a contingency, we should make England pay the penalty for the damage suffered by us at the hands of Japan in the Pacific. We should invade Canada and cut off the grain-fields of British North America from communication with the Atlantic seaboard. With cruisers and with privateers we should do our best to prevent the grain-ships of Argen-

tina from reaching the British Isles. Above all, not an ounce of foodstuffs would be exported from the United States directly to Great Britain during the war, and effective measures would no doubt be taken to prevent such commodities from reaching the United Kingdom indirectly through neutrals.

Such a suspension of our export of food staples would, of course, prove a hardship to American producers, but it would mean starvation for the millions of toilers in British factories and mines. Even if we admit, what is sometimes disputed, that there exists at any given moment in the United Kingdom a stock of food sufficient to nourish the population for six weeks, it is patent that, soon after the expiration of that brief period, the bulk of the British people would be brought to their knees by famine. How long thereafter would the suffering millions permit the British Government to remain faithful to a treaty which imposed upon them such dreadful sacrifices? They would far rather let India go than purchase the retention of it at the cost of a war with the principal source of their food-supplies. The truth is that never again can England afford to face the consequences of a contest with the United States; and, if the present treaty with Japan binds the British Government to risk such an encounter, so much the worse for the treaty. All that we should ask of Great Britain would be that she should remain neutral in a conflict between Japan and the United States. We should not condescend to appeal for England's assistance, for we know that, with our immensely superior resources, we should go on fighting until we had brought the Mikado's Empire to a state of total exhaustion and paralysis.

It would have been better for all concerned if, while the present treaty between Great Britain and Japan was in course of negotiation, Lord Lansdowne had pointed out that, under no circumstances, would England consent to be drawn into a war with her chief food-purveyor, and that, consequently, the possible case of war between Japan and the United States must be expressly excluded from the operation of the treaty. At that time, the summer of 1905, the Tokio Government would have agreed to the insertion of such a clause, because it then was grateful for the tokens of sympathy received from the American people, and had no prevision of a quarrel with the United States.

MAYO W. HAZELTINE.

THE "COLOR LINE" IN THE ARMY.

BY CAPTAIN MATTHEW F. STEELE, U.S.A.

Is it not time to do away with the "color line" in the army of the United States? Sections 1,104 and 1,108 of the Revised Statutes require that "the enlisted men of two regiments of cavalry" and "two regiments of infantry shall be colored men." The Ninth and Tenth regiments of cavalry and the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth of infantry are the four upon which the ban of color has been laid; by implication, colored men are, and always have been, excluded from the ranks of all the other regiments.

This law is to-day the only one upon the statute-books of the national Government which treats the negro citizens as a class apart—which sets up a "Jim Crow car" for them, as it were, and requires them to ride in it or in none. No more exclusive law can be found in the codes of Alabama or Mississippi. The law was passed in 1866, at a time when the negro and his welfare were occupying a large place in the thought of the nation's lawmakers. The country had just emerged from a terrible war of which the negro had been the main, if not the only real, cause. The purpose of the law, unquestionably, was to assure a civic right to the newly enfranchised citizen; its very enactment bespoke a fear in the minds of the lawmakers that the colored man, endowed by the Constitution with all the rights and privileges of the white man, would, nevertheless, be deprived of the privilege of entering the ranks of the regular army. The fear was a mere bogey then, and to-day it would be altogether forgotten but for this law which has kept it alive.

There are negro enlisted men in our navy, and also in the hospital corps, the commissary and the quartermaster's departments, and the ordnance corps of the army; but in the line of the army there are none save in the four regiments—two of infantry and

two of cavalry—set apart for them. From the ranks of the artillery they are as firmly barred as from the railway coaches of the whites in our Southern States. This limitation, however, is true only of the enlisted men; the law does not prescribe that the commissioned officers of those four regiments shall be "colored men," and, therefore, does not by implication exclude colored men from the commissioned grades of other regiments and corps. There is, in fact, nothing in the law of the land to prevent a full-blooded Zulu from becoming the colonel of any one of our regiments, or the chief of any corps.

Of a truth, the law which places the mark of color on four of our regiments is out of date now, if it ever was timely. It is contrary to the spirit of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, and to the good sense of the twentieth century. There is no good reason why blacks or whites should be excluded by the law of the land from any troop, battery or company in the service. Recruiting officers should enlist the best men to be had, without distinction of color, and each man should be assigned to a regiment according to his choice and the best interests of the military service.

The law fixing the taint of color upon four regiments does them an injustice and an injury, and in so much does the military service an injustice and an injury. It is to-day, forty years after, a recognition by act of Congress of the national prejudice against the negro. The *morale* of a regiment depends much upon its traditions and upon the esteem in which it is held by the people. The praises of a few persons, no matter how high their station, do not counterbalance the feeling within a regiment that it is looked down upon by the people. Within the army itself there is no prejudice against the colored regiments. The fine work they have done is known and appreciated there, without any claim, however, that they have done better work than the white regiments. The quality of a regiment's work depends mainly upon the quality of its officers, and no better officers are to be found in the service than those of the colored regiments. The soldiers of the regular army, white and black, have always given a good account of themselves in campaign and battle. In a fight, the color of a man's face cuts no figure, so long as it be not pale.

While there is no prejudice against the colored regiments within the army, it cannot be denied that nothing is rarer in our

service than an officer who prefers or seeks assignment to a colored regiment. Why? Because, when an officer goes back to his home, he wants to be able to speak with pride of his regiment to his people, and he wants to hear them speak of it with respect and esteem; he knows such will not be the case if his regiment is colored. The prejudice against the negro regiment is found without the army. It is not confined to any particular section of the country. It is no more of the South than of the North. There is to-day a larger proportion of officers in the colored regiments from the South than from any other equal section of the country. Shipp and Smith, who laid down their lives heroically leading their colored troopers at San Juan, were both Southerners; and there are scores of other Southerners in the colored regiments emulating the splendid soldierly example left behind by those two men as a precious tradition in their regiment.

The prejudice against the negro and the negro regiment is national; it is as wide as our territory. There is, for instance, a cavalry post in Vermont; but no colored troop has ever been, or is likely ever to be, stationed there. The people of Vermont do not want them. New-Englanders have always peculiarly loved the negro, but they do not love him in their midst; they prefer him away in Georgia or Louisiana, whither they can send him their sympathy by mail.

A few years ago, a fine troop of the Ninth Cavalry was stationed at Fort Myer, across the way from the National Capital, as a reward for specially good service in an Indian campaign. Never a word of complaint was made against the behavior of this troop; yet it is well known that never again will a colored troop be ordered to that post for station. The people of Washington do not want them. It is a notorious fact in the army that the political clique which holds the Yellowstone Park, the great national pleasure-ground, in the hollow of its fist will never allow colored troops to be stationed in the park. They are afraid that their patrons, the American travellers, will resent being held to the regulations of the park by negro troopers.

Since the disturbance at Brownsville, the broad State of Texas is, no doubt, closed forever against the negro regiments. When orders were issued a couple of years ago, sending a squadron of colored cavalry to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, letters of protest are reported to have been sent to the War Department by promi-

nent persons of the adjacent town of Leavenworth. It has been proclaimed by the public press that negro troops must not be placed at the garrisons in the Southern States, and the Department has never yet ventured to station them in any of the Eastern or Middle-Western States.* The national prejudice has followed the flag across the Pacific Ocean. Five years ago, the colored regiments on duty in the Philippines were returned to the States at the demand of the Civil Governor of the Islands. No charge of misconduct was made against them; from a military point of view their service had been perfectly satisfactory.

Where, then, are the colored regiments going to serve hereafter? The ring of prejudice seems to be growing narrower all the while. Its geographical centre appears to be somewhere in the mountains of western Colorado at the present time; its circumference touches the Pacific shore in the west and reaches nearly to the Missouri River in the east. No protests have as yet been heard from Nevada or Idaho.

Truth to tell, our regiments should not be classified as white and colored. The legal stigma of color should be lifted from the four regiments upon which it rests; the legal restriction that compels the assignment of colored recruits to one of four regiments only should be removed. Sections 1,104 and 1,108 of the Revised Statutes ought to be repealed.

MATTHEW F. STEELE.

* A squadron of the Ninth Cavalry is at present stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and another at Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY H. CABOT LODGE, GENERAL O. O. HOWARD, U.S.A., CHRISTIAN BRINTON AND M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.

"ORIGINAL NARRATIVES OF EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY."*

If the original narratives, the sources of history, are to be published for the benefit of the general reader, success in the undertaking is wholly dependent upon the manner in which the material is selected and edited. If the antiquarian theory that one fact is as valuable as another because they are both facts, be adopted, the results of the publication of original sources would be copious and would remain unread except by those who would read them in any event. If, again, to the antiquarian theory be added as an inflexible guide the doctrine of the scientific historian, illustrated by Professor Bury, that literature and history have no connection, a popular publication of original sources becomes at once a contradiction in terms and a sheer waste of good paper and ink.

Fortunately Mr. Jameson, the general editor of this excellent series, and his associates in the preparation of this first volume, evidently reject the view that all facts are equally valuable, and hold to the old-fashioned belief that there is a connection between literature and history. In practice, certainly, they demonstrate by this volume that they do not accept the theory of the equal values of facts or believe that literature has nothing to do with history, because they know that no one would read history destitute of literary quality except people who like to read catalogues, and unread history would be, to borrow the words of an American humorist, as "barren as an unkissed kiss."

* Original Narratives of Early American History. General editor, T. Franklin Jameson. "The Northmen, Columbus and Cabot," edited by Julius E. Olsen and Edward Gaylord Bourne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

In this volume on "The Northmen, Columbus and Cabot," and as the prospectus indicates, in its successors, the selection could not be improved. Judging from this volume alone, it may also be said that nothing could be better than the editing. We have the best texts accompanied by brief but clear introductions, and explained by notes which are sufficient to guide and instruct and not sufficient to puzzle and encumber. In each case a short list of authorities is given which will direct those who wish to pursue their inquiries upon any one of the three subjects, in the way in which they should go, to find all the sources and the last words of modern research and antiquarian learning. The selection and editing could not, in fact, have been better done for the purpose which the editors had in view.

That purpose, as I understand it, was to give in popular form to the general reader, not to the historian or historical student engaged in research, the principal contemporary narratives upon which early American history rests. It is a wise plan. There is no better way to learn history than to read it in the words of the men who made it, or who watched it in the making. The great mass of original sources are unmeaning and wearisome to the general reader, and only become possible to him when the real historian has winnowed and coordinated them and brought forth from the confusion the ordered narrative, interpreted, touched with imagination and graced by the quality of style which will give it savor and put it safely into the literature of the time or of the world. But among the welter of original sources, great and small, there are some narratives or documents with a literary charm of their own, and which also have the human feeling which alone makes history real to those who read. Of such narratives is this volume made up.

For the voyages of the Northmen we have so much of the Sagas of Eric the Red, and of the Flat Island book as tell of the expeditions to Vinland. In those Sagas is contained practically all the evidence that exists of the Norse voyages to North America, south of Greenland. The supposed monuments or relics which were once believed in have all withered in the light of investigation. The armor found in Connecticut, upon which Longfellow based his poem, and which unfortunately perished in a fire, was found to resemble so closely in workmanship and form the similar armor discovered at Palenque in Mexico, as to leave no doubt that

it belonged to the highly civilized Indians of the South. The inscription on the Dighton Rock, now unhappily perishing, is obviously Indian picture-writing, and the Stone Tower at Newport is an equally obvious mill-tower of a familiar English type. The mounds and hollows at Cambridge may be anything, but they prove nothing. The fantastic fabric of Norse settlements and Norse cities, reared by various writers from Gravier to Professor Horsford, rest on nothing but the imagination of the various authors. Indeed, Professor Olsen goes so far as apparently to give his authority to the proposition that Leif and his successors went no farther south than Nova Scotia. Yet the Sagas certainly seem to indicate, not only by the presence of the wild grapes, but by the description of the coast-line, that the Northmen came as far as Rhode Island, and Cape Kiarlanes agrees with Cape Cod, in their accounts, far more nearly than with any other portion of the coast. The great fact, however, is that in the year 1000 the Norsemen came to North America and followed the coast far to the south of Greenland. In the Sagas one finds the great and daring story told, a story delightful to read and ponder. The Sagas are traditional, oral in the beginning, but founded on a solid basis of fact with a surprising care and conformity of detail in many cases. But, above all, they are poetic in their essence, with the freshness and force of primitive folk-tales. They give us the first glimpse of America as it flashed for a brief moment upon the vision of Europe, but they give much more in their picture of that wild and daring race who, sword in hand, fought their way from the North Sea to Constantinople, and crossed and recrossed the wild waters of the North Atlantic in open boats which to-day would hardly be thought safe out of sight of land.

The Columbus story is a far greater one than that of the Norsemen, issuing out of the gray mists for one shining moment only to return again with the clash of steel and the roar of waves sounding ever about them. The story of Columbus is one of enormous achievement, so vast in its results that it cannot be measured even now. That his deeds wrought a political and economic revolution, even now still incomplete, is but part of his significance. He changed the current of the thoughts of men, something accomplished by only very few of the greatest of human minds. Of him it can be said, after his first voyage:

"And lo! Creation widened in man's view."

Here in this volume we have the journal of that first voyage, and there are few things that have been written about the adventures of men better worth reading. The earliest entries as he fared across the Atlantic are little more than the notes for a ship's log, and yet we can feel the excitement even now palpitating in each day's brief record. Every bird they saw, every bit of floating weed, every cloud shape in the heavens, was scanned, and in them all the Admiral thought he read the sign of land. Never had any man sailed for such a prize, and as we read we feel the strain in every word. It is of no great consequence whether Guanahani was Watling's Island or some other. It is the great fact that the new world was then and there discovered, which concerns us all. And this journal, simple, clear, full of faith and generous hope, brings home that fact in a way that no retelling of the marvellous tale could ever accomplish. It is all so human, so convincing, and, as we read the very words of the great Admiral, it all seems so near.

Then came the great tragedy,—one of the most terrible in history. The man who gave a new world, not only to Castile and Leon, but to mankind, and who changed the world's history, was sent back to Spain in irons, the victim of plots and intrigues. Here we have the famous letter to Doña Juana de Torres in which he cries out against his wrongs and demands justice. Thus it begins:

"Though my complaint of the world is new its habit of ill-using is very ancient."

It is a sad sentence, and yet the wit and the melancholy philosophy of it make one feel as if literary quality was of value not only in history, but even in original sources. The letter is a bitter cry which sounds now across the centuries, and here and in the last journal of the fourth voyage, which follows, we get a vivid picture of the man. His profound faith, his trust in Heaven, his turning to the Bible for inspiration and finally his vision, the voice that spoke to him out of the darkness uplifting his spirit in the midst of his most dire misfortune, all is here set down. Nothing can make us understand the man like his own passionate words, and the man who discovered America is worth realization. If any one wishes to wrestle with the endless questions and controversies of the Columbian voyages, it is easy to plunge into the

countless books upon the subject. Meantime the general reader, little concerned with dates and identification of places, but profoundly interested in the fact of America's discovery, can find in these letters and journals the man himself, and live over with him the triumph, one of the greatest ever won, and the tragedy, one of the most piteous ever endured.

There are no Sagas, no journals or letters comparable to those of Columbus, which tell the story of the discovery of the Cabots. So the editors have turned very wisely from Acts of Parliaments, dry reports and modern controversies, to the letters from certain Italians to their masters in Milan and Venice, showing how the discovery of a new continent struck its contemporaries. Thus we get again the feeling of the time. It is only a brief, quite loose account from hearsay, of what had been found, but it brings us near to the event and makes it real. It is really not very vital to know whether John Cabot made his landfall in Labrador, Newfoundland or Cape Breton, although we are indebted to the patient learning of the scholars who have discussed and settled the question for us. But to all men the fact that, sailing in the service of the English King, John Cabot found North America and thus giving the title to England made it an English-speaking country, is of the deepest interest.

Here we find the story as men told it to each other and wondered over it from day to day just as the fifteenth century was dying. It makes us realize the event which is, after all, the best reason for reading any history. We read in these letters of the great discoverer attired in silk with vast honor paid him, and "these English running after him like mad people." He stands out a gallant figure, this daring sailor and Venetian citizen, with the wild Norse blood of his seafaring Jersey ancestors coursing in his veins, as we catch here a glimpse of him in the streets of London. But that single glimpse, with his brave attire and the shouting crowd, brings the man near to us, and with the man a better understanding of the lasting work he wrought. After all there is nothing better than this that history can do for us, and very few histories can do it quite so well as an original narrative with all its errors and imperfections on its head, if we are only fortunate enough to possess one which has both literary quality and real human feeling.

H. Cabot Lodge.

"LEW WALLACE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY."*

NOTHING I have read, except, perhaps, "Ben-Hur," has so filled my heart and mind and thrilled me as this autobiography of General Lew Wallace. He thus begins his last review: "Before distractions overtake me, I wish to say that I believe absolutely in the Christian conception of God. . . . The Jesus Christ in whom I believe was, in all stages of His life, a human being. His Divinity was the Spirit, and the Spirit was God." That was characteristic of the man in all relations of life.

Wallace was very young when his mother died, herself but twenty-seven. As he describes her, she had a large, loving Christian heart. She was greatly puzzled by the restless, wayward boy, and repressed his truancy by many rigorous expedients, such as tying him to a bedpost, dressing him in girl's clothing, and the like. His devotion to the ferryman, whose aid he became in crossing and recrossing the Wabash, at last began to relieve her intense anxiety about him. His strong, military father, a graduate of West Point, used the rod to obtain obedience; so did most of his teachers. After speaking most tenderly of his mother, respectfully of his father and doubtfully of his early teachers, Wallace writes with feeling:

"I simply plead for discrimination, for forbearance, for teaching, for sympathy. Whoso lays his hand heavily on a boy of spirit . . . is himself an offender in far greater degree than his victim. The schoolmaster who cannot discriminate between pupils lacks the first essential to perfection in an honorable calling."

Again and again his heart cried out, "Mother, mother!" as it did when "the alabaster tinge was on her face," and she never again could respond to his call. I cannot help feeling that, had she lived, the Christian fellowship which she so much enjoyed would have been his in his early days, with its gentle discipline and moulding power, and given him in his youth a happier life.

His reference to that strong and abiding love which knitted him and his life-companion together is wonderful. Who could express it like Lew Wallace?

"The promises were in her face when next I saw her in plain daylight; and after all the trials of years, come and gone—now—the same promises are as bank-notes redeemed, and there is no need of them more. . . .

* "Lew Wallace: An Autobiography." New York: Harper & Brothers.

My temper has never been so hot she could not lay it. She has decided me in doubt, defended me against interruptions, saved me my time by the sacrifice of her own, cheered me when down at heart, lured me back to my tasks when the tempter would have whisked me away, held my hand in defeat and rejoiced with me in my triumphs. . . . Hers is a high nature, a composite of genius, common sense and all best womanly qualities."

Read the book to complete the story of a great earthly love which merges into the heavenly. The steady development of a great, manly, though wayward, soul needed just this sunshine of a true and steady, perennial loving-kindness.

Wallace never loses his sense of humor. It will crop out in his dealings with the most serious subjects and often in his official reports; for example, when drilling his regiment at Evansville: "The grumbling was loud, sometimes angry; *but it was met with a spell of stone-deafness.*"

The story of his career as a young lieutenant of nineteen years in the Mexican campaign of 1847 is a gem by itself. His conclusions regarding General Taylor differ from mine. I think he would have modified them had he seen more of the man, but perhaps not. From Wallace's standpoint, General Taylor was unnecessarily severe with the 1st Indiana, Wallace's regiment. Wallace thinks that the intelligent reader of history will wonder greatly at the injustice done to the 2nd Indiana,

"but at nothing so much as at the General commanding [General Zachary Taylor]. There may even come to him [the reader] a realization of the lamentable fact that a man may have been a successful General and popular President of the United States, yet lack the elements without which no man can be truly great—justice and truth."

Wallace calls me to account for not going, in my biography of Taylor, behind General Taylor's report of the battle of Buena Vista. And now after new evidence has come to me I am glad enough to modify my original statements. Surely the 2nd Indiana Regiment, though it broke to the rear, was not to be blamed for obeying the order of its Colonel (Bowles), so clearly and distinctly given, namely: "Cease firing and retreat." General Wallace's defence of the regiment is perfect. The regiment itself, by its losses and subsequent gallantry on the field of Buena Vista, deserves unqualified praise.

Having been a Democrat, "one of the straitest of the sect,"

his sudden and strong conviction of duty to the Old Flag after the firing upon it at Fort Sumter is characteristic of the manly man. He thought carefully and systematically; he kept analyzing like a clear-sighted judge; he reached definite conclusions and then put them into immediate action. It is delightful to follow him, first to the Adjutant-Generalship of Indiana, thence to a regiment; then comes a brigade under General Patterson on the border of Maryland and West Virginia. Here Wallace had the first meed of praise, a recognition which gave him the joy which he then coveted: "The Commanding General has the satisfaction to announce to the troops a second victory over the insurgents by a small party of Indiana volunteers under Colonel Wallace, the 20th inst. [June, 1861]." Not only Patterson but McClellan recognized him: "Dear General Wallace:—I congratulate you upon the gallant conduct of your regiment. Thank them (your men) and express to the [successful] party how highly I honor their heroic courage, etc." Schuyler Colfax added his mite: "The President [Lincoln] told me day before yesterday that Indiana had won nearly all the glory so far. . . . The President alluded especially to your splendid dash on Romney." But after our failure at Bull Run, the Indiana men, being on but three months' enlistment, returned home and were mustered out.

Wallace's favorite, the 11th Indiana, reenlisted and was taken by him, its Colonel, to St. Louis. Here he found General Frémont in command. At Frémont's headquarters he was received in such a humiliating style that he said to himself: "Well, Ben. McCulloch with his red men and white savages can't be coming here. This is a headquarters for politicians, not soldiers." So, using the telegraph, he sought and obtained an order to proceed to Paducah, Kentucky, and so he came under the immediate command of General Charles F. Smith. Wallace's sketch of Smith is fine:

> "Tall, erect, broad-shouldered, a symmetrical figure in a well-fitting uniform. He held his head high; long white mustaches trailed below his chin, shading his lower face; perfect health left its morning colors on his cheeks, and his blue eyes, bright with invitation, negatived the reputation he bore for sternness."

Albert Sidney Johnston was regarded as the ablest Confederate commander in the West; General Charles F. Smith, on the Union side at the time Wallace met him, was believed by the army to

be more than Albert Sidney's match. The lessons General Smith gave Colonel Wallace during his sojourn at Paducah he never forgot. His hearty conformity to them brought him promotion on September 3rd, 1861. It was there that General Wallace entertained General Grant and part of his staff. Grant then "had not even fought the battle of Belmont. . . . Grant drew his chair toward the grate and said, spreading his hands before the blaze and looking around: 'Well, this *is* cheerful!'" One of the many charges of too much hilarity grew out of Wallace's entertainment. Articles very dreadful against Grant and Smith were published broadcast. Wallace says:

> "In self-defence I finally traced the offensive articles to a regimental chaplain, and induced him to resign. The General himself, I think, acquitted me of blame, but certain members of his staff were not so generous."

It is not very long now before we find Wallace in active work, first with a brigade cooperating with the "Belmont affair" successfully; then on and on up the Cumberland to Forts Heiman and Henry (February, 1862), in conjunction with the good Admiral Foote and his Naval Brigade. When Grant moves over to the Tennessee to attack Fort Donelson, Wallace, soon to command a division, is left behind at Fort Heiman; but sudden need brings him forward, and with a good division he does his best military work. His account of the part his brigade played in the last attack upon the Confederates under General Buckner is clear and graphic.

In the order of time, we come to the great battle of Pittsburg Landing. I will not even attempt to summarize General Wallace's completed story of the operations of Halleck, Grant and Buel at this engagement of two days, usually called the battle of Shiloh (April 6th and 7th, 1862). He is as careful and minute, often as dramatic, as Lord Roberts was in his description of the siege of Delhi. And, surely, it would be wrong to attach any blame to Wallace himself for not getting upon the bloody field the first day; it is pretty clear that he and his splendid division led in the hard-fought and successful struggle of the second day. Halleck's later course toward Wallace is like the persecution that General Stone received after Ball's Bluff. He relieved him from his division and constantly prevented him from getting a proper command; yet when a defender of the Ohio border was demanded

Governor Morton used his services, with a single regiment or brigade. When Cincinnati was threatened by Kirby Smith (Heth's Corps) in 1863, Wallace was put in charge of the great city, and promptly organized an army of successful defence. When Confederate Morgan and his troops raided Indiana, Wallace backed up every Union detachment, and with Governor Morton's help saved Indianapolis and the Confederate prisoners of war from capture. At last Mr. Lincoln, against General Halleck's protest, gave General Wallace the Middle Department, with his headquarters at Baltimore.

If one wants to study the work of a man who was a diplomatist, a general of resources, and a statesman, let him read carefully General Wallace's sketch of the Maryland plan and the battle of the Monocacy. It was a side-thrust to prevent General Early, with substantially two Army Corps, from marching into Washington (July, 1864). With an incredibly small force he met Early, and fought him so hard as to delay him at least twenty-four hours. This enabled Grant to get the 6th and 19th corps within the defences of the Capital. Then, of course, Washington, with its inhabitants and archives, was safe. Wallace had the credit from the President and Generals for this prompt and effective work.

To follow his diplomacy, that helped so largely to unite us in friendship with the Republic of Mexico — requiring perilous journeys to Texas and along its borders; to go with him as Governor of New Mexico, which he lifted so largely into proper civilization; to step with him over to Turkey, and see how by his large-heartedness he obtained the best things for us from the Sultan; will enable us to comprehend only a modicum of the public service he rendered to his country, to whose interests he was ever most devoted and loyal.

But, after all has been said, does not his unusual and permanent fame rest upon his literary works? He was a good and successful lawyer, but he did the law work, he says, as a bread-earner. He was a good public speaker, presenting his thoughts with clearness and beauty—but his heart was in his books. "The Fair God" caused me to review with care Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico,." "The Prince of India" startled me as a work of the imagination; but "Ben-Hur" is paramount; it is poetry, history, drama and devotion. It adds so much freshness to all

things it touches that it makes them new. It not only realizes the divine offices of the prophet, priest and king, but it vivifies the story of the Christ as nothing else has done outside the simple annals of the Gospels.

He told me on the Bosphorus the story of how he came to undertake "Ben-Hur"; substantially the same account is in this "Autobiography." No library or home in our land or any other land can afford to be without this book of extraordinary human interest and remarkable achievement. OLIVER OTIS HOWARD.

LELAND: SCHOLAR AND MYSTIC.*

AMONG those American men of letters who, toward the middle of the last century, undertook the discovery of Europe, Charles Godfrey Leland occupies a unique position. By turns German Bursch and Romany Rye, social lion in London and friend of Florentine Witches, writer of comic verse for "*Die Fliegende Blätter*" and lecturer before the Royal Institute, it is doubtful whether any of his compatriots became more closely identified with foreign life or more familiar with foreign tongues. Perhaps because of the very diversity of his achievement, Leland is less known and less clearly understood than he should be, and hence the recently published "Life" possesses particular claim to consideration.

It must be conceded at the outset that these absorbing volumes do not offer a uniformly analytical or judicial estimate of the picturesque and magnetic "Hans Breitmann." Based upon his uncompleted "Memoirs" and supplemented by numerous letters, the work is in essence the warmly affectionate and endearing tribute of niece to uncle. It is not that Mrs. Pennell permits personal loyalty or family considerations unduly to color her judgment, it is merely that she has been unable to escape the inherent appeal of her subject. Perhaps, after all, sympathetic biography is equally as valuable as scientific; in any case, it affords infinitely better reading.

Born in the famous "Dolly Madison house" on Chestnut Street, below Third, in the quiescent town of the Quaker, Leland represents the active rather than the passive principle of Penn-

* "Charles Godfrey Leland. A Biography." 2 vols. By Elizabeth R. Pennell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

sylvania mysticism. Presumably endowed with the same spiritual heritage as those about him, he early became a restless, insatiate nomad, both actually and mentally. As a lad he was considered "peculiar," and small wonder, for by twelve he was learning French, Latin and Spanish, and at fifteen was translating Villon and rapidly mastering Provençal. At Princeton, his "*Mala Mater*," as he sadly called her, where "piety and mathematics" were rated higher than linguistic accomplishments, Leland naturally made an uneven though brilliant record. Throughout the entire course he read voraciously, not, he says, "for a purpose, but to gratify an intense passion." He delved deep into metaphysics and mediævalism as well as Voltaire, Tom Paine and other "exploded dangers." One week he was a Transcendentalist, the next a Puseyite, and always he was a curiously eager, inquisitive intellectual explorer. The very narrowness and rigidity of his surroundings seemed to act as an inspiration, a challenge.

The transition from Princeton to Heidelberg was precisely what the delicate, bookish youth needed. Knowing the language well enough on his arrival to be christened "Germanicus," he entered lustily into student life. In a memorable letter to William Tiffany, dated July 24th, 1846, he exclaims with gusto: "What times! What men! What tobacco! What beer! Here, in Heidelberg, I have seen divers duels—clash and smash! But, my dear man, you have no earthly conception *what* a people the Dutch are for *kneipen*. The way they do smoke and drink beer is atrocious!" And yet he was himself no mere onlooker, adding, not without a touch of pride: "In this matter I modestly hint that *I* am not *small*." Each letter during this period rings with joyous, wholesome reaction against the arid and constrained traditions of Philadelphia and Princeton. There were numerous excursions to near-by towns or dances at country fairs, where the "proud and vicious nobles" (the students) participated none too decorously in the pleasures of "the poor and happy" (the peasantry). At Heidelberg our somewhat full-blooded young mystic devoted himself, oddly, to chemistry, but later in Munich he took up the study of æsthetics, which subject he continued the succeeding year at the Sorbonne.

While Paris at first proved sharply to him how thoroughly Germanized he had become, it was not long before he was taking

his "*petit verre* and *café*" and joining gayly in the usual student balls and fêtes. That "extraordinary talent for getting into adventures" of which he often speaks by no means deserted him in the French capital, for the revolution soon broke about him in picturesque fury, and the big, striking American student did not fail to play his part with real, though conscious, bravery. In his own words he thus describes a day's campaigning:

"I turned out in the *Grande Révolution*, armed like a smuggler with dirk and pistols, saw some fusillades, helped build some barricades,—was *capitaine* at one nice little one in our Quartier, and distributed percussion caps and consolation to the heroic *canaille*, not to mention being at the plunder of the Tuileries."

He was not, however, a serious patriot, and did not wait to see affairs right themselves. His three years being over, he crossed the Channel to London and later sailed from Portsmouth, reaching home in the autumn of 1848.

His devoted biographer characterizes the next few years of Leland's life as being his period of storm and stress, and such they unquestionably proved. In order to appease the proprieties, he consented to read law, though he never practised, the claims of literature being more numerous and insistent than those of his clients. For a time he was in New York assisting Griswold on the "Illustrated News," returning later to Philadelphia as editor of "Graham's Monthly." Although pay was slender and uncertain, he worked unremittingly, contributing articles on an incredible range of subjects to the pages of the "Knickerbocker," the "Continental" and other long-since defunct publications. Though "Meister Karl" achieved a certain success, it was not until "Hans Breitmann" flashed into being that Leland became famous. It is quite true, as Mrs. Pennell reluctantly infers, that the younger generation does not read the "Breitmann Ballads"; yet, even so, it is refreshing to realize how hugely our fathers relished that delectable "mixture of beer and pure reason."

The welcome accorded "Breitmann" and the removal of financial pressure consequent upon the death of his father induced Leland to relinquish the position he then held on "The Press," and henceforth, save for a brief sojourn in Philadelphia during the early eighties, he passed the remainder of his days in England and on the Continent. Just as he had known every one of consequence in the world of letters, music and art at home, so

abroad he enjoyed the friendship of an equally distinguished circle. Always independent and outspoken, he was not one to be awed by the fetish of an exalted reputation. For Lowell, Holmes, Whitman, George Boker and others he professed the highest regard, but did not hesitate to fall foul of Emerson in the following not over-fastidious phraseology:

"Emerson dabbled with mysticism and paddled in metempsychosis, and shirked pantheism, as did Carlyle, while using it as a garment, and made beautifully talkee-talkee with free thought, and posed as a liberal mind, and exalted Goethe; but would have died of blushes and sunk into his boots before Greek fleshliness."

While the conventionally celebrated, such as Browning, Tennyson, Bulwer, Besant and the like flit through the latter portions of the book, Leland's lot was never wholly cast with them. What he loved most were the diverting by-paths of the mind; he much preferred the open road to a polished doorstep. Professor Palmer, the Orientalist, Francis Hindes Groome, the foremost Gypsy scholar of his day, and Borrow, then a grumpy reminiscence living respectably in Brompton Square, were the men he cared most about. There seemed always to have lurked in the heart of "the Rye," as Mrs. Pennell often calls him, a longing for Gypsyland, and it was old Matty Cooper, chief of the Romanies, who first opened wide to him the gates of this alluring realm. Within a remarkably short time he mastered the language better than Borrow had ever done; and some time later had the distinction of discovering Shelta, the tinker's dialect, hitherto unknown to scholars. His interest never flagged; wherever he happened to be, he would seek out his dark-eyed friends and chat familiarly with them, singing their songs and telling them stories in their own strange tongue. An unquenchable thirst for the occult and the untrodden led him still further afield. He unveiled the secrets of Voodooism and Witchcraft, collected all manner of legends and folk-tales, and as a result left behind him some of the most curious and enchanting books in the language. Despite his undoubted erudition and phenomenal powers of assimilation, it cannot be claimed that Leland possessed an exact or scholarly mind. Physically imposing and pictorial, he was temperamentally a romanticist. Enthusiasm for the subject in hand often led him to commit grave errors. In his list of Shelta terms were several Gaelic words, and his Algonkin legends were not all simon-

pure Algonkin nor even simon-pure Indian. Though younger and better-equipped men rapidly took his place in the field of linguistics and mythology, he will, however, always rank as a stimulating precursor; an inspiring, even commanding figure. While this "Life" of Mrs. Pennell's gives him the proper setting and shows him in exact relation to his surroundings, it is to be regretted that he left no record of that quaint, sedate, social atmosphere of which he was really a product and to which he often referred with such charm and penetration. That he might have pictured Philadelphia with incomparable sympathy is amply proved by a letter written from the Bagni di Lucca in 1893, in which he says:

"I wish I had thought of it—I would have made more of old Philadelphia. Should I ever return there, I will put *all my heart* into a book on the subject and write it all in flowers, perfumes—reeds in the rivers — quaint old golden-brown evenings — the scent of buckwheatcakes baking in the early morning—magnolia fragrance mingled with roasting coffee—ghosts of bygone Cadwaladers and Whartons and memories of pretty Quaker girls in the sunset light on Arch Street."

He goes on to say that "there are not many living *now* who can do it," and he was right. Yet the home call was never quite strong enough. He died abroad still a seeker, and a wanderer, fascinated to the very last by the mysterious and the remote.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON.

"LINCOLN THE LAWYER."*

THE man who writes about Lincoln has the happy privilege of placing a bright spot on every page, if he will, by quoting a few of Lincoln's written or spoken words. It may well be one of the effects of this cause that American editors—to the envy of their English brothers—hold the theme of Lincoln as an ever-ready refuge in time of trouble. They have learned by repeated experience that there is no name in American history with which they can conjure so successfully. Year by year, even as the actual workings of Lincoln's mind and heart become more familiar, he takes more surely the place of a great mythic figure, typifying something characteristically American, embodying the work of destiny or Providence in supplying our ship of state with

* "Lincoln the Lawyer." By Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: The Century Co.

the one helmsman who could have carried it safely through the worst storm it has had to weather. Has it not been much easier for him to take this place just because so many of his wisest words lent themselves extraordinarily to remembrance and quotation?

> "Still with parable and with myth
> Seasoning truth, like Them of old."

But the anecdotes were by no means all. Through his more serious utterances there often shone a sympathy and sagacity which seem destined to insure them a long future. The man you keep on quoting has a firm grip on immortality.

Look, for a specific instance, at the good fortune of him who would write of Lincoln as a lawyer. Here are Lincoln's own words of advice to lawyers:

> "Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often the real loser—in fees, expenses and waste of time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of becoming a good man. There will always be enough business. Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it."

The accepted ethics of the profession doubtless called for such a rebuke more generally fifty years ago than they do to-day. Yet the words are such, in spirit and substance, that Mr. Hill could hardly have gone wrong if he had taken them as a sort of text for his book, instead of giving them merely a casual place in his narrative. There was, however, no need of a definite text, which —at least in homiletics—often has its greatest use in keeping the preacher, when it succeeds, to a single line of thought. The consistency of Lincoln's legal career does this without calling for any special effort on the part of the biographer.

The study of Lincoln's life, from whatever angle it is viewed, derives its chief value from the light it throws upon his last four years. But for those years Lincoln, though still a notable figure, a characteristic product of American frontier conditions, would have been no more a national figure than many men who, frequently with less reason, have made prodigious names for themselves in their own regions. Just because he was called from the valleys and plains of our national life to its highest mountain-

top, everything in his earlier years becomes immensely significant. When Mr. Alonzo Rothschild wrote his "Lincoln, Master of Men," he took pains to show in his opening chapters how Lincoln's quality of mastery displayed itself in the backwoods, in love, law and local politics, in the Douglas debates. All this was the indispensable premise to his conclusions of mastery in the dealings with his cabinet and generals. What Mr. Rothschild did so well on a larger scale, Mr. Hill, pursuing a more strictly "popular" method, and specializing in Lincoln's professional career, has performed successfully within narrower limits.

With such a story as Mr. Hill has had to tell, his book might be defined as a lawyer's brief for a lawyer and the legal profession. The bit of advice to lawyers, already quoted, illuminates Lincoln's whole conception of the lawyer's function. He saw it as it was—or might be in its essence. Most of the teaching which experience gave him was of the fundamental sort. Contrast it with the training of the modern city lawyer. There was no course at a law school, no beginning at the foot of the ladder in a highly organized office, no gradual emerging into independence and authority. Instead, at the beginning, there were the haphazard studies, the informal proceedings of rural courts, the invaluable nearness to unsophisticated human nature. Even as the junior member of one firm and the senior member of another, Lincoln is seen taking his forward strides with an informality unimaginable in these more ordered days. What stands out from it all is a twofold wonder—that from such inchoate conditions an important lawyer was developed, and that our own more formal influences can produce anything of the sort.

What is more important than all the outward circumstances touching the Lawyer Lincoln is that inmost personal thing which made him Lincoln at all. In the study of his legal career, one expects to find him dealing with his work, his clients, the juries and the courts, in a perfectly direct human way. This expectation is fulfilled. If he had cared more for red tape, he would have chosen some other method of delivering mail outside the New Salem post-office, when he was in charge of it, than tucking letters in his hat, and handing them out as he happened to meet the persons for whom they were meant. Later in life he would have devised a better plan for codifying the mass of papers on his desk than that of writing on one package of them, "When you

can't find It anywhere else, look in this." The correspondence schools will not advise beginners in law or business to model themselves on Lincoln in every detail of office conduct. They will do well, however, if they can make their pupils realize, as Lincoln realized, the weightiest matters of the law. It is much to be able to write of a lawyer, or any one else, "that he never consented to do anything in a representative capacity which he would not countenance in himself as an individual." To match the spiritual directness from which such refusals sprang, there was an intellectual directness well illustrated in a passage quoted by Mr. Hill—a passage which throws a light of its own upon the merely educational value of mathematics:

"'In the course of my reading,' he told a friend years afterwards, 'I constantly came across the word "demonstrate." I thought at first that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that I did not. I consulted Webster's Dictionary. That told me of *certain proof beyond the probability of doubt*, but I could form no idea of what sort of proof that was. I consulted all the books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined blue to a blind man. At last I said to myself, "Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not know what 'demonstrate' means," and so I worked until I could give any proposition of the six books of Euclid at sight. I then found out what "demonstrate" meant.'"

Both seeing and feeling as straight as Lincoln did, it was like him to define wealth as "simply a superfluity of things we don't need"; to abandon a guilty client; to advise lawyers against provoking litigation. This was not the way to immediate increase of legal practice; yet, besides being "good business" in the long run, it undoubtedly contributed much towards making him precisely what he became.

The final chapters of Mr. Hill's book show Lincoln in these last years applying to the great problems he had to solve the methods, mental and spiritual, of the wise and skilful lawyer. No one familiar with the qualities which the legal profession demands and generates in its best representatives needs to be told how much of Lincoln's strength in the Presidency resulted from that daily exercise which the practice of law had provided. It is the special virtue of Mr. Hill's book that it will bring home to many readers this important fact, and will help them to realize what a great man and a great profession may owe to each other.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

WORLD-POLITICS.

ST. PETERSBURG: WASHINGTON.

St. Petersburg, *November, 1906.*

Imperial Russia has entered upon the "slack-water" period of its existence, the interval between the high tide of its fortunes and the ebb. For the Tsardom in the sense of an absolute monarchy has ceased to exist, whereas practical constitutionalism has not yet taken its place, may not indeed take its place for years to come. On the one hand, the Emperor's power is limited, strictly if not narrowly; and, on the other hand, control by the nation has not yet taken parliamentary shape; therefore, as the domestic affairs of Russia can no longer be administered without the combination of those two factors, the subjects of Nicholas II are being governed under difficulties. Curious problems have arisen in consequence and are now exercising all the ingenuity of M. Stolypin's Cabinet, which may be figuratively said to be endeavoring to drive a troika through the barrier of an imperial ukase.

The deadlock was caused by a one-sided self-denying ordinance issued by the Tsar before the first Duma assembled. Desirous of convincing his subjects, once for all, that the promise of a change from absolutism to constitutionalism was no mere will-o'-the-wisp, as the oppositional parties maintained, but a genuine concession to be realized as soon as possible, the monarch solemnly declared that in future no permanent law should be enacted without the assent of the people's representatives assembled in the Duma. Badly worded, like many another generous undertaking given by Emperors and Kings, this assurance was open to several interpretations, one of which was certainly calculated to defeat the object to attain which it was volunteered. Suppose, for instance, the second and the third Duma are composed of extreme

parties, with whom the Tsar's ministers cannot work smoothly. What then? "Change the electoral law which results in the return of unpractical politicians," answer some people. But the feat is impossible. It should and would have been achieved last July, immediately after the dissolution of the first Duma, if the Government had felt itself authorized to meddle with the electoral law. But it did not. That law is one of the many matters which must remain as they are, unless the people's representatives after public discussion have consented to the proposed amendments. And that they will not do. Why should they destroy the ladder by which they rose and may again rise to power? Obviously, it is a "vicious circle": on the one hand, the Government may be unable to get together a legislative assembly willing to accept the present constitution and to work on the lines it traces; yet, on the other hand, it may not alter the electoral law in order to obtain a more businesslike legislature without the consent of the Deputies. And the Deputies will not agree to any proposal of the Cabinet. Clearly, that is a deadlock which could and should have been foreseen and prevented by those who formulated the Tsar's promise.

Again, Russian farmers are condemned by the operation of the same cause to suffer in patience the many hardships under which they have been fretting and chafing for generations. Now, for the second time in history, the Tsar's Government, awakened to a lively sense of its duty and its interest, is not merely willing but eager to make full amends for past neglect, and to pour the ichor of independence and enlightenment into the veins of the wasting peasantry; but its hands are tied, and tied by its own behest. Hence the world is treated to the unedifying spectacle of a Government and an Opposition, both professing the warmest interest in the material and moral well-being of the agricultural classes, yet each effectively hindering the other from redressing their grievances. What the "Cadets," or "Constitutional Democrats," virtually say is, that either they must be invested with power and allowed to legislate for the rural masses, or else there shall be no legislation for them at all. And as one of the remedies recommended by the Cadets is expropriation of the estates of the landed gentry, the Tsar, guided by his advisers, refused to put the power in their hands. In the last Duma, that party, without possessing a majority of Deputies, had the lead of

the house, being able at times to get together a plurality of votes; and it used this power to hinder all legislation in order to oblige the Tsar to alter the constitution, to consent to become a mere figurehead and to hand over the reins of government to its leaders. The experiment was a failure. But the Cadets have not modified their principles nor altered their tactics since then. On the contrary, they have, so to say, stiffened them very considerably by adopting in principle, at their recent conference at Helsingfors, passive resistance as one of their approved methods —that is to say, the refusal, by all their adherents in the nation, to pay taxes or supply military recruits. According to the laws of Russia, that refusal is tantamount to rebellion. Now, it is on the cards that these Cadets, who have already lost a large proportion of their supporters among the thinking and well-to-do people, may even with a much smaller minority than last time again get the control of the Duma. Ministers hope that this will not come to pass, but it is not by any means impossible. And, in this case, legislation would again be at a standstill and agricultural reforms must wait.

But the peasants will not wait. Once aroused from the torpor of ages, they cannot again be put to sleep. True, land is all they want for the moment—if possible, the free land promised by the Cadets, or, if that be a chimera, cheap land, and without delay. But, in order to still this land hunger which is driving many of them literally mad, they are ready to meddle in politics or to dabble in crime, to speak and vote with the republicans or to burn and kill with the anarchists. Moral laws would seem to have no restraining hold upon their will; indeed, unalloyed morality is perhaps wholly unknown to them. Such rudimentary grains of ethics as hitherto weighed with them were found combined with the ore either of religion or of politics, as part of their duty to God or their loyalty to the Tsar. Therefore, goaded by want and misery for which the present Government is responsible, and in sight of the promised land to which a Cadet Ministry undertakes to lead them, they would stick at nothing to reach the goal. This perhaps is the most serious danger with which the Russian Empire is menaced. Trade, industry, finances, the loyalty of the army and navy, the hegemony of the Russian over the Polish, Jewish, Lithuanian, Caucasian and other races, all depend upon the weal and good-will of the peasant. He is the

Atlas whose shoulders support the weight of the Tsardom; and, if he strikes work, all kinds of progress and development are arrested. The first institution to suffer would be the monarchy. Hence the zeal of the Tsar's Government to do tardy justice and hinder a catastrophe; hence, too, the desire of the extreme republican parties to checkmate the Government and to accelerate the catastrophe. The impossibility of making new laws without the Duma, or of convoking a reasonable Duma without new laws is consequently the barrier which the Monarchists have most redoubted.

But Stolypin bids fair to clear the obstacle. He is at this moment making a valiant attempt to drive his troika through the self-denying ordinance, without upsetting the three-in-hand or damaging the parchment barriers. The beginning has already been made, and by the time this article is in the hands of the readers of the REVIEW a series of remedial measures will have been promulgated by which the Premier hopes to score a victory and restore permanent peace to his country.

He will probably reap a large measure of success. But, whether a success or a failure, the scheme is highly ingenious. For, debarred in the absence of the Duma from making laws, he was driven to the interpretation of existing statutes and obliged to infuse all his reform schemes into these deductions. The Premier's ambitious plan, so far as one can discern it at this early stage, is to gain the allegiance of the peasants by giving them the ways and means of bettering indefinitely their material and moral condition; and, that done, to consolidate the power of the monarch and enable him to exercise to the fullest extent every right, every prerogative not expressly waived in the concessions accorded last October. The final upshot would be a strong constitutional monarchy, with the accent on the word "monarchy," but not parliamentary government.

Hitherto, serfdom in a modified form has continued to drag down the peasant class in Russia. The assertion may sound strange, but it is true. The husbandman and his heirs were bound to the soil by ties which the theory of the law allowed them to sever, but only under conditions that were always irksome and often practically impossible. The commune, or "Mir," which has aptly been described as "the crystallization of the powers of darkness," absorbed and wasted all that was best in the Russian

peasant, except where a transforming religious spirit took hold of and regenerated him. If he possessed land, it was conjointly with the community, which could and often did redistribute the holdings. Therefore, he was unable to sell it, and he could not with profit put any money or labor into it except what was requisite for the coming harvest. His children, if he had many, were still worse off; because, if the holdings were insufficient, they were forced to stay on it. If they wanted to enter the state service, to become teachers, to learn a trade, the obstacles to be surmounted were formidable. In a word, hitherto the peasant was the slave of his community, which fettered him so long as he remained in its service, keeping him from accumulating wealth or obtaining culture, and tightened its iron grip upon him whenever he sought to escape and seek his fortune in other walks of life. The rustic parents who want to send their boy to a city school or train him to become a merchant, a clerk, a salesman, must first induce the Mir to approve the scheme. Very often the Mir refuses until its consent is bought, and so long as there is money to be had, so long may the blackmail be levied. Over and over again have budding talents, incipient success in life, family happiness been thus wrecked by an arbitrary order of the Mir dragging back the promising lad to the village of darkness and misery. It was always in the power of the Mir to put a sudden end to the young man's studies, to arrest his success in trade, to bar forever his progress in a craft. It exercised unchallenged sway over old men and young; it allowed or forbade any member to quit the community; it delivered passports or withheld them at its own will and on its own money terms. It was nearly omnipotent. And now it is being struck powerless.

This emancipation of 100,000,000 peasants from the most intolerable yoke, spiritual and material, that ever galled them, will be the welcome results of the first measure adopted by Stolypin. To crown the work, from January next, joint responsibility for taxes and other imposts will be done away with, so that, if a farmer pays his taxes he need not, as hitherto, tremble to think that a number of his neighbors may spend the proceeds of their harvest in drink, leaving him and his thrifty fellow members liable for their debts. He will be answerable only for his own obligations, and consequently stimulated to self-reliance, self-help, self-culture.

But, to the Russian *mujik,* reform without additional land is almost meaningless. His psychology is such that even a Messiah who should come to disenthral him could not gain a hearing, unless he reinforced his miracles by allotments of land. And, if Beelzebub were to offer larger holdings, his chances of gaining the peasants' support would be very considerable. For this reason, the Cadets made their bid of "cheap" supplementary holdings, which their stump orators and secret missionaries interpreted as "gratuitous" farms, and, as the Tsar's supporters could not cap this offer, they were left far behind. M. Stolypin, however, would not be beaten by this manœuvre. He caused the Peasants' Bank to buy a large number of estates from several landowners, who parted with their possessions for moderate prices. The Emperor, seconding his efforts, disposed of many millions of acres of the so-called "appanage lands" and also of Crown estates, and now the Government has it in its power partially to still the craving of the peasants' hearts. The money needed for this reform is seemingly dispensed with, for the farmer who wishes to buy the land now to be allotted may get the requisite sum from the Peasants' Bank in the form of a mortgage at a low rate of interest, and if the new holding be situated far from the old one he can quit the commune, sell the land which he hitherto possessed in undesirable partnership with others, and then migrate to his new home.

Now, this newly granted freedom is the result, not of a new law, but of a new interpretation of an old one. For this reason it is uncommonly interesting. Necessity is the mother of invention, and the juridical fiction invented was this: The Government jurisconsults hold that, when the serfs were emancipated by Alexander II in 1861, the Mir was a voluntary association. And this contention is tenable. In theory, at all events, no one was forced to continue to be a member of it against his will. Hence, a peasant who disliked agricultural pursuits on these lines could ask the community to give him a strip of arable soil for himself, which he might till or sell as he listed. What the community might say or do is another story. That was the state of things in 1861. Thirty-two years later, the departure of a peasant from the community was made much more difficult, indeed almost impossible, until the entire redemption tax on the land should be paid up. It is to this last clause that the Government has

tached all the weight of the new measure. At the end of this year, thanks to a ukase of the Tsar, the land-redemption tax will no longer be levied; and then the intention of the lawgivers of 1861, that the Mir be a purely voluntary association, will again be the principle of peasant legislation, and all other statutes involved must, therefore, be construed in the light of that. Such is the general formula; the applications of it are very ingenious. Buying and selling land will be simplified; title deeds will be accepted which heretofore would have been scoffed at, public notaries are authorized to cut short legal formalities and are obliged to cut down prices in proportion.

Peasant proprietorship in Russia will be the outcome of that new and clever interpretation of an old law, and may involve the gain to the ranks of the Government's supporters of, say, sixty million tillers of the soil, and the return to normal life under much more favorable auspices than heretofore of eighty or ninety millions. Further, it may strengthen the loyalty of the army and navy, conduce to the improvement of trade, industry, finances, and generally contribute to save the country from the ruin that threatened it a few months ago. But all these desirable contingencies can, of course, be realized only if a number of other conditions are also favorable, or, at any rate, are not actively hostile. One of the minor, yet very important, consequences of peasant ownership will be the possibility of improving the farm. Under the old "interpretation" of the law, a man who had a strip of marshy land as part of his holding could not drain it; another who needed some kind of artificial irrigation could not procure it; a third who required guano or a mowing-machine or some other means of heightening the fertility of his soil could not obtain them. For if he himself had the means he would not invest them, because at the next redistribution his improved holding might be assigned to one of his neighbors. And if he wanted to raise the money, people would refuse to lend it for the same reason. Under the new dispensation this difficulty will vanish. It will be the owner's interest to put his savings into his farm; and, if he have none, it will be to his advantage to borrow capital. And, from the outset, the Peasants' Bank will be empowered to make advances to farmers for the purpose of ameliorating their holdings.

Such, in broad outline, is what may be termed the final eman-

cipation of the Russian peasant. As yet, the Government's most important declarations on the subject have not been published; but before this letter is in print they will have been incorporated in the Statute Book. It would be difficult to overrate their significance. The reform seems calculated to better enormously both the land and the people, and to bring about a new condition of things in which a thriving democracy may live and work side by side with a constitutional monarchy. The idea of the present Government probably is that the monarchy should be constitutionally limited, but only as it was limited when the first Romanoff donned the Monomachus cap, that is, by the will of the whole Russian nation, while it would also be morally narrowed and restricted by the Tsar's consideration for the welfare of the nation. That, and not parliamentary government, is the régime which the October Manifesto substituted for the old bureaucratic autocracy, and the present Cabinet is resolved to continue as it has begun, to embody in political institutions all the liberties there bestowed upon the nation, and to do everything possible to get them assimilated. But nothing more is to be given in the way of a free grant. Further liberties must be the outcome of steady development, of fruitful labor, of political maturity. Such is the plan of M. Stolypin's Cabinet.

The worst enemies of that ingenious project are not the Cadets, whose influence is on the wane. Indeed, from the first the members of that political faction were principally their own enemies. The most formidable marplots at present are the Social Democrats and Social Revolutionists, but only in the missionary moods. When they have recourse to the bullet and the bomb and the torch, they may destroy but they cannot transform. Thus, the daring raid on the money-bags of the Treasury on October 27th was largely successful as a means of replenishing the nearly empty coffers of the organization, but it engendered a feeling of intense bitterness on the part of the lower orders of St. Petersburg, whose sympathies had theretofore gravitated towards the revolutionists. Normal people who retain the faculties of thinking and working are sick of bloodshed and violence, and a wave of conservatism, the crest of which appears to be reactionary, is now passing over Muscovy. It is only as silent, secret organizers that the revolutionists are dangerous. When they propagate their subversive doctrines among peasants, bluejackets, soldiers; when

they write, print and disseminate leaflets, pamphlets, books; when they found sodalities, distribute money judiciously, thwart the efforts of the non-political elements of the population and, like Chinese torturers who hinder their prisoners from sleeping, keep the whole community in a state of continuous unrest and alarm, then indeed they are redoubtable.

In several parts of Russia the Social Democrats are exhorting the peasants not to heed the Vyborg Manifesto of the Duma, calling on them to refuse military recruits to the Tsar. "On the contrary," say the Socialists, "go with pleasure; don the soldier's uniform, and then get all your comrades to promise never to fire on the people, who are their brothers. That is your mission." They are flooding the Empire with tales, essays, proclamations, which are eagerly read by millions. It is hard to realize the vogue of this revolutionary literature and the guilelessness of the police and gendarmes who are deputed to stop it. Here in the capital, for instance, every house watchman, almost every policeman and soldier and servant, eagerly devour the badly printed booklets and pamphlets that are constantly passing from hand to hand.

Not only the army and the navy, but the University and grammar-school are now honeycombed with anarchism. It is often termed Socialism, but in last analysis it is Anarchism, pure and simple. And the new generation is saturated with it. This is probably the most alarming symptom of the national malady from which Russia is now suffering. For over two years the high schools, technical institutes, universities and colleges have been closed. The output of scholars, of graduates, of candidates for the learned professions has altogether ceased. The coming generation, in lieu of mental and moral training, is apprenticed to a guild which, in Russia at all events, repudiates culture and advocates violence. The consequences, when they manifest themselves, may be disastrous. Sooner or later the present generation of Russia must pass away and its place will be taken by the men who are now robbing, forging and bomb-throwing, instead of cultivating self-restraint and acquiring knowledge.

This year the conflict has again begun. It is but fair to say that the great majority of the students appear to be strongly in favor of attending lectures and leaving politics at the threshold of the University. They have said this in speeches and written it in letters to the newspapers. But the minority will not allow

the lectures to take place without concessions, and these concessions involve the negation of all government and are incompatible with scientific work. Thus they claim the right to convoke meetings whenever they like, and the professors have complied with the demand on condition that the public from outside is not brought in. But this condition the students reject. Further, the professors ask that the meetings shall not be held during lecture hours; but the students convoke them just then, take possession of the most spacious lecture-rooms and will not be dislodged. Again, the professors ask that revolutionary politics be excludede from the topics discussed. The students, however, pay no heed to the request, invite outsiders, fulminate against the Tsar and his Government, and proclaim a strike of several days to honor the memory of bombists who have been hung.

A practical American would put a speedy end to this childish trifling. One way would be to abolish once for all the student class, and to allow citizens with certain intellectual qualifications to attend lectures at certain hours under determined conditions. They might come, sit, listen and take notes, after which they would quit the building as individual citizens, not as members of a corporation, still less as units of a state within the state.

Possibly, for these problems, as for the agricultural difficulty, M. Stolypin may find a speedy and satisfactory solution.

WASHINGTON, *December, 1906.*

THE principal topic of discussion in the Federal capital during the last ten days has been, of course, the Annual Message sent to Congress on December 4th, by President Roosevelt, and particularly the position taken by him in favor of centralization, a position which was emphasized by Secretary Root in a speech made by him in New York, at a dinner of the Pennsylvania Society, and which, we hear, is presently to be reaffirmed by Mr. Roosevelt himself in a Special Message. The Messages of the Presidents afford no precedent for such an outspoken advocacy by the National Executive of an extreme Federalistic, or Hamiltonian, interpretation of the Constitution. Some shrewd observers, indeed, see in this feature of the Message conclusive proof that Mr. Roosevelt has no intention of permitting himself to be forced into acceptance of a nomination for the Presidency in 1908. Had he contemplated such a thing as possible, they suggest, he would not

have gone out of his way to excite the jealousy and misgiving of champions of State rights, who may be expected to control many delegations to the next Republican National Convention. However that may be, it is certain that his views concerning the extent to which the Federal Government should absorb functions hitherto exercised by the constituent States is disclosed with perfect frankness. For example, when he asks for a Federal income tax he practically demands an amendment of the Constitution, seeing that the U. S. Supreme Court in Mr. Cleveland's second Administration declared a tax of that kind unconstitutional. He goes on to recommend another amendment of the Constitution, which shall provide for a national divorce act. Then, again, he asks Congress to enact legislation which will enable the Federal Government to enforce the rights of aliens under treaties, irrespectively of State authority. If such legislation had been placed long ago upon the statute book, the lynching of subjects of the King of Italy in Louisiana would have been punished, and the relegation of Japanese to a particular public school in San Francisco would have been enjoined by a Federal Court, in the event that such relegation should be adjudged a violation of the treaty between the United States and Japan. Another step towards centralization is Mr. Roosevelt's request that Congress should authorize the creation of a permanent Federal Board of Arbitration, the function of which should be to investigate disputes between employers and employees. He does not ask, as yet, that the decisions of such a board should be compulsory, as they are in New Zealand, because he believes that they would exercise a decisive moral influence on the community, by disclosing the merits of the controversy.

The President's championship of centralization is not limited to the proposals above named, far-reaching as these are. He declares elsewhere in his Message that it must not be supposed that, with the passage of the Railway-rate bill, the Pure-food bill and the Packing-house Inspection bill, it will be possible to stop progress along the line of increasing the power of the National Government over the use of capital in interstate commerce. There will ultimately be need, he says, of enlarging the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission in several directions, so as to give that board a larger and more efficient control over the railroads. He is convinced, he tells Congress, that the best

way to avert what he deems the very undesirable move (made by Mr. W. J. Bryan) for the governmental ownership of railways, is to assure to the Government, on behalf of the people as a whole, such adequate control and regulation of the great interstate common carriers as will do away with the evils which have given rise to the agitation against them. He holds, in a word, that the Federal Government should not conduct the business of the nation, but that it should exercise such supervision as will insure the conducting of business in the interest of the nation.

The President does not name Mr. Hearst in his Message, but evidently aims at him in a remarkable passage, wherein he denounces demagogues. Discussing the relations of capital and labor, he points out that there are agitators who seek to incite a violent class hatred against all men of wealth. Such men seek, he says, to turn wise and proper movements for the better control of corporations, and for doing away with the abuses connected with wealth, into a campaign of hysterical excitement and falsehood, in which the aim is to inflame to madness the brutal passions of mankind. Mr. Roosevelt declares that the sinister demagogues and foolish visionaries who are always eager to undertake a campaign of destruction are in reality the worst enemies of the cause they profess to advocate, just as the purveyors of sensational slander in newspapers or magazines are the worst enemies of all men who are engaged in an honest effort to better what is bad in our social and governmental conditions. In the President's judgment, to preach hatred of the rich man as such, to carry on a campaign of slander and invective against him, to seek to mislead and inflame to madness honest men whose lives are hard, and who have not the kind of mental training that will permit them to appreciate the danger in the doctrines preached—all this is to commit a crime against the body politic, and to be false to every worthy principle and tradition of American national life. Mr. Roosevelt is convinced that our country's only hope of welfare and progress lies in a resolute and fearless, but sane and cool-headed, advance along the path marked out in the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress. There must be, he insists, a stern refusal to be misled into following either the base creature who appeals and panders to the lowest instincts and passions, in order to arouse one set of Americans against their fellows, or that other creature, equally base but no baser, who, in

a spirit of greed, or to accumulate or add to an already huge fortune, seeks to exploit his fellow Americans, with callous disregard of their physical and spiritual well-being. From the viewpoint of the President, the man who debauches others in order to obtain for himself a high office stands on an evil equality of corruption with the man who debauches others for financial profit. Nothing, again, could be plainer than the allusion to Hearstism in the averment that the plain people who think, the men to whom American traditions are dear, who love their country and try to act decently by their neighbors, owe it to themselves to remember that the most damaging blow which can be dealt to popular government is to elect an unworthy and sinister agitator on a platform of violence and debauchery.

The President's reference to Cuba in his Message has put an end to the impression which, for a time, seems to have been current in Havana, that the provisional Government established by us in that island might be maintained for an indefinite period. On the contrary, Mr. Roosevelt explicitly limits to "a few months" the term during which the provisional Government will administer Cuban affairs. That government will come to an end as soon as a new general election shall have been held, and a new native Administration shall have been inaugurated in peaceful and orderly fashion. At the same time, Mr. Roosevelt warns the Cubans that they must not expect a periodical interposition by the United States for the purpose of restoring order. He adjures them solemnly to weigh their responsibilities, and see to it that, when their new Government is started, it shall run smoothly, free from flagrant denial of right on the one hand, and from insurrectionary disturbances on the other. They may do well to heed his admonition, for he tells them frankly that, if their elections become a farce, and the insurrectionary habit becomes confirmed in their island, it is absolutely out of the question that Cuba should retain independence.

In proposing that the Federal Government shall levy a graduated inheritance tax, the President does not lay himself open to the charge, which he incurs when advocating a Federal income tax, of protesting against the limitations of the Constitution, for the constitutionality of a Federal inheritance tax has been declared by the U. S. Supreme Court. Mr. Roosevelt holds that an inheritance tax should be levied by the Federal Government,

instead of by the States, because an attempt to impose such a tax in one particular State often results merely in driving the corporation or individual affected to some other State. There is, of course, nothing new about a Federal inheritance tax. Such an impost was first levied as long ago as 1797, when the framers of the Constitution were alive and conducting public affairs. That was a graduated tax, the rate being increased with the amount left to any individual. A similar tax was imposed in 1862, a minimum sum of one thousand dollars in personal property being exempted from taxation, while thereafter the tax became progressive, according to the remoteness of kin. Finally, during our war with Spain, the revenue act of June, 1898, provided for an inheritance tax on any sum exceeding the value of ten thousand dollars, the rate increasing in accordance with the amount left and with the legatee's remoteness of kin.

Conformably to the President's request, the treaty signed at Algeciras was ratified by the Senate in the week ending December 15th, but it was coupled with a resolution, which, in the minds of the other signatories, may cast considerable doubt on the completeness of the ratification. The treaty would not have been ratified without prolonged and strenuous resistance, had not the Senate previously adopted a resolution declaring that, in sanctioning the treaty, it had no purpose of departing from the traditional American foreign policy which forbids participation by the United States in the settlement of political questions entirely European in their scope. In other words, it is the commercial, and not the political, features of the treaty to which our Federal Senate makes the United States a party.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

THURSDAY, *December 13.* Autocracy or Democracy?

WEDNESDAY, December 12th, 1906, will be recorded in history as the day upon which the most audacious Federal Administration the country has yet known announced a deliberate purpose to effect a complete revolution in the form of our Government that has maintained since the thirteen original States embodied their compact in the Constitution of the Union. On the evening of that day, the Secretary of State, the Honorable Elihu Root, addressing the Pennsylvania Society of the City of New York, administered a stinging rebuke to such commonwealths as, in the judgment of the President and himself, had in their legislation disregarded the interests of the whole people, warned them of the danger to their separate authorities which they had thereby incurred, and served upon them formal notice of the intention of the Administration to obtain new constructions of the Constitution which would vitiate the reliance they have hitherto placed upon that instrument as a safeguard of the rights explicitly reserved in Article X of the ratified amendments. It was a memorable and amazing declaration and fraught with possible consequences so momentous and far-reaching that its full import has not yet reached the comprehension of the people.

The thesis of the Secretary of State comprised three separate *dicta* in logical sequence: (1) A marking of the tendency towards absorption of complete authority by a centralized government; (2) Frank admission of further encroachments upon local powers in contemplation by the Administration; and (3) A positive threat to obtain from the highest judicial tribunal, "sooner or later," constructions of the Constitution that will "vest the power where it will be exercised—in the national Government."

Since Alexander Hamilton failed in his final desperate endeavor to deprive the people of what was then considered to be their

inherent right of local self-government, no statesman has ventured hitherto to propose the establishment of concentrated control similar in every practical effect to that which the masses of Russia are at this very day struggling to lift from their stricken land. That there may be no misapprehension of the definite and resolute purpose of the Administration, we present herewith the exact words of the Secretary of State relating to the three broad propositions:

The tendency:—

"It is plainly to be seen that the people of the country are coming to the conclusion that in certain important respects the local laws of the separate States, which were adequate for the due and just regulation and control of the business which was transacted and the activity which began and ended within the limits of the several States, are inadequate for the due and just control of the business and activities which extend throughout all the States, and that power of regulation and control is gradually passing into the hands of the national Government.

"Sometimes by an assertion of the interstate commerce power, sometimes by an assertion of the taxing power, the national Government is taking up the performance of duties which under the changed conditions the separate States are no longer capable of adequately performing. The Federal anti-trust law, the anti-rebate law, the railroad-rate law, the meat-inspection law, the oleomargarine law, the pure-food law, are examples of the purpose of the people of the United States to do through the agency of the national Government the things which the separate State governments formerly did adequately, but no longer do adequately."

That the statutes specified have been enacted into law is undeniable. It is equally certain that those recently passed were driven through the legislative bodies under the whip and spur of the Federal Administration, which did not hesitate to exercise its full power of coercion and bribery through the distribution of patronage to enforce its will upon an obviously reluctant Congress. The disingenuous assertion that the enactment of such laws and the "gradual passing of control into the hands of the national Government" meet with the approval of the sober sense of the people is purely assumptive and finds no confirmation in the reduced Republican membership of the House of Representatives. It is, however, probably true that the fostering and encouragement to growth of a paternalistic spirit by an ebullient Administration have given rise to such a "tend-

ency" among unthinking persons. As to whether the drift is desirable, from the view-point of those who have in mind the future welfare of the country, the Secretary of State expresses no direct opinion. We may only surmise, therefore, whether the Administration's nourishing of such theories is justly attributable to earnest conviction or to mere pandering to mob opinion for the partisan or personal purpose of discomfiting a dangerous rival. Whatever the cause, we may admit the effect.

Further projects mooted:—

"The end is not yet. The process that interweaves the life and action of the people in every section of our country with the people in every other section continues and will continue with increasing force and effect: we are urging forward in a development of business and social life which tends more and more to the obliteration of State lines and the decrease of State power as compared with national power; the relations of the business over which the Federal Government is assuming control, of interstate transportation with State transportation, of interstate commerce with State commerce, are so intimate, and the separation of the two is so impracticable that the tendency is plainly toward the practical control of the national Government over both. New projects of national control are mooted; control of insurance, uniform divorce laws, child-labor laws and many others affecting matters formerly entirely within the cognizance of the State are proposed."

It is somewhat significant that the Secretary of State carefully refrained from fixing the responsibility for further projects of national regulation upon the people; the credit of instigation apparently is desired by an Administration which can perceive no diminution in the force of a tendency created by itself. The attitude is more manly and, if the assumption be correct, no less politic.

The threat:—

"It may be that such control could better be exercised in particular instances by the governments of the States, but the people will have the control they need either from the States or from the national Government, and if the States fail to furnish it in due measure *sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the national Government.*"

Constructions of the Constitution are made by the Supreme Court. The justices comprising that august tribunal, designed by the fathers to hold final authority exceeding that of either the Executive or the Congress, are named by the President. One member of the cabinet, in avowed sympathy with the "tendency" noted by the Secretary of State, has just been designated; another,

it is well understood, awaits appointment as Chief Justice. A member of the great court nominated by the Chief Magistrate who voted against the contention of the Administration in a famous case was denounced as "disloyal." What are we to infer? That "constructions" of the Constitution "will be found, sooner or later," by justices of purely judicial temperament, bent solely upon correct interpretation, or by mere prejudiced puppets of the Executive arm of the Government? Having in mind the "constructive recess" of the Senate between the midnight ticks of the clock "found" by the present Secretary of State; not forgetting the subtle device by which the Administration, in flagrant violation of the treaty-making prerogative vested in the Senate, achieved and still maintains its will in San Domingo; holding fast in recollection the virtual declaration of war by inciting insurrection against Colombia; still sadly recalling the denunciation, as "wickedly absurd," of the action of American parents in refusing to admit grown Mongolians into intimate association with their little children, and a threat to employ, if necessary, "all of the forces, military and civil, of the United States" to enforce such hateful contact—are we justified in expecting that the "constructions" of the Constitution to be "found" will be precise interpretations, or must we apprehensively look forward to a succession of evasions and subversions?

"It is useless," declared the Secretary of State, "for the advocate of State rights to inveigh against the supremacy of the constitutional laws of the United States." This is worse than disingenuous; it is purely demagogic—the contemptible building of a man of straw. As the Secretary of State and his chief well know, nobody has inveighed against either the supremacy or application of "constitutional laws"; it is the adroit, avowed and, to our mind, unpatriotic and almost treasonable challenge of our fundamental law that evokes condemnation. It is also "useless," according to the Secretary of State, to inveigh "against the extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control." Against *constitutional* extension of such authority? No. To *that* there is no objection. It is the admittedly *unconstitutional* extension that makes for apprehension; that is, admittedly unconstitutional until "constructions" shall be "found." When, if ever, that sinister prophecy shall have come to pass, there will be no occasion to stand steadfastly for or inveigh against a Con-

stitution that will have become as dead as the laws of Medes and Persians.

It is pitiful to feel compelled to speak truth that is bitter. We yield to none in appreciation of the excellent intentions, despite the calculating quality of his methods, of Theodore Roosevelt. We hailed him originally as the only apparent saviour of the country from the inordinate greed of his party as represented in and controlled by the Senate. In common, we believe, with a vast majority of his fellow citizens, we have regarded with patient tolerance his numberless impulsive indiscretions, even to the recent humiliating diplomatic episode and the ridiculous attempt to effect by quasi-imperial decree a change in established form of expression. Even his latest impatient demand for the privilege of regarding all officers of the army and navy in time of peace as in a class with his household servants and subject to dishonorable discharge without necessary trial or cause, but from caprice or personal disfavor, we took lightly because of the belief, which we still entertain, that even a benumbed Congress will not endow the President of a free people with a personal authority held by no king, emperor or tsar of any civilized nation. Until now it has seemed no more than a patriotic duty to overlook lapses and deficiencies which might, after all, prove to have been immaterial in connection with a zealous endeavor to achieve the greatest good for the greatest number.

Yet stronger has been our sense of admiration and appreciation of the Secretary of State—an unquestionably great man, whose splendid service has not had and now, in our judgment, never will have, full requital. Of all minds composing this restive Administration, his at least was reckoned calm; and yet, such apparently has been the effect of the glamour of almost royal honors rendered and accepted in foreign lands, supplemented by the impressions of regal splendor conveyed by the first of American Cæsars to visit in suitable state his outlying provinces, that from the very lips of that sagacious man we receive the pronouncement, insulting to a free people, of empire.

It is not a matter of the rights of States, in spite of the fact that the Union was and is no more than a compact for mutual protection and helpfulness of sovereign bodies politic; all recognize the indubitable fact that changing conditions require elastic

adjustment of governmental jurisdiction. The question confronting the American people, following the defiance hurled by the President and Secretary of State, is simply and solely whether the Constitution is indeed the bulwark of our liberties depicted by the great Chief Justice or a mere shuttlecock in the game of politics to be tossed back and forth by a new autocracy, itself surely doomed, in turn, to be engulfed in the yawning abyss of anarchy. It is the fate, not of an individual commonwealth, but of the Republic itself, that trembles in the balance.

FRIDAY, *December 14.* A Christmas Plea for Vanity.

WE question whether Solomon actually wrote or dictated the words of the preacher; it seems far more likely that, in his old age, he let his moody spirit feed upon the shrewdly pessimistic philosophy of his courtiers, and himself became the editor of epigrammatic phrases most favored, if sardonic. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," is the expression, not of wisdom, but of folly —a weak admission of spiritual depression unworthy of a strong character or even a trained intellect. In other books comprising the Old Testament the word, subsequently translated into the Latin *vanitas* and now into the Esperanto *vaneco,* signified a heathen god or personification of vice; but, clearly, in Ecclesiastes it was used to represent mere emptiness, indicating the futility of endeavor, as, for example, Cooper poetically defined death as reducing all to the same views of the "vanity of life," and Poe mournfully bewailed

> "—the hollow and high-sounding vanities
> Of the populous Earth!"

As, of course, we all know, the accepted meaning of the word changed long ago; precisely when, we cannot tell, but certainly before the frankest of philosophers argued that it was less vain than immodest in a man to speak freely of himself. To-day our latest, revised and professedly up-to-date dictionaries define vanity as (1) "a feeling of shallow pride, especially as characteristic and demonstrative, and as manifesting an overweening desire to attract notice and gain admiration in a small way on slight grounds"; (2) "mental elation arising from a high opinion of one's own attainments or achievements, or from an overestimation of possessions more showy than valuable," and (3) "inordinate self-esteem." The third interpretation we reject as an encroach-

ment upon the prerogatives of egotism and conceit; the first and second we accept as exact in the modern sense, and from that viewpoint we insist that the trait has undergone serious misrepresentation.

Vanity, as we and our modern dictionaries comprehend it, is not displeasing in manifestation. King Solomon himself would not have resented a natural effort upon the part of a child "to attract notice and gain attention in a small way on slight grounds"; though wise, he was intensely human, as we could readily demonstrate from his autobiography, and he would have entered sympathetically into the spirit of the future woman joyously exhibiting her bows of pink and blue. Moreover, while of course only well-to-do as compared with our own modern billionaires or multi-millionaires, he nevertheless possessed much gold and silver, to say nothing of an aggregation of concubines difficult of acquirement in these hypercritical days, and could appreciate the naturalness of "mental elation arising from an overestimation of possessions." And so, despite the disparity in the possession of worldly goods, can we or any fitly constructed person. An exhibition of vanity on the part of one unduly rich is but normal and no more offensive than a similar manifestation by a happy child. Even having the power, to deprive either the one or the other of the harmless personal enjoyment arising therefrom would be a surly performance, incompatible with the spirit which should predominate during the celebration of Christ's mass.

Christmas week is the time of all the year when blessings from the heart fall most bountifully upon the vast majority of humankind who work to live. To those who have so much that the most shrewdly selected gift can but add to a hopeless surfeit it is a season of comparative bitterness. They are the ones, then, most immediately in need of sympathetic commiseration, and for them, on this eve of the celebration of the Nativity, we bespeak the kindly feeling of all good people and gentle tolerance of vanities inseparable from great possessions.

SATURDAY, *December 15.* Where Stands England?

FAR be it from us to suggest that the English are stupid; we cheerily admit the validity of their own oft-repeated assertion that their notable success as a nation forbids the use in a truthful sense of such a characterization. But we must confess that there

do come times, at rare intervals, when we are puzzled by what seems to be on their part a certain lack of comprehension of realities. This is one of those times. We are informed that they are distressed at the moment by our apparently increasing indisposition to respond, with the enthusiasm which with a certain amount of complacency they feel a right to expect from impulsive natures, to their undisguised manifestations of true friendliness. Such an attitude on our part is to their minds inexplicable, especially in view of their adulatory regard for our Chief Magistrate, whose people they have come to consider we are, as the Germans are the Kaiser's.

In the circumstances, we suppose, it is but natural that they should attach exceptional importance to the personal equation and attribute the condition they deplore to comparatively inefficient representation in Washington. Hence the difficulty and delay, we are informed, in filling the post of Ambassador about to be vacated by Sir Mortimer Durand. Nobody can be found who meets the apparent requirements of our many-sided President. James Bryce was suggested; but alas! while unquestionably holding to an exceptional degree the good-will of our people, he is, after all, only a statesman and a scholar, and wholly unversed in the noble game of tennis practised so happily on the White House courts by the Ambassador from the French Republic. Lord Curzon, too, demonstrated extraordinary capacity as Governor-General of India, and is well and favorably known in this country, in a personal sense, as one of the few titled foreigners who have proven satisfactory husbands of American wives, but he cannot ride as far or shoot as straight as the clever representative of the Kaiser. Opinion now seems to be setting strongly in favor of Lord Desborough, "the strong man of Taplow," who has shot in India, Africa and the Rockies, has rowed across the English Channel, has swum the Niagara River, and throws a beautiful fly. It may happen that, in final consideration, a bar to his appointment will be found; but, in any case, solemnly declares a prominent English journal, "What we required when the retiring envoy was appointed and what we need now is a man as little like a professional diplomat as possible." Upon this assumption, the quest will proceed. If, finally, one shall be found capable of participating with our President in the strenuous joys of physical existence, great will be

our gratification; for, surely, none stands in severer need of constant relaxation than he.

Nevertheless, we cannot rid our mind of the thought that there are other considerations, to which now, in a spirit of helpful suggestion towards our cousins, we venture to advert. Despite the stern pronouncement of the President that the refusal of citizens of San Francisco to permit grown-up Mongolians to attend the same schools where their own little girls and boys are taught is "wickedly absurd," the incident is not yet closed, and a happy settlement of the difficulty seems no nearer. We by no means share the opinion freely expressed on the Continent that a cause so trifling may lead to warfare between Japan and the United States; and yet we cannot ignore the possibility of serious trouble arising from an accumulation of irritating, and perhaps unavoidable, circumstances in the future. In such a deplorable event, we are constrained to reflect what would be the attitude towards us of Great Britain. Japan is her ally for better or for worse, without apparent regard to right, wrong or expediency. The terms of the alliance are succinctly stated in the treaty executed by the two high contracting parties on August 12th, 1905, in these words:

"Article II.—Should either of the high contracting parties be involved in war in defence of its territorial rights or special interests, the other party will at once come to the assistance of its ally, and both parties will conduct a war in common and make peace in mutual agreement with any power or powers involved in such war."

We may safely assume that, as a matter of practice if not of theory, Japan will never have occasion to resist an American invasion of its territorial rights, even though she should continue, as she has begun, to deliberately violate her pledge of an "open door" for trade in Manchuria. Whether or not such a claim as her Government sets up respecting the equal rights of her students in San Francisco comes within the purview of "special interests" is a question. Undoubtedly, that is the Japanese view, and we are deeply impressed by the fact that it is taken for granted by the eminent publicist whose authoritative judgment is expressed upon the pages of this REVIEW. True, Mr. Hazeltine surmises that the English people, for purely selfish reasons, would estop their Government from joining in such a war upon the United States, and he cites some precedents in support of his theory;

but the fact remains that, if brought face to face with the situation, Great Britain would be compelled to turn against us the full force of her great navy in response to a demand from Japan or flagrantly violate a solemn treaty obigation.

We readily admit that the assumption of an obligation so menacing to the United States was inadvertent on the part of the British Government. At the time of the execution of the treaty —during the Peace Conference at Portsmouth—the possibility of war between Japan and the United States was not within the range of contemplation, and the agreement was framed solely for the purpose of safeguarding mutual interests against Continental aggression. But it is idle now to maintain that such a contingency can be ignored. If, therefore, England would convince us of the sincerity of her professions of friendship, it is plainly evident that she should lose no time in rectifying an error, even though such error be justly attributed to inadvertence rather than to deliberation. It is not likely that Japan would be so obstinate as to refuse consent to an immediate modification of the treaty, excepting from the operation of the main provision her ally's chief source of food-supply. Whether or not His Majesty's Government, from the view-point of policy, shall consider it wise to make a diplomatic attempt to effect such a change is a question for them to decide; but there is no escape from the fact that, so long as the expressed obligation continues in force, England is, theoretically at least, in a position of willingness to be forced to make war upon the United States at the instigation of another Power. Obviously, continuance in that position is hopelessly incompatible with friendly professions, and, we say plainly, it will soon come to be regarded in this country as a wilful and serious menace to our security and welfare as a Nation.

Our earnest suggestion, therefore, to our brothers by race and lineage, towards whom, we beg to assure them, there now exist in this country only the most kindly feelings, is to turn for a moment from their search for a congenial companion for the President to the more imminent necessity of setting themselves right before the eyes of the American people.

MONDAY, *December 17.* **The Conquest of the Air.**

IT is eminently fitting that the conquest of the air, which now seems assured, should crown the achievements of this creative age.

None, if indeed all combined, of the wonderful inventions of the past century has wrought so many and so radical changes in the conditions of physical existence or is laden with such a variety of possibilities as this final mastery of the atmosphere. Long before the days of Darius Green there had appeared at intervals signs of success, only, however, to share the fate of the famous flying-machine itself; but now evidences of the solution of the physical problem that has most puzzled man from the beginning are convincing. Far more important than the guiding of balloons was the recent actual flight of Mr. Santos-Dumont's aëroplane, a motor air-ship buoyed by flat surfaces corresponding to the wings of a bird, for a distance of two hundred and thirty yards. Other inventors claim to have achieved more, but in private, while this experiment was in public, and the result, proving that a body heavier than the air itself could be forced through it by mechanical power, was conclusive; it remains only to lighten engines, strengthen other parts and generally perfect the machine.

But Mr. Santos-Dumont's success involved more than this mere demonstration; it chained public attention forthwith and brought forth money for experimentation and reward which had not hitherto been forthcoming. A Paris newspaper began by offering a prize of £4,000, which was increased by public subscription to £10,000, to the winner of an air-ship race from Paris to London in 1908; a London journal promptly offered £10,000 for the first flight from London to Manchester; other similar proposals have been made in both countries; and landowners have offered the free use of estates most suitable for experiment; so that Mr. Santos-Dumont's expectation that the prize for the London-Manchester flight will be won next year seems not unreasonable.

Accepting, as we must, the navigation of the air as a question only of time, what will happen when it becomes an accomplished fact? That the new system will possess some advantages over all existing means of transportation is obvious, having what might be termed plain sailing at times, and always immunity from the burdensome cost of road-beds, bridges and the like. In the matter of speed, too, it is well known that certain birds fly twice as rapidly as the fastest express train; why not the aëroplane, built upon the same principle? In respect to competition with

other methods of transportation, however, we opine that owners of securities of existing transportation companies need feel no apprehension. The street-car did not succumb to the elevated, the elevated to the subway, the horse to the motor, the telegraph to the telephone, nor the cable to the wireless. This growing world seems to require all facilities as rapidly as they can be supplied by the genius of man, and each addition, apparently, seems only to aid, rather than to cripple, the others, in consonance with the familiar saying of railway men that travel makes travel—that is, individual examples form a communal habit.

But what of regulations making for safety not only of passengers in the air, but of those over whose heads the air-ship must sail? In view of the difficulty experienced in the restraint of motor-cars on land, where at least they can be numbered, located and stopped, the employment of winged angels or demons as policeman would seem likely to be requisite to the maintenance of speed regulations in the sky and to the protection of the heads of people on the planet. Whether any considerable number of persons, any number, at least, of sufficient size to give commercial value to aëro-transportation, will ever utilize the method, is doubtful. It seems unnatural; apparently man was built to stand upon the ground. Strife against the force of gravity, therefore, may be regarded as contrary to the intention of the creating power; a fact which may account for the intense dislike and even fear of the majority of men and women on looking down from a great height. For this reason alone it is certain that the percentage of inhabitants of the earth who would now hazard a trip through the air is infinitesimally small. And yet a similar prejudice once prevailed against sailing on the seas; and those who climb steeples and work on high buildings seem to have demonstrated that even the distressing dizziness experienced by most of us yields readily to the potent influence of familiarity; so we really can tell very little about it, and, despite the example of the rapidity of the development, once begun, of steam and electricity, we question whether in many generations there will be reason for serious concern.

Nations are more immediately concerned than individuals. Visionary may have seemed—and, perhaps, may still seem—the anticipations of the poet, when, peering into the future far as human eye could see, in imagination he

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

But even now, in war, dirigible balloons are employed. True, the air battle-ship is not readily imagined; and yet—apart from possible engagements of aërial fleets—a very small navigable aëroplane could take aloft a sufficient amount of highly explosive material to demolish a small city like New York or London. Fortunately, however, British writers have already settled in their minds that a Berne Convention will precede the fighting air-ship and limit the scope of its work, but in just what manner the heavens will be patrolled for the capture of pirates has not yet been made clear. Perhaps the necessity will not arise.

TUESDAY, *December 18.* Good Women a Majority.

"All women must be enfranchised or none, and the prospect is not alluring."—*The New York Times.*

ARE there more bad women than good women in the United States? We may safely assume that such is not the contention of this distinguished journal. The "unalluring prospect," more explicitly stated, would be found to rest upon the familiar assumption that bad women will vote and good women will not vote, and that, therefore, the net effect must be injurious. There lies before us a report of the results of an inquiry into this phase of the subject in the four suffrage States. Direct questions were addressed to the judges of the Supreme Courts and presidents of universities and colleges, and the summaries presented herewith rest upon the answers received:

Kansas.—"Although women do not have full suffrage in Kansas, they have voted in municipal elections since 1887 and in school elections ever since Kansas has been a State. So their forty-five years of experience is valuable. The votes of immoral women have not appreciably influenced elections in that State. Abandoned women do not care to vote, or register, or come in contact with good women at the polls. Consequently, they rarely register if left alone.

"There have been men, however, who attempted to make use of their ballots. In the early years of municipal woman suffrage in Kansas a candidate in a place of 8,000 population fancied that he could make his election sure by the support of the immoral women of the city, and he did secure it. He promised them protection and certain immunities, and won them to his support. As soon as the respectable women of the city

heard of it, they organized to defeat him, and it was not at all hard to do. That class of women have cut no figure in Kansas elections since that experience.

"In Leavenworth, a candidate for Mayor once had the hardihood to flaunt immoral women in a procession of carriages going to the polls, expecting thus to disgust decent women with the exercise, and so induce them to remain away from the polls. But these only came out the more and taught candidates that the votes of immoral women would drive support from those who sought success at the hands of the degraded class of women voters. Candidates are now extremely anxious to keep that sort of support out of sight, but it cannot be done because these women *must register*, and close watch is kept on the registration. It is very soon known if immoral women are preparing to vote in any considerable numbers."

Utah.—"In the larger centres of population in Utah immoral women have been made use of by the saloon element to try to influence the elections, but without any appreciable effect."

Idaho.—"A good many immoral women vote, probably a majority, and their votes are cast for that which is evil if an opportunity be afforded; but the system under which they are enabled to vote has such a beneficial influence upon politics that the effect of their ballots is lost. Immoral men and immoral women both vote, and the votes of both are bad. But the votes of moral women raise the average of character represented by the ballots cast. There are so many more good women than good men that the system is highly advantageous, notwithstanding the fact that immoral women cast ballots for bad candidates. A far greater proportion of good women than of good men can be relied upon to vote for the right on questions involving moral principles. In the flood of good ballots which this gives, the bad ones are submerged."

Wyoming.—"The Wyoming Secretary of State, in a letter, says that ninety per cent. of the women of Wyoming vote, and ex-Governor Warren, of Wyoming, adds: 'Our women nearly all vote; and since, in Wyoming as elsewhere, the majority of women are good and not bad, the results are good and not evil.'"

Several years ago a statement was published that the women of Colorado voted in large numbers, and that their vote was "noticeably more conscientious than that of men." It was signed by the Governor, Governor-elect, the two ex-Governors of Colorado, by the Chief Justice and all the judges of the Supreme Court, the Denver District Court, and the Court of Appeals; by the president of the State University, the president of the Colorado College, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the Attorney-General, and all the Colorado Senators and Representatives in Congress, the Mayor of Denver, and a large number of prominent citizens, including eminent clergymen of

different denominations. The results of the past two years we summarized in the last number of this REVIEW. There remains to be added the testimony of Judge Lindsay of the famous Juvenile Court, who says:

"Woman suffrage in Colorado for over ten years has more than demonstrated its justice. No one would dare to propose its repeal; and, if left to the men of the State, any proposition to revoke the right bestowed upon women would be overwhelmingly defeated.

"Many good laws have been obtained in Colorado which would not have been secured but for the power and influence of women.

"At some of the elections in Denver frauds have been committed. Ninety-nine per cent. of these frauds were committed by men, without any connivance or assistance, direct or indirect, from women; but because one per cent. were committed by women, there are ignorant or careless-minded people in other States who actually argue that this is the reason for denying women the right to vote. If it were a just reason for denying suffrage to women, it would be ten times greater reason for denying it to men.

"People have no right to judge woman suffrage in Colorado by the election frauds in a few precincts, unless it would be to show why suffrage should be denied to men and restricted to women. As a matter of fact, the only blow for decency that counted in the last of a series of bad elections in Denver, was delivered by women voters; and the very important good that came out of an otherwise questionable election was the result of woman suffrage. The evil results of that election were in spite of woman suffrage; not because of it, but because of male suffrage; for had there been no men who voted at that election, and if the matter had been left entirely to women, not a corruptionist would have been elected."

Such we believe to be the facts. The reasons why prostitutes dislike to go to the polls in the broad light of day are sufficiently obvious; the last remaining pang of shame springs from contact with or proximity to chastity; it is, therefore, avoided at the polls as everywhere else. We now regard the carelessly repeated rumor of "failure of woman suffrage in Colorado" as refuted with sufficient authority to leave no room for doubt in any fair mind.

The fact that it is "in spite of, not because of," women voting that all results are not satisfactory is fully emphasized by Justice Lindsay's further statement that an effort to withdraw the franchise would be overwhelmingly defeated by men's votes alone. Is not this invariably the case? Has the privilege of voting once bestowed upon women ever been revoked?

WEDNESDAY, *December 19.* Let Those Who Wed Put Asunder!

WE must regard the President's declaration that "the whole question of marriage and divorce should be relegated to the authority of the National Congress," not as a definitive official recommendation, but as a mere expression of personal opinion. Being "aware of the difficulty" of enacting a constitutional amendment, however generally desired, he must recognize that in this case the difficulty amounts to virtual impossibility. Theoretically, each State is satisfied with its laws relating to divorce as they now stand; and, practically, despite appreciation of the evils resulting from diversity of regulations, probably not one-fourth, and surely not the requisite three-fourths, of the States could be induced to relinquish authority to the Federal Congress. It is inconceivable, for example, that South Carolina, which prohibits divorcement entirely, or New York, which concedes but the one cause, infidelity, would blindly expunge the existing statutes in favor of others to be made by representatives of sister States holding quite different views. Nor, on the other hand, can we suppose that South Dakota would readily submit to the dictation of South Carolina or New York. It is idle, therefore, to discourse upon either the probable advantages or disadvantages of national legislation, and far more to the point to seek a remedy that may be practicable, even if only partial. One sensible suggestion has been made, to the effect that the real need "is not a general law providing what shall be the causes for an absolute divorce in all parts of the country, but the adoption by the several States of a general rule which shall prohibit the courts of the State from granting any divorce except in cases where the defendant is an actual resident of the State, or has been served with process within the territorial limits of the State." We are disposed to think that a simpler and more efficacious method would be the adoption of a general rule prescribing that only the State by whose authority two persons are wed shall thereafter put them asunder. The divorcement of a couple then by any State other than that wherein they were married would not be recognized in commonwealths subscribing to the rule, so that in practical effect an attempt on the part of one, two or half a dozen small States to maintain the present advantages of a Gretna Green would be futile.

ESPERANTO.

THE introductory lessons in Esperanto which we print in the following pages by arrangement with the British Esperanto Association, were compiled by Dr. J. C. O'Connor and other Fellows of the Association expressly for enquirers and beginners. They are by no means a compendium of the language, but nevertheless a person of average intelligence, whether or not he has ever studied foreign languages, will be enabled, by means of these lessons, to acquire a serviceable reading and speaking knowledge of that remarkable language, already described in this REVIEW.

In the present number we publish the first instalment of the lessons together with a vocabulary which will serve for these as well as for the subsequent primary lessons. Once the primary lessons have been mastered, we shall from time to time print other, more advanced lessons, embracing the grammatical and practical as well as the literary side of the language.

Many of our readers will no doubt address questions to us, which we shall aim to elucidate in these pages. We shall, moreover, present graded selections in the best Esperanto prose and verse from the classics of the various literatures as well as from modern writers. Our purpose, in short, will be to give our readers a thoroughgoing course in Esperanto.

The following hints will be found of service by the student: Wherever possible two or more persons should study together. Esperanto is meant to be a spoken language; by reading aloud (not shrinkingly, but distinctly) and by conversation, how elementary soever, the ear will get that training which is essential in the study of any living language. Once the first few grammatical rules are mastered, the student should proceed to the exercise following, read it aloud, and then translate it into English. If two or more study together, simple interrogative sentences can be formed with the interrogative particle *Ĉu* and answered either with the same words or, better still, with an additional word or phrase in order to enhance the interest. We do not recommend translating the student's English translations back into Esperanto for the present. Too early attempts may

confuse the student. Of course, many of our readers may be trained linguists, and therefore not in need of this advice. We need scarcely say that it is not to them these remarks are addressed.

ESPERANTO GRAMMAR.

The Alphabet consists of 28 letters, viz.:—

A	B	C	Ĉ	D	E	F
G	Ĝ	H	Ĥ	I	J	Ĵ
K	L	M	N	O	P	R
S	Ŝ	T	U	Ŭ	V	Z

With the exception of the following, these are pronounced as in English:—

c	as	*ts*	in its.	ĉ	as *ch* in chat.
g	"	*g*	" gag.	ĝ	" *g* " gem.
j	"	*y*	" yes.	ĵ	" *s* " leisure.
s	"	*s*	" basin.	ĥ	" *ch* " loch.
z	"	*z*	" zone.	ŝ	" *sh* " show.
a	"	*a*	" Pa.	aŭ	" *ow* " now.
e	"	*e*	" there.	aj	" *y* " my.
i	"	*e*	" me.	oj	" *o y* " so young.
o	"	*o*	" storm.	ej	" *ay y* " say yes.
u	"	*oo*	" too.	uj	" *ue y* " blue yarn.

Remember, Esperanto is strictly phonetic. One letter, one sound. No silent letters.

Tiu=tee-oo.	*Tute* =too-tay.
Iel =ee-ale.	*Neniu*=nay-nee-oo.
Io =ee-oh.	*Traire*=trah-ee-ray.

Accent.—The stress is always on the last syllable but one.

Compound words are formed as in English.

Antaŭ, before.	*Vidi,* to see.	*Antaŭvidi,* to foresee.
Vaporo, steam.	*Ŝipo,* ship.	*Vaporŝipo,* steamship.

International words, that is, words common to most European languages, are changed only in this, they are subject to the orthographic rules of the Language.

Anatomio, anatomy.	*Mikrofono,* microphone.
Analizo, analysis.	*Naturo,* nature.
Mikrobo, microbe.	*Teatro,* theatre.

SYNOPSIS OF GRAMMAR.

Nouns	end in	*-o.*
Adjectives	"	*-a.*
Plurals	"	*-j.*
Direct object	"	*-n.*
Adverbs (derived)	"	*-e.*
Infinitive mood	"	*-i.*
Present tense of verbs	"	*-as.*
Past tense of verbs	"	*-is.*
Future tense of verbs	"	*-os.*
Conditional mood	"	*-us.*
Imperative-subjunctive	"	*-u.*
Present participle (active)	"	*-anta.*
Past participle "	"	*-inta.*
Future participle "	"	*-onta.*
Present participle (passive)	"	*-ata.*
Past participle "	"	*-ita.*
Future participle "	"	*-ota.*

There are no exceptions and no irregular verbs.

Esperanto being a root-language, you can build up your own words by adding the above endings to a root. Thus:—

Labor', root word for "labor."
Labor-o, labour (noun).
Labor-a, laborious (adjective).
Labor-e, laboriously (adverb).
Labor-i, to labor (verb).

By adding the verbal endings (*as, is, os,* etc.) the process can be further extended.

Mi labor-as, I work, I do work.
Mi labor-is, I worked, I did work.
Mi labor-os, I shall (or, will) work.
Mi labor-us, I should (or would) work.

And by means of the Prefixes and Suffixes (see lessons) this process of word-building can be further extended easily and naturally.

Labor-ej-*o,* a workshop.
Labor-ist-*o,* a workman.
Labor-ist-in-*o,* a workwoman.

GRAMMAR.—LESSON I.

Article.—There is no indefinite article (a, an). *Frato,* a brother. *Onklo,* an uncle.

The definite article *la* (the) is invariable. *La patro,* the father. *La kuzoj,* the cousins.

Noun.—In the singular all nouns end in *-o.* In the plural they end in *-oj.* *Dom-o,* house. *Dom-oj,* houses.

Adjective.—In the singular adjectives end in *-a.* Plurals end in *-aj.*

Bon-a filo, a good son.
La riĉ-a nevo, the rich nephew.
La jun-aj nepoj, the young grandsons.
If the noun is plural (*-oj*) the adjective which qualifies it takes the sign (*-aj*) of the plural.

Verb.—The *infinitive* of verbs ends in *-i.* *Skrib-i,* to write. *Est-i,* to be. *Kant-i,* to sing.

The *present* tense of verbs ends in *-as.*
Li parol-as, he speaks (or, does speak).
Ŝi kant-as, she sings (or, is singing).

The *past* tense of verbs ends in *-is.*
La infano plor-is, the child wept (or, did weep).
Ni promenad-is, we walked (or, were walking).

Interrogation.—*Ĉu* denotes a question when no other interrogative word, such as *kie?* where? *kiam?* when? *kial?* why? etc., is used.

Ĉu la birdo kantas? Does the bird sing?
Ĉu Petro legis? Did (or, has) Peter read?
Ĉu li alvenis? Did he arrive?
Ĉu vi dancos? Will you dance?

Prefixes and Suffixes.—*Mal* (prefix) denotes opposites.

Varma, warm. *Mal-varma,* cold.
Fermi, to close. *Mal-fermi,* to open.

In (suffix) denotes feminines.
Patro, father. *Patr-in-o,* mother.
Edzo, husband. *Edz-in-o,* wife.

EXERCISE I.

La patro estas en[1] la ĝardeno[2] kaj[3] la patrino estas en la ĉambro.[4] Kie[5] estas la patro? Ĉu estas la patrino en la ĝardeno? Ne,[6] sinjoro,[7] ŝi[8] estas en la dormoĉambro.[9] La filo[10] estas juna. La filinoj estas maljunaj. La juna knabo[11] estas tre[12] atenta,[13] sed[14] la knabinoj estas malatentaj. Kiu[15] kantis hieraŭ[16] en la teatro?[17] Mi[18] ne scias,[19] sinjorino. Tiu[20] domo estas bela,[21] tiu ĉi[22] domo ne estas bela kaj la domoj de mia[23] onklino estas malbelaj. La reĝo[24] estas saĝa[25] kaj prudenta.[26] La reĝino estas juna kaj bela. Iu[27] estas en la domo. Neniu[28] estas en la ĉambro. Ĉiu[29] estas en la ĝardeno. Ŝi estas riĉa. Ŝi ne estas riĉa. Ĉu ŝi estas riĉa? Ĉu ŝi ne estas riĉa? Tiuj[30] homoj[31] estas junaj, sed tiuj ĉi[32] estas maljunaj. Kiam[33] ŝi skribis? Kial[34] li parolis? Kie estas la frato? Kiu estas en la ĉambro?

1 in. 2 garden. 3 and. 4 room. 5 where. 6 no, not. 7 Mr., sir. 8 she. 9 bedroom. 10 son. 11 boy. 12 very. 13 attentive. 14 but. 15 who. 16 yesterday. 17 theatre. 18 I. 19 to know. 20 that. 21 beautiful. 22 this. 23 my. 24 king. 25 wise. 26 sensible. 27 some one. 28 no one. 29 each. 30 those. 31 men. 32 these. 33 when. 34 why.

In these notes the infinitive of the verb is given.

Pri la Vojo[1]:—Sinjoro, ĉu vi povas[2] direkti min al la stacidomo[3]? Jes, fraŭlino, prenu la duan straton[4] maldekstren.[5] Ĉu ĝi estas malproksime[6]? Ne, nur kelkajn[7] paŝojn.[8] Mi volas iri al la Muzeo, ĉu vi povas direkti min? Certe, ĉu vi volas piediri[9] aŭ veturi omnibuse[10]? Volante rigardi[11] la butikojn,[12] mi preferas piediri. Ĉu vi konas[13] S^ron^. B. kiu loĝas[14] ie[15] sur tiu ĉi strato? Kiu[16] estas lia numero? Ĉu vi konas bonan restoracion,[17] ne tro[18] karprezan[19]? Mi povas[20] rekomendi hotelon kie vi povas loĝi, ĝi estas tre bona kaj ne tro karpreza (dear).

1 the way, road. 2 can. 3 railway station. 4 street. 5 to the left. 6 far. 7 a few. 8 steps. 9 to go on foot. 10 by omnibus. 11 to look at. 12 shops. 13 to know. 14 to reside. 15 somewhere. 16 what. 17 restaurant. 18 too. 19 dear. 20 can.

GRAMMAR.—LESSON II.

Noun (*Accusative*).—The noun which is the direct object of a transitive verb adds *-n* to the singular and plural.

Johano havas libron, John has a book.
Mi perdis la florojn, I lost the flowers.

And when an adjective qualifies such a noun, it also takes this final *-n* (singular and plural).

Johano havas novan libron, John has a new book.
Mi perdis la novajn librojn, I lost the new books.

Adjectives are compared by *pli* (more, -er) for the Comparative and by *plej* (most, -est) for the Superlative.

Mi estas riĉa, vi estas pli riĉa, li estas la plej riĉa.
I am rich, you are richer, he is the richest.
Tiel—kiel, as—as. *Ol,* than. *Tre,* very.
Li estas tiel riĉa kiel vi, he is as rich as you.
Ŝi estas pli diligenta ol vi.
She is more diligent than you.
Vi estas tre brava, you are very brave.

Adverbs are formed by adding *-e* to the root.
Saĝ-e, wisely. *Rapid-e,* quickly. *Bon-e,* well.
Li agis saĝe, he acted wisely.
They are compared like adjectives.

Verb.—The *future* tense ends in *-os.*
Mi est-os, I shall be. *Li am-os,* he will love.
Ili aĉet-os la libron, they will buy the book.

Prefixes.—Re (prefix) denotes again, back.
Doni, to give. *Re-doni,* to give back.
Re-brili, to reflect.

Bo (prefix) denotes relatives by marriage.
Filo, son. *Bo-filo,* son-in-law.
Patro, father. *Bo-patro,* father-in-law.

Ge denotes persons of both sexes taken together.
Ge-filoj, son(s) and daughter(s).
Ge-edzoj, husband and wife.
Ge-mastroj, master and mistress.

EXERCISE II.

Li[1] aĉetis novan ĉapelon.[2] Mi trovis[3] belan libron sur la strato.[4] Ili[5] havas belajn florojn. Ĉu vi[6] redonos la ĵurnalojn[7] al la bofilo? Mi ne estas tute[8] certa.[9] Ĉu vi ricevis[10] leteron[11] hodiaŭ[12]? Jes,[13] mi ricevis leteron de mia bopatro kaj poŝtkartojn[14] de miaj gefratoj. Kie loĝas[15] viaj gepatroj? Ili loĝas en Londono, ili reiros[16] al Parizo[17] en la somero.[18] Henriko estas atenta, Petro estas pli atenta sed Paŭlo estas la plej atenta el[19] ĉiuj.[20] La soldatoj[21] batalis[22] brave[23] sed vane.[24] Li dormis[25] pace.[26] Vi legas tro[27] malrapide. Io[28] estas sur[29] la tablo. Li trovis ion en la valizo.[30] Kio[31] estas sur la tablo? Estas[32] nenio,[33] sinjoro. Kion vi trovis? Mi trovis nenion. Ĉu estas ĉio[34] preta[35]? Ĉio estas tute preta. Kion vi perdis? Mi perdis nenion, sed li perdis ĉion. Ĉu vi aĉetos la libron? Ĉu vi ne aĉetos la librojn?

1 he. 2 hat. 3 to find. 4 street. 5 they. 6 you. 7 newspaper. 8 quite. 9 certain. 10 to receive. 11 letter. 12 to-day. 13 yes. 14 post card. 15 to reside. 16 to go back. 17 Paris. 18 summer. 19 (out) of. 20 all. 21 soldier. 22 fought. 23 bravely. 24 vainly. 25 to sleep. 26 peaceably. 27 too. 28 something. 29 on. 30 valise. 31 what (thing). 32 there is. 33 nothing. 34 everything. 35 ready.

Pri la Vojaĝo[1]:—Lundon[2] lastan ni preparis por vojaĝi.[3] La portisto[4] forportis[5] niajn pakaĵojn.[6] Ni iris al la stacidomo piede. La vagonaro[7] estis forironta je la naŭa horo, sed ĝi estis malfrua[8] dek minutojn. Mi prenis mian bileton[9] *por iro kaj reveno.*[10] Mi metis[11] mian valizon en angulon,[12] kaj ĉar la vagonaro rapidege iris ni estis terure skuataj.[13] Post trairo de la tunelo, oni ĝuas[14] belegan vidaĵon,[15] sed oni iras tiel rapide ke la belaj pejzaĝoj[16] ne estas videblaj. Fine ni alvenis[17] en Londonon.

1 journey. 2 Monday. 3 to travel. 4 the porter. 5 took away. 6 luggage. 7 train. 8 late. 9 ticket. 10 return. 11 to put. 12 corner. 13 to shake. 14 to enjoy. 15 prospect. 16 landscape. 17 to arrive.

GRAMMAR.—LESSON III.

Pronouns.—The personal pronouns are:—
Mi, I, *Li,* he, *Ŝi,* she, *Ĝi,* it, *Ni,* we, *Vi,* you.
Ili, they, *Oni* (indefinite), one, they, we, people, it.
Si (reflexive), used for third person only.

Pronouns (accusative) take final *-n* like nouns.

Mi vidis lin, I saw him. *Ŝi amas min,* she loves me.
Ni lavas nin, we wash ourselves.
Si-n, himself, herself, itself, themselves.
Li amas sin, he loves himself. *Ŝi amas sin,* she loves herself.
Ili amas sin, they love themselves.

"Possessive Pronouns" are formed by adding final *-a* to *mi, li, ŝi,* etc., etc. They are real adjectives, and agree in number and case with the nouns they refer to.
Mia libro, my book. *Miaj libroj,* my books.
La libro estas mia, nia, via, etc.
The book is mine, ours, yours, etc.
Li havas mian libron—miajn librojn (accus.).
He has my book—my books.

Sia refers to the subject of the clause, whether principal or subordinate, in which it stands.
Johano trovis sian libron, John found his book.
(That is John's own book), but,
Johano trovis lian libron, John found his book.
(Not John's book, but someone's else.)

Verb.—The *Conditional* mood ends in *-us.*

Se mi est-us riĉa, mi est-us feliĉa.
If I were rich, I should be happy.

The *Imperative* mood ends in *-u.*
Leg-u laŭte, read loudly. *Ne kur-u,* don't run.

Suffixes.—1st denotes occupation.

Dento, a tooth. *Dent-ist-o,* a dentist.

Ar denotes a collection of the thing named.
Vorto, a word. *Vort-ar-o,* a dictionary.

An denotes a member, an inhabitant, a partisan.
Vilaĝo, a village. *Vilaĝ-an-o,* a villager.

EXERCISE III.

Mi vidis[1] vin *hieraŭ vespere.*[2] La juĝisto[3] admonis[4] la ŝteliston.[5] La reĝo honoras[6] ilin, ĉar ili estas tre bravaj. Li havas mian plumon,[7] vian inkon[8] kaj iliajn kovertojn.[9] Iliaj domoj estas tre belaj. Tiu biciklo estas mia, tiu ĉi poŝhorloĝo[10] estas via kaj tiuj ĉi cigaroj estas iliaj. La pentristo[11] skribis al la juvelisto.[12] Li alvenos[13] *morgaŭ matene.*[14] Estas altaj[15] arboj[16] en la arbaro. Lia ŝipo[17] estas kun[18] la ŝiparo. Estas multaj[19] vortoj[20] en miaj novaj vortaroj. Ŝi admiris *sin,* ŝi ankaŭ[21] admiris ŝin. Ili lavis[22] *sin* kaj *ilin* en la rivero. Li perdis *sian* vortaron kaj *lian* krajonon.[23] Skribu la leteron tuj.[24] Ne parolu al li. Legu laŭte. La grupanoj de nia grupo[25] estas diligentaj. Li estas Parizano, kaj ili estas Londonanoj. Kiam[26] vi vidis lin? Mi neniam[27] vidis lin. Tiu knabo legas ĉiam.[28] Li alvenos morgaŭ matene, tiam[29] mi parolos kun li.

1 to see. 2 yesterday evening. 3 judge. 4 to warn. 5 thief. 6 to honor. 7 pen. 8 ink. 9 envelopes. 10 watch. 11 painter. 12 jeweller. 13 to arrive. 14 to-morrow morning. 15 high. 16 trees. 17 ship. 18 with. 19 many. 20 word. 21 also. 22 to wash. 23 pencil. 24 immediately. 25 group. 26 when. 27 never. 28 always. 29 then.

Pri la horo:—Kioma[1] horo estas, mi petas[2]? Ĝi estas tagmezo.[3] Ĝi estas noktomezo precize.[4] Ĉu vi scias[5] la horon, sinjoro? Estas la dua. Malmultaj[6] minutoj post la dua. Estas dek minutoj post[7] la tria. Kvarono[8] post la kvara. Duono[9] post la sepa. Kiam li alvenis? Je tri kvaronoj post la deka. Kiam mi venos[10] vin vidi[11]? Je la tria. Ne pli malfrue[12] ol la tria. Ĉirkaŭ[13] la tria. Inter[14] la tria kaj la kvara. Venu ĉe la bato[15] de la unua. Iom[16] post la naŭa. Ĉu vi povas diri[17] al mi kioma horo estas? Mi ne scias certe, mia poŝhorloĝo[18] haltis.[19]

1 what. 2 to request. 3 midday. 4 precisely. 5 to know. 6 few. 7 after, past. 8 a quarter. 9 half. 10 to come. 11 to see. 12 late. 13 about. 14 between. 15 stroke. 16 a little. 17 to tell. 18 watch. 19 to stop.

ESPERANTO-ENGLISH VOCABULARY.

A.

aĉeti, to buy.
adiaŭ, adieu.
admoni, to warn, to exhort.
aero, air.
afero, affair, matter.
agi, to act.
aĝo, age.
akra, sharp.
akvo, water.
al, to, towards.
alia, other.
alkonduki, to bring, to lead.
almenaŭ, at least.
almozo, alms.
alporti to bring, to carry...to.
alta, high.
alveni, to arrive.
ambaŭ, both.
ami, to love.
amiko, friend.
analizi, to analyze.
angla, English.
angulo, a corner.
ankaŭ, also.
ankoraŭ, still, yet.
antaŭ, before.
apenaŭ, hardly, scarcely.
arbo, tree.
ataki, to attack.
atenta, attentive.
aŭ, or.
aŭ...aŭ, either...or.
aŭskulti, to listen.
aŭtuno, autumn.
avo, grandfather.

B.

babili, to chatter, prattle.
baldaŭ, soon.
bastono, stick.
batali, to fight.
bedaŭri, to be sorry for.
bela, beautiful, fine.
bezoni, to want, need.
biblioteko, library.
biciklo, bicycle.
biero, beer.
bileto, ticket.
blanka, white.
blinda, blind.
bona, good.
boto, boot.
botelo, bottle.
bovo, ox.
bovaĵo, beef.
brili, to shine (intrans.).
brosi, to brush.
bruli, to burn (intrans.).
bruna, brown.
brusto, breast, bosom.
brustvesto, bodice.
butiko, shop.

C. ĉ.

ĉambro, room.
ĉapelo, hat, bonnet.
ĉar, because, since.
ĉarma, charming.
ĉe, at, with.
ĉemizo, shirt, chemise.
ĉeno, chain.
certa, certain.
ĉesi, to cease.
ĉevalo, horse.
ĉia, every (kind of).
ĉial, for every reason.
ĉiam, always.
ĉie, everywhere.
ĉiel, in every way.
ĉies, everyone's.
cigaro, cigar.
ĉio, everything.
ĉiom, all (quantity).
ĉirkaŭ, about, around.
ĉiu, each, every one.
ĉu, sign of interrogation.

D.

danci, to dance.
danki, to thank.
dato, date.
datreveno, anniversary.
daŭri, to continue.
de, of, by, from.
defendi, to defend.
dekstra, right (opp. to left).
demandi, to ask a question.
demeti, to take off.
densa, dense.
dento, tooth.
devi, must, ought.
deziri, to desire, wish.
dimanĉo, Sunday.
Dio, God.
direkti, to direct.
diri, to say.
disdoni, to distribute.
diveni, to guess.
domo, house.
doni, to give.
dormi, to sleep.
drapo, cloth.
dum, during, whilst.

E.

eble, perhaps, possibly.
ekspozicio, exhibition.
ekster, outside.
eliri, to go out.
en, in, into.
endivio, endive.
enpaki, to pack up.
envio, envy.
episkopo, bishop.
erari, to err.
esperi, to hope.
esti, to be.

F.

fali, to fall.
fari, to do, make.
feliĉa, happy.
femuro, thigh.
fermi, to close.
fiera, proud.
filo, son.
fini, to finish (trans.).
fingringo, thimble.
fiŝo, fish.
flanko, side.
floro, flower.
foje, times (as, 3 times, etc.).

for, away, away from.
formeti, to put away.
forgesi, to forget.
forporti, to carry away.
forta, strong.
frapi, to knock, strike.
frato, brother.
fraŭlo, single man, bachelor.
frua, early.
fumi, to smoke.
funto, pound (weight or sterling).
futo, foot (measure).

G. ĝ.

gado, codfish.
gajni, to gain.
ganto, glove.
ĝardeno, garden.
ĝentila, polite, courteous.
ĝis, till, until, up to.
glaso, glass, tumbler.
grado, degree, grade.
granda, great, large.
grava, grave, serious.
ĝui, to enjoy, have the use of.

H.

hajlo, hail.
halti, to stop, halt.
havi, to have.
hieraŭ, yesterday.
hodiaŭ, to-day.
homo, man, human being.
honori, to honor.
horo, hour.
horloĝo, watch, clock.
hotelo, hotel.
hundo, dog.

I.

ia, some kind of.
ial, for some reason.
iam, some time, ever.
ie, anywhere, somewhere.
iel, in some way.
ies, someone's, anybody's.
infano, child.
inter, among, between.
io, something.
iom, a little, somewhat.
iri, to go.
iu, some one.

J. ĵ.

jako, jacket.
jaro, year.
jen estas, here is, here are.
jes, yes.
ĵeti, to throw.
juĝi, to judge.
juna, young.
jupo, skirt.
ĵurnalo, newspaper.
ĵus, just now.
juvelo, jewel.

K.

kafo, coffee.
kalkulo, bill, a/c.
kampo, field.
kandelo, candle.
kanti, to sing.
karto, card.
kastelo, castle.
kato, cat.

kelka, some, a few.
kelnero, waiter.
kesto, coffer, chest.
kia, what sort of.
kial, why.
kiam, when.
kie, where.
kiel, how.
kies, whose.
kio, what (thing).
kiom, how many, much.
kiu, who, what.
klara, clear, distinct.
knabo, boy.
kolumo, collar.
kombilo, comb.
komercisto, merchant.
koni, to know.
kontraŭ, against.
korbo, basket.
kosti, to cost.
kotleto, cutlet.
koverto, envelope.
kovri, to cover.
krajono, pencil.
kredi, to believe.
krimo, crime.
kuiri, to cook.
kukaĵo, pastry.
kuri, run.
kuraci, to cure.
kurso, course, class.
kuzo, cousin.
kvankam, although.
kvazaŭ, as if.

L.

labori, to work.
lakto, milk.
larĝa, wide.
lasi, to leave, let.
lasta, last.
latuko, lettuce.
laŭ, according to.
laŭdi, to praise.
laŭta, loud.
lavi, to wash.
leono, lion.
letero, letter, epistle.
libro, book.
lito, bed.
litotuko, bed-sheet.
loĝi, to dwell.
longa, long.

M.

magistrato magistrate.
manĝi, to eat.
manumo, cuff.
mastro, master.
mateno, morning.
matura, ripe.
meleagro, turkey.
mendi, to order goods, etc.
mensogi, to tell lies.
meti, to put.
minuto, minute.
monato, month.
mono, money.
morgaŭ, to-morrow.
morti, to die.
movi, to move (trans.).
multa, many.

N.

naski, to give birth to.
ne, no, not.
nebulo, fog, mist.
neĝo, snow.

nek, neither.
nenia, none, no kind of.
nenial, for no reason.
neniam, never.
nenie, nowhere.
neniel, by no means.
nenies, no one's.
nenio, nothing.
neniu, no one.
nepo, grandson.
nevo, nephew.
nigra, black.
nokto, night.
noktomezo, midnight.
nordo, north.
nova, new.
nubo, cloud.
numero, number (No.).
nun, now.
nur, only.

O.

objekto, object, thing.
oficejo, office.
ofte, often.
okazi, to happen, to occur.
ol, than.
ombrelo, umbrella.
ondo, wave.
onklo, uncle.
ordinara, ordinary.

P.

paca, peaceful.
pafi, to fire (a gun).
pagi, to pay.
paki, to pack.
pano, bread.
pantoflo, slipper.
pantalono, trousers.
paro, pair, brace.
paroli, to speak.
paŝo, step.
patro, father.
pejzaĝo, landscape.
penco, penny.
pensi, to think.
pentri, to paint.
per, by, with, by means of.
perdi, to lose.
peti, to request.
pezi, to weigh (intrans.).
piedo, foot.
piro, pear.
plej, most.
pli, more.
plori, to weep.
plumo, pen, feather.
pluvo, rain.
polico, police.
pomo, apple.
por, for, in order to.
pordo, door.
porti, to bear, carry.
poŝo, pocket.
post, after, behind.
poŝto, post (letters, etc.).
prava, right.
precipe, chiefly.
premio, reward, prize.
preni, to take.
preskaŭ, almost.
preter, beyond, past.
pri, about, concerning.
printempo, spring.
pro, for, because of.
proksima, near.
promeni, to take a walk.
prudenta, reasoning.
puni, to punish.

punto, lace.
pura, clean.

R.

rabi, to rob.
rakonti, to relate, tell.
razi, to shave.
reĝo, king.
regno, state.
resti, to remain.
restoracio, restaurant.
riĉa, rich.
ricevi, to receive.
ridi, to laugh.
rigardi, to look at.
robo, robe, gown.
rosti, to roast.

S. ŝ.

ŝafo, sheep.
saĝa, wise.
ŝajni, to seem, appear.
salti, to jump.
sana, healthy.
sapo, soap.
se, if.
sed, but.
scii, to know.
sekundo, second (time).
sekvi, to follow.
ŝelko, brace (trousers).
semi, to sow.
sendi, to send.
servisto, servant.
ŝilingo, shilling.
sinjoro, Mr., Sir.
ŝinko, ham.
ŝipo, ship.
skribi, to write.
skui, to shake.
ŝlosi, to lock.
sola, alone.
soldato, soldier.
somero, summer.
ŝpari, to spare.
spiri, to breathe.
stacidomo, railway station.
ŝteli, to steal.
strato, street.
ŝtrumpo, stocking.
sub, under.
sufiĉa, sufficient.
ŝuo, shoe.
supo, soup.
sur, on.

T.

tablo, table.
tamen, however, but.
tapiŝo, carpet.
taso, cup.
teatro, theatre.
teo, tea.
terura, terrible.
tia, such a (kind of).
tial, therefore.
tiam, then.
tie, there.
tiel, thus.
ties, that one's.
timi, to fear.
tio, that (rel. pron.).
tio ĉi, this (rel. pron.).
tiom, as much, as many.
tiu, that (demon. adj.).
tiu ĉi, this (demon. adj.).
tondri, to thunder.
tranĉi, to cut.
trankvila, calm.
tre, very.

tro, too, too much.
trovi, to find.
truto, trout.
tualeto, toilet.
tuj, immediately.
tunelo, tunnel.
turo, tower.
tute, quite, entirely.

U.

urbo, city.
utila, useful.
uzi, to use.

V.

vagono, railway carriage.
valizo, valise.
vana, vain.
varma, warm.
veni, to come.
venki, to vanquish.
vento, wind.
vera, true.
versi, to pour.
vespero, evening.
vesti, to dress.
veŝto, vest, waistcoat.
vetero, weather.
viando, meat, viand.
vidi, to see.
vilaĝo, village.
vino, wine.
vintro, winter.
viziti, to visit.
vojo, way, road.
vojaĝi, to travel.
voli, to be willing.
vorto, word.

Z.

zono, belt.
zorgi, to care for.

The Standard Journals of America

Advertisements in this department of "The North American Review" are accepted from only such newspapers as the editor considers to be eminently worthy as public journals and notably desirable as advertising mediums.

The Providence Daily Journal

SOME of the New York advertisers who this year are finding THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL a profitable medium for reaching one of the most densely populated sections in the United States are:

Tiffany & Co.
Huyler's
Dorflinger & Sons
National Cigar Stores
American Tobacco Company
Devoe's Paints
Atlantic Coast Line
Cunard Line
Leyland Line
American Line
French Line
White Star Line
Plant Line
Hamburg-American Line
A. B. Leach & Co.
Remington Typewriter Co.
New York Life Insurance Co.
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
Mutual Life Insurance Co.
Equitable Life Assurance Society
Hotel Knickerbocker
Maxwell Car
Locomobile
Long Island Railroad
Delaware & Hudson R.R.
New York Central R.R.
New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R.
Harper & Bros.
Century Co.
Chas. Scribner's Sons
Dodd, Mead & Co.
John Lane & Co.
Everybody's
Ridgway's
The Delineator
The Smart Set
Munsey's
New York Herald
Buffalo Lithia Water
Prudential Life Insurance Co.

The Providence Daily Journal

PUBLIC LEDGER

It is decent, but not dull; gorged with news, yet not sensational; a sane, serious, high-grade newspaper that naturally attracts book buyer and book reader, bond buyer and investor.

For seventy years at Philadelphia one newspaper has stood out conspicuously for all this.

One newspaper at Philadelphia is synonymous with "The home." It is found in every circle where literature is considered, to which books are bought; where investments are discussed and where funds are at hand to make them.

Such is the PUBLIC LEDGER; such it has been for seventy years. To-day it is more in evidence than at any previous period in its history.

PUBLIC LEDGER

PHILADELPHIA

THE ARGUMENT OF EXPERIENCE

Is What Every Successful Advertiser Will Impart to You in Favor of

The Pittsburg Dispatch.

If you want to cover the great Pittsburg territory you must use the Dispatch, as it is the only Newspaper that reaches those of all classes with money to spend, being the one two-cent Morning Newspaper in its district.

A home-delivered circulation, going directly into the hands of the actual buyers of this community.

Get the BEST Always

The Want and Realty Medium of Pennsylvania, Carrying More Classified Advertising Than Any Other Pittsburg Newspaper.

THE DISPATCH PUBLISHING COMPANY
PITTSBURG, PENNA.

C. A. ROOK, President. E. M. O'NEILL, Vice-President.

BRANCH OFFICES:

EASTERN OFFICE—
Wallace G. Brooke,
41 Park Row,
New York, N. Y.

WESTERN OFFICE—
Horace M. Ford,
Marquette Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

ATLANTIC OFFICE—
Walter E. Edge,
1309 Atlantic Ave.,
Atlantic City, N. J.

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST.

EVERY EDITION A HOME EDITION

ADVERTISERS who buy space in THE CHICAGO EVENING POST reach the homes of discriminating and intelligent men and women. Every edition of THE EVENING POST is a "home" edition.

A sane, clean, optimistic newspaper, printing all the news that is fit to print. THE EVENING POST offers special attractions in:

The most varied, original and independent Editorial page in Chicago—contributed by writers of charm and distinction.

News of Books and Bookmen written by a corps of men and women who know and love books.

Foreign Cables and Correspondence by Justin Wallace, Malcolm Lincoln, Karleton Hackett and others.

Exclusive and authoritative news of the theaters—with the best theatrical pictures printed in Chicago.

A brilliant page of sporting news—baseball, golf, automobiles and amateur sports.

THE EVENING POST prints more financial and publishers' advertising than any other Chicago afternoon newspaper, and more automobile advertising than any other Chicago newspaper —morning or evening.

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST

160–162 Washington Street, Chicago

New York Office: Tribune Building

The Courier-Journal

PUBLISHED DAILY, SUNDAY, AND WEEKLY

A Consolidation of

THE LOUISVILLE DAILY JOURNAL.
Louisville, Ky., Nov. 24, 1830.

LOUISVILLE DAILY DEMOCRAT.
Louisville, Ky., 1843.

MORNING COURIER.
Louisville, Ky., June 3, 1844.

First issued as the COURIER-JOURNAL November 8, 1868.

Reach the South

the focal point of industrial and commercial interest of to-day, through THE COURIER-JOURNAL, which for nearly a half-century has been the recognized leader in this inviting field.

Has a larger circulation, Daily and Sunday, than ever before in its history, and this circulation is being constantly added to by the most progressive and up-to-date methods.

THE COURIER-JOURNAL has the best newspaper plant south of the Ohio River, its mechanical department containing the most modern appliances of all kinds.

The News and Courier.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

IS one of the oldest daily newspapers in the United States. It was established in 1803, and has stood for more than a hundred years for what is best in the life of the community and State which it represents.

On the celebration of its Centennial, three years ago, the Hon. Joseph Daniel Pope, LL.D., Professor of Law in the South Carolina College, said: "I have great respect for THE NEWS AND COURIER, and always underwrite its political faith and opinions. There is nothing small or mean about them."

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, editor of *The New York Tribune*, wrote of the share of THE NEWS AND COURIER in the history of the century: "It has already been written imperishably into the records and it is a continuing proof of the absurdity of the notions now so often held among the believers in the sensational journalism of the present day that the editorial page has lost its influence."

THE NEWS AND COURIER represents the best sentiment and the best people of South Carolina. It reaches every part of the State. It stands for honesty in the administration of public affairs, for sound money, for high morality, for the Law against the Mob, for decency in public as in private life. It believes in government by the people for the people; in the administration of the affairs of the States by the people of the States; in loyalty to the Government at Washington economically administered.

Advertisers will find THE NEWS AND COURIER a most effective means of reaching the people of South Carolina. They know what it is, what it represents, what its services have been worth to them in the development of their natural resources and in the preservation of the highest ideals in public conduct and in private thinking.

Advertisers who wish to reach the most solid people in South Carolina should use its columns.

Readers who would like to be informed of the best thought of the people of South Carolina and the South on all political, social, and industrial questions ought to read it every day.

For rates of advertising and subscription, address

The News and Courier

CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE POST EXPRESS has a definite and unswerving policy.

It is sound, conservative and able.

An independent and influential Republican Newspaper.

Because of its circulation and influence THE POST EXPRESS is an excellent medium for advertisers.

No objectionable advertising taken.

Address for rates,

The Post Express Printing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The Hartford Courant

HARTFORD, CONN. ESTABLISHED 1764.

THE "COURANT" is representative of New England culture and conservatism. It prints all the news, and its editorial comments are made with distinction, and with its ancient and healthy regard for truth. It is the leading Connecticut advertising medium for publishers', financial and automobile advertising. It has been here a long time—142 years—and promises well for the future.

THE HARTFORD COURANT COMPANY, Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

It is not our purpose to write a history of Fort Smith, Arkansas. Nothing of the kind. Nor do we propose to go into much detail in any direction. It is of little significance to the reader in this age what were the circumstances which led to the starting of the settlement which has grown into a city of thirty thousand. The business man and investor to-day is most interested in a knowledge of the situation as it is, and especially with reference to what it promises for the future—not the far-away period, but those years near at hand in which the present generation will be actors.

The question of population does not settle the feature of relative attractions of a locality in matters pertaining to commerce or productive industry or the various characteristics which enter into everyday life in its economies and opportunities for enjoyment. Population of a great center may be promoted by all these features, as well as by other influences. Unfortunately for Fort Smith, the population which should be credited to the city is divided by the Arkansas River. Opposite our city, on the other side of the river, only a few miles distant, is the growing city of Van Buren, 4000 population, which we have a right to claim should be considered as within the territorial limits of the city of Fort Smith.

So far as business ends are concerned, it matters little whether the city of Fort Smith gets credit for all or for only two-thirds of the population it is entitled to call its own. Its machinery moves just the same. Its commerce and transportation interests recognize no separating line. Beyond the feature of sentiment, by which a citizen is gratified in contemplating a favorable record in comparison with other communities, there is little significance in the question of population figures.

One of the advantages presented at Fort Smith is compactness. Its people are comparatively close together, facilitating business communication and quickness of transit from workshops, stores and offices to home, either within the city proper or along the intersecting valleys.

COAL.

In the matter of coal Fort Smith is singularly fortunate in being surrounded by some of the richest coal beds in the South. There are thousands of acres of fine coal land in Sebastian County, producing coal ranging all the way from the original steam coal to the finest semi-anthracite smokeless product. These lands have been largely bought up by outside capitalists, but large sections are held by local people who are working the mines.

The fact that Fort Smith has such cheap fuel at her doors is an important factor in making this city a great manufacturing point. In fact, for its size it is the largest manufacturing and wholesaling point in the United States, its factories and jobbing houses numbering over one hundred. Speaking of manufactories, in addition to jobbing and factories, Fort Smith is well equipped in the matter of raw material, as it is on the edge of one of the great lumber districts of the Southwest. This fact, more than any other, has contributed to its becoming a large furniture manufacturing point, having eight or ten large furniture factories. It is also an important point in other lines of wood working. Being in a fine cotton district, it is also a heavy manufacturer of cotton seed oil and other cotton seed products. It is also a considerable brick manufacturing point, as the finest brick shale in the South is at the very doors of the city. A large new price manufacturing plant is soon to be erected here for the specific purpose of manufacturing bricks to be used in paving the city.

WHOLESALE BUSINESS.

As already noted, the wholesale business plays an important part in Fort Smith. Her jobbers cover not only Western Arkansas, but the Indian Territory, Oklahoma, and some of them reach into Southern Missouri, Kansas, Northern Texas and Louisiana. The jobbing business of the city this year will probably be in excess of $28,000,000, exclusive of manufactured products.

BANKS AND BANKING.

One thing that has contributed to the growth of Fort Smith is the fact that her financial institutions are as solid as the rock of Gibraltar. It has four banks and three trust companies—the American National Bank, the First National Bank, Merchants National Bank, The Bank of Arkansas, The Fort Smith Trust Company, The Kelley Trust Company and the Arkansas Valley Trust Co. These banks not only transact a large local business, but furnish facilities to merchants in the small towns adjacent to Fort Smith where there are no banks.

RAILROADS.

Fort Smith is a railroad center of no small magnitude, and this fact in itself has helped its jobbers and manufacturers to attain the supremacy which they enjoy. The railroads here are the Missouri Pacific, the Frisco System, the Kansas City Southern, the Fort Smith & Western, the Midland Valley, the Arkansas Central, and, through the Frisco, the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf, a branch of the Rock Island System. There are several other railway projects now in process of incubation which will make for the railroad development of the town.

EDUCATION.

Fort Smith has a fine system of schools, with a present enrollment, white and colored, of about 2800. The school children are housed in modern, up-to-date buildings, and the School Board funds, including these buildings and unimproved property turned over to it by the United States government in vacating the government reservation in this city, will probably amount to between seven and eight hundred thousand dollars. The public school system of Fort Smith is at once her glory and her pride.

CHURCHES.

As to churches, all of the important ones are represented. The buildings are ample in size and otherwise creditable and in keeping with the wealth of the city and the number of inhabitants, and compare favorably with the church buildings in the cities of the North. The churches keep pace always with the general growth of the city.

STREET RAILWAY AND PARKS.

The Fort Smith Light & Traction Co., owning and operating the street railway, gas, electric light and power systems in the cities of Fort Smith and Van Buren, was, in the fall of 1904, acquired by H. M. Byllesby & Co., engineers of Chicago, Ill. Since then the properties have been almost entirely reconstructed and equipped with new open and closed cars of modern size and design. The company has in operation twenty miles of first class track; one double-track line leading to Electric Park, four miles from the center of Fort Smith towards Van Buren. There are in daily operation twenty-three cars liberally patronized by the people.

On January 1, 1905, the company shut down its artificial gas works after having entered into a contract with the Mansfield Gas Company for the distribution of their natural gas, which is found in large quantities within a few miles of the city. Natural gas is sold for all purposes, and ranges in price from fifty cents down to twenty-five cents per thousand cubic feet.

The company owns and operates a most beautiful pleasure park containing fifty or more acres, and has erected several large buildings, which are beautifully illuminated inside and out. It is, without doubt, the most beautiful and best conducted park in the South to-day.

REAL ESTATE.

Fort Smith is the center of a territory bounded by Kansas City and St. Louis on the north; Memphis, Tennessee, on the east; Dallas and Forth Worth, Texas, on the south; and the Rocky Mountains on the west. Railroads center in and radiate from Fort Smith connecting it with these boundary points. The wholesalers and manufacturers have studied this condition and have located here large wholesale houses to distribute goods, and factories to manufacture the raw materials abounding in this territory into the finished products. Two new factories are being formed and will at once commence construction. Two new wholesale houses are now being built.

Fort Smith is also the center of a large coal field, comprising over four thousand square miles. This coal land is rapidly being developed, and the product is being shipped to all parts of the country in the Middle West.

The value of real estate has kept pace with the growth of the country and the city, and property is now selling at an advance of from one to three hundred per cent. over the sales made during three years past. The residence portion of the town is rapidly being pushed into the suburbs, and there is a large demand for vacant lots on which to build homes, and, as a consequence, the surrounding acreage property is enhancing rapidly in value and is being subdivided into lots. There is not a vacant store in the city, and there is a great demand for new store buildings. Contracts have already been let for several new retail buildings.

The contract has been let for the construction of an additional sewer system consisting of sixty-five miles of main line. Another contract has been let by the city for the pavement of about seventy-five miles of streets. This work has just commenced, and will continue for three years, and will mean the expenditure of about $2,000,000.

Fort Smith presents a condition of development not exceeded by any city of its size in the world. Real estate values are following this development, and an investment in Fort Smith real estate will pay big profits to the fortunate investor.

The foregoing statements and comments are not offered as a full description of Fort Smith or what she has or is to have. They are only to suggest Fort Smith to the capitalist, who will easily comprehend the meaning of the main features pointed out and the nature and extent of various other things necessarily existing in the vicinity. We have many prosperous enterprises, large and small. We have room, raw material and welcome for many more.

The Standard Journals of America

Advertisements in this department of "The North American Review" are accepted from only such newspapers as the editor considers to be eminently worthy as public journals and notably desirable as advertising mediums.

"The Best in Its Field and Its Field Is the Best."

The Evening Mail

NEW YORK'S POPULAR
EVENING NEWSPAPER

It Seeks Favor Through Merit and Not Through Hysteria

The Evening Mail's great success is due to the fact that it prints the news without prejudice or exaggeration. It is alert, aggressive and reliable.

Its reviews of new books and of new plays attract wide attention, and its other features, particularly its Saturday Illustrated Magazine (sixteen pages of half tones) have established it as the leading evening paper of New York.

The Evening Mail

ONE CENT

First—The News

Clear, Precise, Concise.

Then—Sidelights

on the Great World and its Many Features ∴ ∴ All presented by the graduates of the "Best School of Journalism."

The Evening Sun.

1 CENT

Published at 170 Nassau Street, New York.

THE BOSTON HERALD

The Boston Herald

In every sense—
from every point
of view—*New*
England's Greatest
Newspaper.

The Providence Daily Journal.

[ESTABLISHED AS A DAILY 1829]

The new Journal Building is completed, and the oldest Rhode Island newspaper is published in one of the finest plants in the United States. While proud of its reputation as "the Rhode Island Bible," the Journal endeavors to be one of the best, as well as one of the oldest, American daily papers.

The Providence Daily Journal.

PUBLIC LEDGER

It is decent, but not dull; gorged with news, yet not sensational; a sane, serious, high-grade newspaper that naturally attracts book buyer and book reader, bond buyer and investor.

For seventy years at Philadelphia one newspaper has stood out conspicuously for all this.

One newspaper at Philadelphia is synonymous with "The home." It is found in every circle where literature is considered, to which books are brought; where investments are discussed and where funds are at hand to make them.

Such is the PUBLIC LEDGER; such it has been for seventy years. To-day it is more in evidence than at any previous period in its history.

PUBLIC LEDGER

PHILADELPHIA

BUFFALO EXPRESS

DAILY AND SUNDAY

ADVERTISERS:

Do a little experimenting during 1907
with space in
THE DAILY AND SUNDAY EXPRESS

Rates are No Higher Than Results Justify.

No other Buffalo newspaper has more home readers and regular yearly home subscribers than

THE EXPRESS

The Cleveland Leader.

A SUCCESSFUL business makes two inflexible demands—(*a*) good goods and (*b*) good salesmanship.

If you will furnish the goods THE CLEVELAND LEADER will provide the salesmanship for *Cleveland* and *Northern Ohio.*

THE LEADER is a high-class, progressive, clean newspaper. It reaches the class of people the successful business *must* reach. The quality of its large circulation makes it an unmatched medium in its field.

THE LEADER *never disappoints its advertisers.*

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

The Standard Representative Journal of the South

FOR SALE AT ALL IMPORTANT NEWS-STANDS IN THE UNITED STATES

Advertising Rates on Application

THE CONSTITUTION, - ATLANTA, GA.

The Evening Wisconsin.

The Evening Wisconsin Readers Attend Theatres and Operas.

Bijou Opera House.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 17th, 1906.

Mr. A. J. AIKENS, General Manager,
Evening Wisconsin, City.

Dear Mr. Aikens:—As a means of advertising the Theatres, The Evening Wisconsin is one of the best. The management of the Bijou realizes its far-reaching benefits and high-class character.

We have abundant evidence of its value to us as an advertising medium.

Yours very truly,
JNO. R. PIERCE.

Davidson Theatre.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 15th, 1906.

Mr. A. J. AIKENS, General Manager,
Evening Wisconsin, Milwaukee.

My Dear Sir:—I regard The Evening Wisconsin as one of the very best advertising mediums in the city, and I am pleased as well to bear testimony to its splendid character as a newspaper. I have always been disposed to consider quality of circulation, and there the Wisconsin ranks extremely high.

Very truly yours,
SHERMAN BROWN.

This testimony of the superlative value of The Evening Wisconsin to places of amusement should be satisfactory to advertisers for any other branch of business which desires to reach that portion of the public who attend theatres.

All Theatres and Operas Advertise in The Evening Wisconsin.

CHAS. H. EDDY,
Foreign Advertising Representative.

10 Spruce Street, NEW YORK.
403 Marquette Bldg., CHICAGO.

The Times Dispatch

Colonial Virginia

A period of our history most fascinating to every intelligent person is the Colonial.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH has had written for it exclusively,

Colonial Virginia

by Drs. J. A. C. CHANDLER, of Virginia, and T. B. THAMES, of New Jersey, and will begin printing it in its Sunday paper only, December 16th.

These gentlemen have given years of study to this period, and have produced an interesting and charmingly written story.

Copies will be mailed for the asking.

The Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Virginia

It is supreme in Virginia.

The Daily Pioneer Press
is the only morning paper published in St. Paul.

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The reading public of the daily and Sunday editions is drawn from the medium and well-to-do people of the northwest—people of liberal taste, who are financially able to gratify it.

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The Sun

Expert Advice is Surely the Best.

All over this Country Newspaper men Read

THE SUN

It is Their Guide and Mentor.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS BY MAIL, POSTPAID:

DAILY, Per Month	$0.50	SUNDAY, Per Year	$2.00
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"Circulation Books Open to All."

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"Circulation Books Open to All."

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115,826 Separate Advertisements Printed in November.

8,868 More Than Last Year, and

19,489 MORE Than Were Printed in the New York Herald.

The Herald LOST 2,679 Advertisements from Last Year.

THE WORLD Printed **3,869½** Columns of Advertising—**338½** More Than Last Year, and **269¼** MORE Than the Herald.

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THE WORLD, PULITZER BLDG., NEW YORK

Distinctive News Features

¶ The Evening Post has been characterized carelessly as "the rich man's paper." It is rather the paper of the thoughtful man and good citizen, whatever his condition in life. Its practical usefulness to the business man is unequalled by that of any other daily paper, as its unbiassed reports of the commercial and financial news of the world afford a basis for the correct forecasting of future conditions, upon which the success of business ventures largely depends.

¶ It is worthy of comment, that at a time when there is a decided tendency to treat financial news in a hysterical or prejudiced manner, The Evening Post continues to report the operations of Wall Street and other financial centres in the same authoritative and accurate way that has marked the policy of the paper from the time it was founded. It gives no tips on the stock market, but affords its readers an opportunity to study from day to day the developments in the world of finance as they actually happen. It is "a Wall Street paper" in the sense that its reports on all matters of finance are the ones consulted by the men best able to judge of their reliability.

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Surely such a paper appeals to you!

¶ An inquiry will bring a sample copy for one week with information regarding terms of subscription.

The Evening Post

Established 1801.

206-210 Broadway, New York

THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE.

A Beautiful Calendar
An Ideal Newspaper
BOTH FOR 3 CENTS

ON December 20th THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE will give to its readers as a supplement to the paper a beautiful and artistic Calendar for 1907. This Calendar is 12 x 16 inches, printed in five colors and gold. The tones are soft and not glaring, and the whole combination of colors lends a dignity and charm that makes for the Calendar a place in your boudoir or parlor.

The months are arranged in a pretty border at the bottom of the picture, so that they can be easily covered by a mat if you desire to frame the picture.

THE EAGLE will have a phenomenal sale for December 20th. Every advertiser should take advantage of the increased circulation by advertising liberally in its columns. The Rates same as any other issue. Remember, the date is December 20th.

THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE

Advertising Copy received up to noon, December 20th

"The Best in Its Field and Its Field Is the Best."

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NEW YORK'S POPULAR
EVENING NEWSPAPER

It Seeks Favor Through Merit and Not Through Hysteria

The Evening Mail's great success is due to the fact that it prints the news without prejudice or exaggeration. It is alert, aggressive and reliable.

Its reviews of new books and of new plays attract wide attention, and its other features, particularly its Saturday Illustrated Magazine (sixteen pages of half tones) have established it as the leading evening paper of New York.

The Evening Mail

ONE CENT

The Evening Sun.

THE Accuracy of THE EVENING SUN Has Been Recognized by the Courts in Financial Disputes All Over the Country. Its Reports of Stock Exchange Sales Stand Unchallenged.

This Same Accuracy Applies to ALL ITS NEWS. It Prints No News Association Reports, but Has Its Own Agents Everywhere.

Along with the News Go the Brightest, Cleverest Sketches and Stories to Be Found Anywhere. Always a Laugh in

The Evening Sun.

Published at 170 Nassau Street, New York City

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No other English novelist wrote so invariably at his best. This is George Eliot's supreme distinction. *Silas Marner*, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Romola*, *Middlemarch*, *Daniel Deronda*, to name only a few of her famous novels, are a testimony of her unvarying genius and high art. These titles are household words the world over.

The present edition contains everything George Eliot ever wrote. It includes Cross's famous biography of George Eliot, in three volumes. There are in all twenty-four volumes, handsomely bound in rich, red-brown cloth (or crimson half-leather), with gold stamping. Each volume has gilt top and rough, uncut edges. The 24 frontispieces are in photogravure; there are in all 96 illustrations. Paper, binding, and press-work are of the best; the whole set, in twenty-four volumes, is a magnificent example of book-making.

OUR OFFER On receipt of $1.00 we will send you the complete set in 24 volumes, all charges prepaid, and enter your name as a subscriber for either HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, or THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for one year. If you do not like the books when they reach you, send them back at our expense and we will return the $1.00. If you do like them, send us $2.00 a month until the full price, $31.00, is paid. If the half-leather binding is desired, please so state, and make monthly remittances of $3.00 until the full price, $48.00, is paid. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK CITY

1907

THE BANNER YEAR

OF THE

North American Review

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

TO those about to select their periodicals for the forthcoming year, the publishers beg leave to submit for consideration the following facts respecting THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

1. It is the oldest and *only* REVIEW published in America containing original matter exclusively;

2. It is published twice a month and sent to the press only three days before publication day, being enabled thereby to maintain the closest touch with current events;

3. Its special articles have doubled in number and are written, as heretofore, by the first living authorities upon subjects of the most vital interest;

4. Its special contributors comprise the most famous and learned statesmen, scholars, authors, sociologists, diplomats, theologians, educators, and critics;

5. It has *added* to its former abundance of striking special articles important *regular* features—namely:

(*a*) An editorial department of wide range, clear understanding, and fearless expression, covering topics of political, social, literary, and *human* interest;

(*b*) A fortnightly analysis by the best-equipped minds of "World Politics"—a unique record of the greatest value to students of political progress;

1907—The Banner Year of "The North American Review"

(*c*) Reviews of all important new books of a serious character by writers carefully selected for their own exceptional knowledge of the subjects treated;

(*d*) Reviews of the best, and only the best, new novels, the editor guaranteeing that, while all that might be considered worthy may not be noticed, none that does not merit perusal will receive attention;

(*e*) Elucidation and *practical teaching* of Esperanto by competent instructors in a manner so simple and efficacious, and so well supplemented by especially prepared text-books, that, before the end of the year, every reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW may, if he will, become proficient in the use of the new universal language;

(*f*) Mark Twain's Autobiography—a continuation of this life-story of such surpassing interest that it has already become celebrated as the most important literary production of the present day.

A striking feature of this notable contribution to American literature, early in the year, will be Mark Twain's account of "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven," written thirty years ago, and now published for the first time. It will appear in four parts and will be illustrated by André Castaigne.

The number of special articles is *increased*, the regular features are *added*, the number of REVIEWS supplied to the subscriber is *doubled* —and the price remains *the same*—five dollars for *twenty-four* complete REVIEWS. So much for so little has never before been offered by a Review of international scope and fame.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

1907—The Banner Year of "The North American Review"

A FEW PRESS COMMENTS

Whoever induced Mark Twain to begin the printing of his autobiography should have the thanks of the whole world. It is a real enrichment of our literature. This series, now running in *The North American Review*, is Mark Twain at his best. It is as if he had deliberately saved up for us some of his choicest stories for the last. Another reason for its excellence is that it is Mark Twain writing about himself, and no man ever wrote better about himself than Mark Twain does. Then there is another reason for its success: it runs the whole gamut of emotions. On one page he convulses us with his farce-fun and on the next with delicate wit, while on the third there is as sweet and pure a sentiment as was ever penned.—*Boston Transcript.*

The literary strike of the year has been made, not by one of the youngster class of magazines, but by the staid old *North American Review*, which has secured for publication chapters from Mark Twain's autobiography. It is a great literary scoop, and proves that the *Review*, as wine, improves with age. The *Review* has an honored history reaching back almost a century, and it was never better than it is to-day. The October issue contains the second instalment of the Twain autobiography, and its publication has created a genuine literary sensation.—*Wilkes-Barre Record.*

It is one of the great satisfactions of the exchange table these days to find *The North American Review* coming twice a month. Cynics have been saying that the American people had become so frivolous that they would not support a serious magazine and that solid reading is no longer in demand. But the evidence from doubly frequent publication, that *The North American Review* is prospering we accept gladly as an antidote to that cynicism—or at least as an indication that seriousness is reviving in the popular mind.—*Chicago Interior.*

If the September numbers of *The North American Review* may be accepted as a fair augury of the result of the change from monthly to bimonthly publication, the English-speaking world will be the gainer by coming into possession of a first-rate organ of public opinion. Names of most distinguished contributors are signed to the articles it contains, and they are all so good that it is not easy to leave any of them unread. The editor announces that the *Review* will have a "distinctive policy"; it will seek the expression of the best thought upon vital subjects from every conceivable point of view, and it will have and express opinions of its own. Serious current literature will also receive consideration. From the beginning *The North American Review* has been a pretty important publication, but in its ninety-second year it is at its best.—*New York Times.*

The North American Review has always kept abreast of the times in its ninety-two years of life, and its present editor doesn't intend to break with tradition. For sixty years it was a quarterly; then a bimonthly. Later, in 1878, it became a monthly, and now it is to come out twice a month. With this departure there will be no lessening of the dignity of its attitude; no abandonment of its search for the authoritative word on all the great subjects of the day. In fact, it will enlarge its view, for hereafter there will be a department—given the space and intellectual freedom which its nature demands—in which the serious literature of the day will be discussed by those best fitted for such work.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Judging by the initial number, it is bound to prove a [illegible]cess.—*Boston Herald.*

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK